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Gaiety

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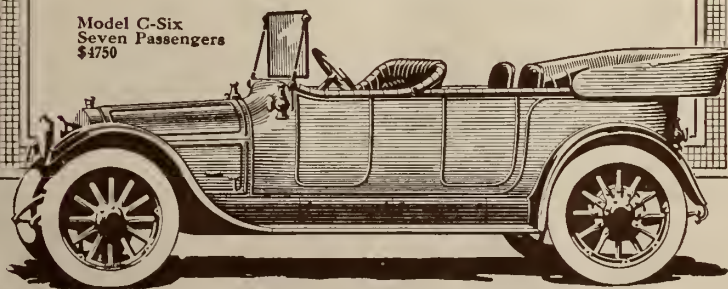
You will be proud of your new Model C-Six because of its beautiful and distinctive lines.

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“Who Knoweth What a Day May Bring Forth?”

WHAT has the long day brought to thee
Of sun or shade—of dark or bright?
What has it graven on thy soul
To mark its calm, relentless flight?

Part of eternity, it came
In heaven's own purity made white,
No life but thine the scroll might claim
Thy hand alone its pages write.

And yet a power, unseen—unknown,
Wrought silently with fateful grace
Its work so blended with thine own
No sep'rate record canst thou trace.

That made immortal what thy hand
Had writ in perishable lore,
Not thine to blot—each line must stand—
Not thine to add one chapter more!

The scroll is filled—for good or ill—
Its page a wave upon Time's sea
Widening and ever widening still,
Part of the all-eternity.

And somewhere on this restless sea
Shall some tired heart, since thou hast wrought,
See thro' the mists—grow strong by thee,
Glad with the faith thine own hath taught.

—*Louisa Butterfield Marquis.*

UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

Despite these occasional evidences of unprogressiveness, the "contrary notion" is fast finding a gratifyingly strong mooring in the "harbor of common sense." Just that.

In the movement toward a better and clearer understanding between adult and child, between maturity and adolescence, between the wisdom born of experience and the restlessness of eager, instinctive, inquiring innocence, the magnitude of parental responsibility is becoming recognized to the extent that many, wise in the "wisdom learned in sorrow's school," hesitate to assume it.

This hesitation, born of a reverent fear, and humble distrust in one's worthiness of so sacred a charge, is from one point of view truly admirable.

But to the end that a future generation may be more perfect than this, not all may be permitted to shirk the obligation.

Those strong enough to assume this sacred duty, for it is a duty founded upon the Divine mandate to "multiply and replenish," must be wise indeed; but not with the wisdom of the overrated and mistakenly lauded polygamist and sensualist, whose "only books were women's looks" and whose proverb anent the rod and the child has been too cruelly and too literally interpreted.

The truth is—and he who runs may read if he will but lay aside preconceived ideas and prejudices—that Solomon was not always, if ever, inspired. No mere man is, even the most spiritually minded; and this, the great Solomon was not.

Do we earnestly and sincerely seek enlightenment and a real understanding of that most wonderful thing, the heart of a child? Then, let memory, or at least retrospection, be our guide.

Let us recall occasions, more, alas, than mere incidents to the small victim, when corporal

punishment was considered necessary to impress upon a very plastic young mind, despite the presence of strangers, the enormity of some childish offense.

Recall the pathetic evidences of hurt surprise, the vague but all too poignant sense of unfairness and injustice. The humiliation, even degradation, expressed in trembling lips and hidden face—the anger, bitterness, and even worse emotions, called forth by the brutal handling of a little body by one loved and trusted.

More magnanimous than their elders, children forgive until seventy times seven, but these spiritually and physically painful castigations leave their fatal impress—scars sometimes—upon the youthful soul.

This being true of corporal punishments inflicted only with a real, though mistaken, zeal for correction, what can be said sufficiently condemnatory of the hasty and unreasoning blows administered by an angry, excited or overwrought parent. This is not punishment. It is assault.

A child might better remain bad, bold, disobedient, untruthful, dishonest, than to be cured by being beaten into a state of fear and distrust and hatred, supposing, of course, that beating can cure moral sickness, which is yet to be proved, while numberless cases attest the opposite.

But when all is said and done, how easy to judge the effect upon the child's moral nature by a little reflection upon what our own feelings might be were we subjected to a similar indignity by those whose physical strength made us victims. For are we not children of a larger growth, and are not the children the men and women of the future?

"IL BACIO" AGAIN.

We are disagreed with. Twice, about the same thing. Which makes us feel most important.

The first protest is written in a nice, scrawly, feminine hand. It sounds naively sincere.

The second is from a man who wrote because he couldn't help it, and who laughed as he rhymed.

Each is signed with a name which you would know and we would tell only it wouldn't be fair.

Let the lady speak first:

Dear SOCIETY:

"Il Bacio" has been read and found both instructive and entertaining. Of course, you cannot know my attitude toward the kiss.

I hope I shall never be obliged to live without it. I even believe in people kissing each other when they meet in the street. But may the Saints deliver us all from the "Aphrodisio" kind! No spinster could endorse them, idealistic or otherwise. And I should think they would make cynics of all the married women. They are too lurid—too Oriental—altogether too un-American.

It isn't the possible germ in a kiss which makes it deadly, but the thought which prompts it. But of course even the most noble and spiritual thought mustn't wear a moustache.

Cordially,

The second:

To the Editor of SOCIETY—

"How mad and bad and sad it was
But Oh! How it was sweet."

POEM?

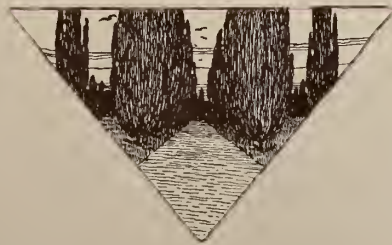
Dear Lady, let it not transpire
How much your essays we admire,
How at your eloquence we wonder

When you declaim with ne'er a blunder
Against the joys of septic kissing
Though you concede that fun we're missing
If we refrain from this mad rapture,
Lest most unwelcome "bugs" we capture.
Yet now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter,
A matter which you do not touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on—
Which all your sex would much approve—
The Natural History of Love.

Tell us why our poor, tender hearts
So easily admit these darts,
These mingled thrills of pain and blisses,
That lead, unwitting, to these kisses.
And why we never stop at one,
Nor find it easy to have done.
Teach, oh teach us, if you can,
To keep at bay the creature, man,
Teach us the love germ to destroy
Ere we have known this mad, sweet joy.

This microbe—is it in the brain—
Causing rare, exquisite pain
Or lodges it within the heart?
Oh! fortify us 'gainst its art,
Its subtle, thrilling ecstasy—
Locate for us these bacilli
'Ere they have paralyzed resistance
With their insidious, sweet insistence.
Give, oh give us of your lore,
Who have not known this pain before;
Why must we yield with languorous sigh
While hours, like seconds, madly fly,
With this sweet danger idly toying,
Growing in rapture, never cloying.
Oh learned lady, stop our madness
Lest it end in sadness, badness.
Snatch us—release—Alas! Too late!
Well, let it go at that. It's fate.

—*Prophylaxis.*



BEFORE THE GRINGOS CAME

BY WILLIAM LEES JUDSON,

Dean, College of Fine Arts.

Few people in this country realize that California has a history going back beyond the stirring days of '49, when the great tide of immigration of white men first set in.

In truth, California has a history, romantic and picturesque as any portrayed in song or legend of the older countries.

Away back before the days of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence, the mission fathers had established themselves on the western coast and had enjoyed fifty years of prosperous and peaceable possession of an empire won through a peaceful conquest of love.

It was as far back as the war of 1812, when the United States as a nation was still in its infancy, that the mission church of San Juan Capistrano was destroyed by an earthquake. San Juan Capistrano, the most beautiful and prosperous of all the missions which were strung like a rosary of pearls along the Camino Real from lower California to San Francisco. Capistrano with its limitless broad acres of arable and grazing and timber lands, its fifteen thousand head of cattle, its great flocks of sheep and a swarming population of Indian servitors, with a dazzling prosperity which was destined finally to be the means of its own undoing, was typical of the condition of all the southwest at that time.

Under Mexican and Spanish grants, lands were held in enormous estates by a comparatively few adventurous or aristocratic dons who lorded it over their vassals in true feudal style.

All the needs of the country were produced in abundance from a generous soil with little labor; and all the luxuries were obtainable in barter for the hides and tallow which were the chief exports of the country and which reproduced themselves spontaneously in ever increasing abundance.

It was a time of great prosperity. All young white men dressed and idled like princes and all young women idled and dressed like queens, and old residents tell us that even the Indians had their pockets full of gold.

These were the pastoral days of California, when domestic peace reigned supreme, when there were no labor questions because all men were content, and no suffrage crusades because women were happy and had nothing more to gain, when the cordial relations existed be-

tween rich and poor because each was born to his class and aspired to and feared no other.

This was in fact before the gringos came. With the advent of cinnamon beards came distrust and hate, often well founded, as a result. Gambling was the vice of the idle rich as it always has been. The loan shark was there as everywhere. Gradually princely estates were dissolved away. The great ranches changed hands. The money making real estate man took the place of the open handed, generous hearted dons and the pastoral age of California melted away like mist before the morning sun.

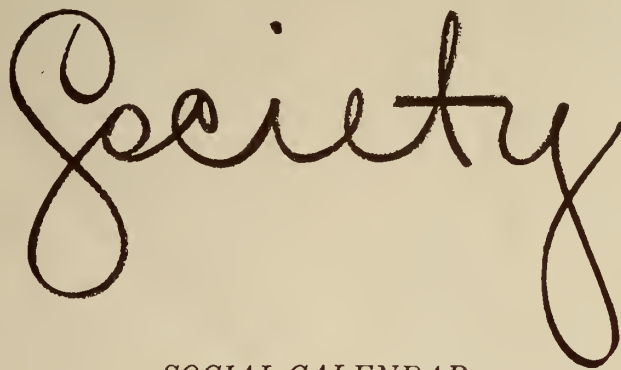
In "Ramona" and "The Splendid Idle Forties" we find the results of much careful research into the history of the golden age. For the rich, mostly of pure Spanish blood, proud of their race, of their ancestry, of their wealth, life meant only a continuous round of enjoyment. Such troubles as they had were only the inseparable shadows of love making and gaming.

The merienda, a sort of outdoor festival akin to our modern picnic was a popular and frequent entertainment. Dancing the picturesque old Spanish dances, singing to the accompaniment of the guitar, serenading by gay young sprouts singly or by twos or threes, horseback riding with an occasional duel or impromptu clash of steel by way of variety, every form of entertainment that an intelligent and warm blooded race could devise made enjoyment the chief occupation of life.

It was a romantic period, one so appealing to the artist mind that it seems remarkable that so few of our painters have undertaken to exploit it.

The costumes of the times were Spanish, drawn directly from those of Spain in the 18th century. The richest and most gorgeous fabrics were used, jewelry was lavishly displayed and the most scrupulous courtesy of manners was the rule of life.

Wherever there is youth there will be romance, and we find the records of these good old days full to the brim with details of the joy and the tragedy of life, a golconda mine of inspiration for the figure painter in search of material.



SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

Bernice Margaret McKain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKain, and Milo Charles Walker.
Miss Roberta Mayer, and George Pusch Jr., of Tucson.
Miss Mabel B. Stuart, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Church, and Gilbert Woodill.
Miss Anita McLachlan, daughter of James McLachlan, Pasadena, and Ralph Reynolds.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
Miss Elizabeth Cochran and Carl B. Wirsching.
Miss Anita Jean McLachlan and Ralph Hubbard Reynolds.
Miss Lena Mae Southworth and Carl A. Bundy.
Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
Miss Doris Hudson and James S. Woolacott.
Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.

Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
Miss Alice Preston and Robert Stephen Davis.
Miss Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dr. John F. Curran.
Miss Constance Cunningham and Earl Snowden.
Mrs. Leah J. Seeley and Dr. Henry S. Cheney.
Miss Laura Woodhead and Lieutenant Thomas Steere.
Miss Barbara Stephens and Lieutenant Randolph Talcott Zane, U. S. M. C.
Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
Miss Gwinn and Robert Leroy Bower.
Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.
Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.
Miss Margaret Virginia Greble and Alphonse Marie Lefebvre, Brittany.
Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.
Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.

EIGHT

SOCIETY

Miss Florence Greaves and Charles Kindness Moore.
Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.

Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.

Miss Adelaide Clara Bicheno and Eugene Frank Kidder of San Bernardino.

Miss June Eskey and James W. Dunham.

Miss Ruth Margaret Jones and Walter J. Juergens.

Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.

Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.

Miss Sophie Cubach and Richard J. O. Culver.

Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.

Miss Alice Preston and Robert Stephens Davis.

Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.

Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.

Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.

Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.

Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.

Miss Ariadne Merrett of San Francisco and Philo Leonard Lindley.

Miss Lucile Clark and Houghton Metcalf.

Miss Elizabeth Bishop and William Thomas.

Miss Ruth Fairbanks Pierce and Percy Augustus Eisen.

Miss Georgina C. Ramsey and Robert Cromwell Root.

Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.

Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.

Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.

Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.

Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.

Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.

Miss Irene McCulock, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Edward Swift.

Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.

Miss Rose Monasch and Dr. Herman Sugarman.

Miss Eunice Seavers and Charles R. Welch.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Parker and William Alvin Sumner.

Miss Cecile Hoffman, San Francisco and Patrick McGarry.

Miss Merle Britton and Leslie Cooper.

EVENTS TO COME

Mrs. James E. Carr, Lovelace avenue; for Mrs. Gordon Bayless; theatre; tea.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Hoover street; coming out party in November for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones; tea and ball at Alexandria in November; to present Miss Helen Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Taylor, West Adams street; reception, October eleventh; to present Miss Barbara Claire Taylor.

October 16th—Amateur Players; presentation of "The Arrow Maker"; Hancock Banning home at Wilmington.

October 17th—Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Ardmore avenue; tea for Miss Doris Hudson, bride-to-be, and Miss Eva Bayly.

November 26th—Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Hoover street; debut of daughter, Miss Daphne.

CLUB DATES

October 13th—Ebell Club; classical dancing, Norma Gould and Mr. Shawn.

October 13th—Woman's City Club; "Municipal Ownership," Francis J. Heney.

October 13—Evening City Club; "The Gas Rate or the People's Problem," Councilman F. J. Whiffen.

October 14—Woman's Press Club; "The Spirit of the Drama," Mrs. Samuel T. Clover.

October 15—Cosmos Club; card party benefit scholarship fund.

October 15th—Friday Morning Club; luncheon; Book Committee; discussion, "The Summer's Reading."

October 15th—Ruskin Art Club; France, 1483-1774; Italian Influences.

October 15th—Wednesday Morning Club; "Current Events," Mrs. Lou V. Chapin.

October 17th—Friday Morning Club; interpretive reading, "Liedelei," by Schintzel; Maud Russell Robbins.

October 20th—Ebell Club; "Summer Ramble in the Rockies," Herbert W. Gleason of Boston.

WEDDING INVITATIONS



Bearing the imprint "Little's, Los Angeles," are an assurance of correctness in every detail and appearance excelled by none. We are prepared to furnish the latest Eastern fancy, THE SQUARE ENVELOPE.



A. E. LITTLE COMPANY, 426 South Broadway.

- October 20th—Woman's City Club; "The Efficiency Bureau," General Edward C. Bellows.
- October 21st—Friday Morning Club; first meeting Dramatic Committee.
- October 21—Woman's Press Club; reception and musicale at the Zelda; Mrs. Fletcher Howard, hostess.
- October 22nd—Ruskin Art Club; France, The Spirit of the Renaissance.
- October 22nd—Wednesday Morning Club; "What Shall We Do With Our Minds?" Mila Tupper Maynard.
- October 22—Cosmos Club; Miss Frieda Peycke, original compositions.
- October 23—Harmonia Club; subject, Paine, Gottschalk, Mason, Foster and Bristow; paper, Psalmody and Folk Music of America, Nannie Clayton.
- October 24th—Friday Morning Club; "The Foreign Relations of the United States," David P. Barrows.
- October 25th—Friday Morning Club; guest program.
- October 28—Woman's Press Club; dinner at 6:15 o'clock, "Casa Verdugo Segunda."
- San Gabriel Country Club—Every Monday; Ladies' Golf.
- October 29th—Ruskin Art Club; France, The Spirit of the Renaissance.
- October 29th—Wednesday Morning Club; reception to new members.
- October 29—Cosmos Club; lecture, D. L. Duran, "Battle of Gettysburg."
- October 30—Boyle Heights Entre Nous Club; three days' Country Fair and Baby Show; for clubhouse fund.

CLUB INTIMATIONS

- Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Bentley will be at home during the winter at The Bryson.
- Mrs. James F. Scherfee, President of the Outlook Club, will spend six weeks in eastern cities doing investigative work in connection with the local crusade against grade crossings. Mrs. W. D. Campbell, first vice-president of the Outlook Club, will have charge of the Club's work until Mrs. Scherfee's return.

Mrs. Virginia Marshall Clayton, St. Paul avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Augusta F. K. Smith of New York, who is prominently identified with club life there. Mrs. Smith will spend the winter in Los Angeles and Long Beach.

The Ebell Club has purchased the lot south of the clubhouse grounds and will improve it with an addition to the auditorium, providing for an entrance on Eighteenth street.

At a meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. James Warren Holder, hostess, Mrs. Mary Howard Gridley of Glendale withdrew her membership. Mrs. Gridley has organized a chapter in Glendale, while will be known as the General Richard Gridley Chapter of Glendale.

The Badger Club, at the first season meeting, considered for a part of the year's work, Institutional Reconstruction, Dress Reform for School Girls, and the Peace Movement.

The Hollywood Woman's Club has purchased a lot upon which its new home will be built as soon as the necessary plans have been completed.

Mrs. J. N. Porter of Dallas, Texas, is at the Burlington. Mrs. Porter is founder and honorary life president of the Texas Congress of Mothers, and vice president of the National Congress of Mothers.

Mrs. Catharine Pierce Wheat, founder and president of the Reciprocity Club, is so much improve in health that her physicians are confident of her ultimate recovery. Mrs. Wheat, it will be remembered, was severely injured in the Long Beach Casino disaster. Mrs. F. L. Schofield, first vice president of the club, presided at the first reunion of the year, given at Christopher's on Tuesday.

Miss Paula Dunnigan, first vice president of the newly incorporated Los Angeles County Women's Democratic League, is soon to publish a monthly magazine in the interests of the league and Democratic women voters.

The Ruskin Art Club is permanently settled on the fourth floor of the Blanchard Building.

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A movement is on foot among club folk to secure Miss Elizabeth Calya Scott, former superintendent of nurses at Johns Hopkins Hospital, for a series of "First Aid to the Injured" and Home Care in Emergencies" lectures. Miss Scott will deliver the last of such series in San Francisco on October twenty-seventh.

The Pacific Coast Civic League has discontinued its meetings. All money in the treasury was divided between the Sunshine Society and the Vacation Home League.

The Business Woman's Civic Club hereafter will have a monthly dinner and be addressed by persons prominent in municipal affairs. Albert Lee Stevens, city attorney, was the speaker at Monday night's dinner. His subject was "The City's Legal Business."

Miss Margaret Matthews, Pacific Coast representative of the Y. W. C. A. in Japan, is on a year's leave of absence at her home in San Francisco. Miss Matthews was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by the board of directors of the local Y. W. C. A. She urged the establishing of a Japanese Association in Los Angeles, to be under the guidance of Japanese officers.

The College Woman's Club will make, as an important part of this year's work, the study of each symphony orchestra program before its presentation.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Wright will spent the winter at the Hershey Arms.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Luton, Gramercy place, have returned from abroad; Mrs. Luton is spending some time in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Simonds will winter at the Bryson.

Mrs. Frank J. Woodward of Berkeley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Erwin S. Chapman, and sister of Mrs. Henry J. Martin, who recently paid a visit to relatives here, has returned home, accompanied by Mrs. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tebbetts of Birmingham, Alabama, house guests of Mrs. Tebbett's sister, Mrs. Arthur Gage, New Hampshire street, will remain in Los Angeles during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McFarland are occupying their new home at Fourth avenue and Twenty-fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Miller Bole, nee Alyce Cullyford, have returned from their honeymoon

trip; Mrs. Bole will be at home on the first and third Fridays of the month at their new home in West Fifty-first street.

Mrs. W. L. Jones will return from the East about October twenty-fifth; she is stopping en route at Washington, Baltimore and New Orleans.

Mrs. Morris Albee, Juliet street, will leave on October twenty-third for the East, to visit in Chicago, Washington and New York; returning, she will stop in Wheeling for the wedding of Miss Franzhein and Dr. Guy Cochran.

Mr. Harold St. John Judd will build a new home during Mrs. Judd's absence abroad, to be ready for occupancy upon her return.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene G. Ives will present Miss Helen Ives at a coming-out ball, to be given in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story are motoring in the North on a trip of indefinite duration.

Miss Florence Graves, whose engagement to Charles Andrew Moore was announced some time ago, will leave soon for a trip to Honolulu, in company with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travis Graves, and sister, Miss Dorothy Graves.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackins, Andrews boulevard, have gone to the Bryson for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross Campbell have leased a house in Rampart street, where they will be at home this season.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Cottle and family, whose arrival from abroad is expected in the near future, will at once occupy their new home in Victoria Park.

Miss Beulah Jungquist, Manhattan place, will spend next week in Santa Barbara.

Miss Ruby Montgomery of Chicago, house guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Shaffner, Illinois street, will remain during the winter.

WEDDINGS

Miss Regina Helen Quesnel and Albert A. Kidder.

Miss Virginia Johns and Arthur W. Cleaver.

Miss Gladys Allen and Stuart Dodds Samson of Grand Isle, Vermont.

Miss Mary Maude Ferguson and Clarence M. Wooliever.

Miss Italja Bower and Erle Leaf.

Miss Helen Faye Fifield and David Reid Faries.

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Miss Claire Dean and Frederick Carl Hoffman.

Miss Maybel Schrader and Adolph Swartz.

Miss Sara R. O'Shield and George J. Elsner of Baltimore.

Miss Florence Kohn of Portland and George Nathan Black of Los Angeles.

Miss Florence Wiley and John Bicknell Hinton.

DINNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Martin, West Washington street; to celebrate wedding anniversary of Mrs. Martin's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ervin S. Chapman.

Gamut Club; for Mme. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus.

David Reid Faries, Union League Club; for best man and ushers Fifield-Faries wedding; covers for eight.

Judge and Mrs. Rufus Choate Porter, Manhattan place; for Congressman Robert Lee Henry and daughter, Mrs. Parmalee, of Texas; sixteen guests.

Mrs. Charles McFarland, Juliet street; for Miss Sophie Kubach and Richard J. O. Culver; covers for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Godissart; Campi's; to celebrate wedding anniversary; covers for fourteen.

Miss Marie Nichols, Menlo avenue; for Miss Doris Hudson and bridal party.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mrs. William A. Innes.

Mr. Francis Davidson; for Miss Mary L. Bacon; covers for ten; theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Perry, South Westmoreland avenue; for Mr. and Mrs. George Hewes Ross; covers for twelve.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Palmer, Yucca street; for Dr. and Mrs. Beckman of Minnesota; covers for sixteen.

PARTIES

Miss Clara Leonardt, Chester place; for Miss Sophia Kubach, pre-nuptial; theatre.

Miss Katherine Nolan and Miss Marie Nolan, Third avenue; for Miss Sophia Kubach; bridge; fifty guests.

Miss Clara Scott, Second avenue; for Miss Italja Bower; bridge.

Mrs. May B. Hyland, Western avenue; house; Santa Monica; for Mrs. John Varley; five guests.

Mrs. Edward McKain; Sierra Madre Club; to announce engagement of Miss Bernice Margaret McKain; twenty-four guests.

Dr. Shaffner and Miss Ruby Shaffner; week end; cabin, Sierra Madre Mountains.

Mrs. Frank D. Hudson, Hobart boulevard; reception for Miss Doris Hudson, bride-to-be.

Mrs. Hortense Barnhart Dorr; at the home of her mother, Mrs. F. P. Jones, West Thirtieth street; for Miss Italja Bower and Mrs. John T. Curtin; cards; sixty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Levy; at Goldberg-Bosley's; to celebrate twenty-fifth wedding anniversary; dinner-dance; covers for thirty-eight.

Mrs. George M. Munger, Hobart boulevard; shower for Miss Christeen Weiss; twenty-two guests.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. William Morrow Lewis, South Figueroa street; for Miss Elizabeth Vaughn of Louisville; twelve guests.

Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, West Adams street; for Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr.; twelve guests.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe, Crenshaw boulevard; for Mrs. Samuel Wheeler of Reno; bridge.

Mrs. John Raymond Powers, Portland street; for Mrs. John F. Day of New Orleans; bridge; twenty-two guests.

Mrs. Edwin Janss; bridge.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Wilshire boulevard; nine guests.

Mrs. Ezra Stimson; Alexandria; six guests; theatre.

Mrs. Arthur Walker, Mission street, South Pasadena; shower for Miss Gladys Case of Los Angeles; fourteen guests.

Miss Margaret Gaffey, California Club; for Miss Margaret Ramsey and Miss Katherine Ramsey.

MUSICALS

Los Angeles Athletic Club; Ladies' Night.

Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Williamson, Second street, Santa Monica; to hear Miss Claire Ruyten McGregor in program presented at Ebell Club.

DEPARTURES

Miss Emmeline Childs; for New York.

Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, South Figueroa street, and Miss Juliet Boileau; for several weeks in the Grand Canyon.

Miss Ruth Korn, South Alvarado street; for several weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. William E. Ramsey, Miss Katherine Ramsey and Miss Marjorie Ramsey; for eastern trip of two months.

Captain and Mrs. Harmon D. Ryus, little Miss Celeste Ryus, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent and Luther Willis; for motor trip to Thousand Pines.

Mrs. M. Y. Cooper and Miss Cooper; for eastern trip of six weeks.

TWELVE

SOCIETY

Mrs. Harold St. John Judd; for Europe, with her father, Mr. M. B. Loy of Colorado Springs, and Miss Marie Holm of Pasadena.

Mrs. William A. Innes and little Miss Louise Innes, West Thirtieth street; for Nashville, Tennessee.

Mrs. Carroll Allen, Orchard avenue; for eastern trip; to return November first.

Miss Annette Hooper and Miss Helene Hooper, house guests of Mrs. George Stearns, the Bryson; for San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley; for San Francisco; to attend the marriage of their son.

Miss Geraldine St. John of San Francisco, house guest of Miss Margaret Gaffey of San Pedro; for home.

Miss Dorothy D. Jackins, Andrews boulevard; for Washington, D. C., where she will attend school this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bell Wright; for the East to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny; for the Grand Canyon.

BACK IN TOWN

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Sheets, West Twentieth street; from month at Venice.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Wright; from summer trip of three months and Hotel Virginia.

Mrs. William Elsworth Dunn, West Twenty-fifth street; from Seattle and northern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. de Haven; from several months northern trip.

Mrs. Anna Milner, West Adams street; from Europe, accompanied from New York by Mr. and Mrs. John Milner.

Mrs. George F. Beveridge and Miss Frances Beveridge, South Third avenue; from a visit with Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Edwards of Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco and family, Albany street; from ten days at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lippincott and Miss Rose Lippincott; from Hermosa Beach.

Mrs. John Newton Russell, Hobart boulevard; from four months' trip abroad.

Mrs. A. T. Large, Twenty-second street; from northern trip of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hook, Jr., Menlo avenue; from Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Karl Kurtz; from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine and Miss Martha Woolwine; from motor trip to San Diego.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. King and family, Lake street; from a year abroad.

Mr. Harry Cardell, Manhattan place; from five weeks at Virginia Hot Springs and visits en route.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Sheets, West Twentieth street; from several weeks at Venice.

LEFT BY THE STORK

A son; to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker.

A daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Field of San Francisco, *nee* Amy Brunswig, West Adams street.

A daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reynolds, Oxford boulevard.

A son; to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, at the home of Mrs. Rindge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole, West Sixth street.

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ABOUT PEOPLE

Sir Cupid wears a glittering tear in his eyes these days. It glistens as he sighs! One of his chief conspirators has demanded—and taken a three months leave of absence. Without her assistance he fears some of his scheming may fail, at least so Dame Fairy—sometimes called Mother Grundy—tells me.

I agree. It is she with whom I acquainted you some moons ago. She of the street that smacks of Shakespeare time. Many conquests has she aided since first she promised to espouse his cause. In the hall of "Happy Days Given to Others" hang testimonials six to her credit for this year of the Twentieth Century. She leaves town that she may be present at the fulfillment of a troth of her accomplishment.

A fair Southern belle, her ancestors makers of history in the early days of West Virginia, came, lured by the call of many friends here, and a drop of sunshine which floated out as she extracted the fragrance from some of our California roses. A little over a year ago she visited here, and was much feted.

The sender of the roses—a condensed form of desire—was a tall Adonis—a prominent member of the University Club. They had met some months before upon the billowy ocean. The music of lapping waves and the lights of the sea spirit first tuned their acquaintance into friendship.

Then she went South and he came West. Urgent invitations soon brought her to us.

My Lady Conspirator took her under her kindly wing. A chaperone *par excellence* did she prove! And Sir Cupid laid down his weapons—and his wisdom has since been proven, for November fifth will see this twain one.

Speaking of Hymen's Court and its accessories reminds me of a Honeymoon Court story. Several weeks ago a young couple were mated. Excitement ran high after the ceremony, for the bride had been kidnapped. It appeared that a tardy guest—tardy because of his bibulous habits—arrived improperly clad just as the bride was to mount the stairway to "throw her bouquet." Surreptitiously he whisked her off in his car. The newly made Benedict viewed the procedure calmly, set off in another machine, and brought the much exercised bride safely home again. For several weeks thereafter they remained in town—and much whispering and conjecture did one hear. Was there to be no honeymoon?

I am now in a position to answer much of that almost forgotten interrogation. They did go for a jaunt—it took them North—and a little over a week ago they located in Canada.

Why all this delay? The bridegroom, in the infatuation of his affection, overlooked one important fact—the necessary wherewithal to make life a blessing and somewhat of a joy—

proper employment! No one seemed to give this matter attention. The nuptials had been celebrated. Then all awakened with a start.

Mamma, much perturbed, sought advice to the end that son-in-law has just secure a most lucrative position. And things seem to be sailing along famously for this young couple, whom all wish the best of future prosperity.

While in a retrospective vein much that Fate has written during the past year came to my mind. It startled me so that I feel I must talk it over with you. Have you noted the numberless engagements broken during the past few months?

I need not go further back than late last spring. Rumor was then ripe with talk concerning a fair young daughter of an old Spanish family. In San Pedro she had learned the A-B-C's of life. There she also grew to young womanhood.

At her coming-out ball a twelvemonth ago they met. His station in life seemed sufficient to cause no uneasiness as far as his being a suitable *parti* was concerned. But Love, who knows naught of station or other material things, laughed and shrugged his shoulders—and the melody he played pleased the two.

Frequently when entertainments were given for her she caused no end of gossip by failing to appear. Later revelations disclosed the fact that she had been clandestinely meeting her betrothed—for such he was in secret.

Parental ire was roused by mysterious happenings. Then Love lost his key to the girl's heart, for by Mamma's clever maneuvering a trip abroad was arranged, with extensive promises as to wardrobe and such like, without letting the girl even so much as guess her purpose.

Heanwhile Papa had an extended interview with the young gallant from Cuba. He cringed, and begged off when he found that he would have to hew the pathway upon which his bride might walk. No assistance, monetary or other-

wise, would be extended him.

Now, happily, all is again peaceful in this home. Suitors are again legion; and one expects soon to hear that the maiden, grown wise, will plight her troth to a most eligible and estimable young Angeleno. In fact—were I not afraid of being a “spoilsport”—I might suggest a little more at this writing, but good things will always keep.

Another maiden whose kin claim descent from aristocratic Irish lineage had given her promise to a young fellow, *persona non grata* at the Home Court. She being an only child—and parental affection leaning much toward the whim of her fancy—she soon gained their sanction.

A month's swift days flew by. The maiden, hardly out of her teens, lost spirit in the game of love. He, despite the mother's initial dislike, had completely won her over. She did all in her power to inspire a further liking, but daughter would take no heed of any suggestion made for her entertainment—in short, she said “she had grown tired of him.”

The young man had much pride. He would not be talked about—and people were beginning to note her seeming neglect. There was an exchange of serious language. The maiden refused to be dictated to!

Poor Mamma did not know with whom to take sides. It was decided they see nothing of each other for several weeks. Now they no longer speak. The young lady has gone for a course at Berkeley and it is said she is with the gayest of the gay.

One young fellow who has paid court to her since this aforementioned affair closed, is writing weekly. It is said that she graciously responds, but gives him no further encouragement.

So much for this week's portion! Next week I shall indite further information the records disclose.

Beatrice de Lack-Krombach.



When they conceived a subject they made a variety of sketches; then a finished drawing of the whole; after that a more correct drawing of every separate part, head, hand, feet and pieces of drapery; they then painted the picture and after all retouched it from the life.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses.

Los Angeles is growing up over night artistically. Seems but yesterday, when to have attempted the placing of canvases by well known eastern painters in any gallery with the object of disposing of them on a metropolitan scale, that is, selling them at good prices—and obtaining for the artist the advantage of representation, not alone in the collections of art patrons, but also in the homes where they are to be used for the purpose of decoration, would have been foolhardy. Yet such conditions exist today.

There is a splendid supply and the demand is proportionately large. In fact were one to gauge their viewpoint by the indication of such interest as defined at several art shops, one might be led to overstep the bonds of prophecy and predict that in another year again as many

canvases by contemporary eastern artists will be sold in Los Angeles than are selling today.

Remember that in making this assertion I allude more specifically to eastern artists, as it would be vain to include the foreign painter. He has been a fixture for some time, as many of our home galleries will attest. Many times recently have I been astounded at the importance of canvases, water color sketches, prints and etchings found in some of our private home collections. I have arranged to take you through these various galleries, pictorially as well as by description.

The first of these will be the collection owned by Dr. West Hughes, who has been interested in art for many years and whose excellent judgment in the selection of art objects has numbered his collection as one of the finest in our city.

But to return to the subject of the representative eastern canvases and their future in our city. I am led to make the above assertion because of the fact that last spring Nerick Reynolds placed on exhibition over five hundred sketches. These not alone succeeded in arousing interest, which pictures had never ere this inspired, but a goodly number of these canvases were sold at excellent prices. Other dealers, while they did not have representation of so large a number, sold from seventy to seventy-five per cent, all of them fair-sized canvases, and some of them representations on a larger scale, by the exhibitors of the sketches.

When comparisons are made one must also take into consideration that the local painter is largely a vendor of his own wares. This increases the twenty-five per cent sold at the galleries to fifty per cent.

From conversation with several reliable dealers it appears that this average is rapidly growing—growing so rapidly in fact, that the demand will soon outgrow the ordinary output, and then I am afraid we will no longer be the recipients of the east's best. Its best at present being choice and finished canvases upon the execution of which the artist has expended his very best genius qualities in an individual expression.

The cause of all this analysis? The just hung exhibition at the Merick-Reynolds Gallery on South Broadway, where both eastern and foreign artists are part of a permanent exhibit. I found in this splendid exhibition room a spirit of the old masters. Many of the canvases are treated in the manner of a century ago. The pigment is laid on thick—some almost as thick as though a delicate palette knife had traced the lines. The effect, however, is superior to that of olden days in that the blending of the colors has been more delicately modeled, and in their handling a finer art expression has been achieved.

"Pasture at the Hague," a canvas with a fine atmosphere, is from the brush of Charles Peter Gruppe, who though he is a native Hollander, spends much of his time in New York

City. This composition interprets a quaint bit of Dutch thrift. When spaces of land require fencing in, they merely "ditch" it and save expense. At the same time they are supplied with pasture places on their own land, as Holland is entirely below sea level. The moment the ditch is dug, the water fills in. Mr. Gruppe has pictured one of these ditches in the setting of the haze of a Dutch day. It appears to be a late spring afternoon, and the soft colors are in the sky, which is most passive. Silhouetted against it are a clump of the famous knot willow trees, another characteristic touch of Holland's thrift. These trees, ere they can spread their sweeping branches earthward, are clipped, that the growth of the trunk may be more hardy. These trees usually line the edge of these ditches, and lend an air of individuality.

In painting this canvas Mr. Gruppe has used colors of low values, yet he has made them most expressive in their influence. Its very charm lies in the fact of the simplicity of its handling. The soft transparent waters, with their bits of ditch moss, the verdant grass, are all cleverly interpreted.

Another by Gruppe was captioned "October Woods." This is a bit somewhere up New York State. Its setting is the autumn of the year. The maples, in their array of beautiful colorings, stand perched upon a hillock of fresh green grass, and are the only color note in the picture, which is also treated in a low key of color values. Again the artist's clever handling of water is noted in the ditch, a note of the foreground.

Carl Marr of the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich is an American. He is represented by the study of a pensive maid. Her expression is that of deep thought. The drawing of the face and the modeling of the neck denote youth—extreme youth. The figure is gowned in a quaint fancy costume of dainty French colorings. A white cap dresses her soft tresses of brown, which run over and onto her forehead. The artist evidently was in a gray mood the day he painted it. Its atmosphere is gray with the haziness of pigments treated with the rhythm of beautiful blending.



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My gaze strayed to a corner where hung an exquisite landscape by Edward Loyal Field, of Galesburg, Illinois. Finding that he was a pupil of Carolus Duran and had taken the Innes and several other prizes, I gave it my attention. Had the spirit hand of George Innes guided the artist his picture could not have more eloquent brush touches. A disbursement of soft clouds ride the sky, rich in azure tints, and the glow of the rising sun. Autumn fields overrun with brush and decaying vegetation are in the foreground. In their midst is a splash of ditch cleverly drawn. In it are reflected shadows of morning light. The entire composition is a fascinating arrangement, and the facile blending of colors enhances the beauty of the low key in which it is painted.

A delight to the eye was the next canvas. Though modeled on a small scale, J. Stolz's "A Little German Girl," had a charm delightful beyond expression. This canvas has been treated in the same broad manner. It senses the German school in its tonal effects. Some old master might have painted it.

Several splendid floral canvases, which Florine Hyer so well knows how to paint, are also part of this exhibition. They are studies of her favorite Marie Van Huett roses.

Josef Israels has made the Dutch interior so famous that we look for his tone key in color value in canvases portraying the home atmosphere of the hardy Dutch people. The artist who creates a new atmosphere, and does so successfully, is much to be admired. This admiration I gladly extend to J. F. Sterre de Jong, the young painter who has gained his knowledge under the patronage of her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina and Dr. Bredius, the Rembrandt expert. While I am told that he paints landscapes and genre subjects, I imagine his interiors must be the best loved, for they

breathe an atmosphere of great understanding. "His Visit With Granny," also part of the above collection, is an example full of the poetry of the simple life of this people, and shows more light in the quality of tone blending. It also has the true toning of the textures represented, and that is something even the great masters have at times overlooked.

Grandmother and grandfather enjoying his Dutch clay pipe are seated at opposite sides of a table; grandson, on a splendidly depicted packing case, is watching with expectancy the slice of bread his grandmother is cutting. Instinctively we know that she will make it a delicious morsel. At least Sonny's expression seems to tell us that story. Outdoors the atmosphere of a rainy day prevails, it lights in at the window and influences the interior. Finely drawn and splendidly modeled, showing unusual facility of brush handling, are all these details.

In decided contrast is another Dutch interior by C. J. Thysen. Here the rare sunlight plays on things. In drawing, this canvas lacks much of the spirit of the former picture. A tousled child is playing at a deal kitchen table. The mother sits by cutting slices of bread. To the left another child, in one of those quaint inclosed Dutch baby chairs, is watching closely. This artist interprets more the atmosphere of Holland as we have learned to know it from the modern school of painting, but I can not say that I like it so well. Outdoors a garden abloom looks in at a window with partly drawn curtains. This sunlight lighting is the best bit in this canvas.

Many new canvases are to be added to this collection within the next ten days, chief among them will be four figure studies by Edward Dufner, who created so favorable comment by his thumb box sketches, all of which were sold.

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FRANK COBURN AND HIS PICTURES

Nature displays her gifts best in the beauty of color and line of curve she has moulded into the human form. The tenderness her influence puts into the flesh completes the picture. Then the romantist in art, being close kin with her plastic majesty, shows us the grandeur of her workmanship.

Masters of the ages have chiseled and painted this loveliness—than which no form of art is more dignified and inspiring—and viewing their craftsmanship we become romantic.

His street scenes are interpretations which also do him credit. "Friends," herewith presented, is an excellent example of this type of canvas. The two women walking down the wet street are modeled on broad lines. The planes of drawing make it exceptional. So broad is the treatment of his pigments in this canvas that a close view loses much of its value; in the perspective, however, it becomes an unusual bit. The effect of the lights in the density of the wet night, the contrast of qual-



FIFTH AND BROADWAY, BY COBURN

Frank Coburn's nude "Asleep" is attracting attention at the Royar Gallery on South Hill street, where it is part of an exhibit by local artists. This figure, though painted on a small scale, has many touches of a master hand in its modeling. One notes its fine sense of flesh tones and the softness of the muscle tissue. In the abandon of its pose the artist has allowed himself much freedom, and with splendid result. Few could have accomplished a more finished bit of workmanship. As you have not known Mr. Coburn in this branch of artistic expression, I thought it best to make my introduction of him to you through this very excellent canvas.

ity in the textures of things, all have been handled with accuracy and facility.

"Fifth and Broadway," our other illustration is alive with the atmosphere of a typical winter's night. A mass of figures is represented, yet each is an individual type, one can readily single them out. Glimmering lights illumine the way and cast reflections which form interesting shadows. In composition, also this scene shows splendid lines of construction. It breathes the poetry which even an unsightly element can influence. The almost complete blackness of the scene loses nothing of value in its presentation of color atmosphere, for there is plenty of aerated brightness in the soft tones of the light.

Many more canvases of rainy outdoor night has Mr. Coburn painted. They all show his special adaptability for depicting this phase of nature, which so many artists find difficult of brush expression.

At his invitation I directed my steps to his present quarters on South Olive street. There

A field of poppies and lupin is the central color note. It was late afternoon when this sketch was painted. Mountain peaks form the background against an interesting sky. There is much spontaneity in the development of this picture. "A Gray Day at San Pedro" depicts a marine at just eventide. The day's lights



FRIENDS, BY COBURN

I was amazed to find hundreds of sketches, shore scenes, landscapes, marines, interiors, figure and flower studies all treated with great truth and especial facility as to color sense and perspective.

I singled out several, and would describe them all had I the space. The representation of a choice bit of Eagle Rock attracted me, chiefly because of its interesting composition.

are fast going and here and there lanterns sway with streams of luminescence. Two fishing smacks are being anchored for the night. Sails are lowered. In the middle distance a yacht in full sail is a note of color; otherwise there is a greyness of things. This is a master sketch. One might gaze on it long and not grow tired of its poetry of color sense or rare feeling.

The interpretive sense of "Evening Near Redondo" is also beautiful. Brilliant lights are fading from the sky, yet there is enough of nature's paint pot in its colors to influence the sand dunes, which mount in grey hillocks, mottled with an array of suggested vegetation. Shadows, the reflection of the dying plumes of tone in the sky envelope and disport themselves heavily in the foreground. Mr. Coburn certainly knows his colors well—besides this, he also knows the feeling their blending will bring to bear on the effect of his drawing and modeling. Interpretation is not everything in picture painting.

"After Sunset," a brown study of a weed-grown field running wild with California brush and undergrowth, has a crooked path as an incident of note. Several oak trees are banked against the horizon line, alive with sunset glow. This sketch is also worked broadly, and is most successful in its handling.

Sespe, which is halfway from here to Santa Barbara, is responsible for the setting of "Bear Mountain," another excellent landscape. Late summer lights are in the sky and radiate a most pleasing effect on mountain top. This mountain which is modeled with exceptional planes of value senses fine feeling. It has much of the *spirito f out-of-doors* in it, and the barley fields below are an interesting constructive note.

From the landscapes and marine we pass on to his figure studies, and in these also Mr. Coburn exhibits an understanding strong with interpretive feeling. Some of these are bright with colors and emanate sunlight influences. One unusual canvas, as yet uncompleted, was much alive with this effect. It was a homely subject—a country road after a shower. The puddled path reflects the high lights of the glory in the sky. They beam, too, on house and people, making all more good to look upon. Again in others, green patches of verdure, painted either in the light of early morning or midday, are the setting for figures which we know, they are part of the every-day world we live. There is no illusion about them. The fantasy of their form of expression by Mr. Coburn only makes them more real to us.

And now that I have spoken so in detail of the man's pictures, let me tell you of the man behind the brush. He has had little to make his pathway in life roseate. To quote him: "I had to shift for myself ever since I have been ten years of age. Not having the means for

study under a master, or to take the customary trip abroad, I have nothing to air in this direction. One, of course, advances much faster when one has these advantages. However, the final result is much the same. I have studied painting since I can remember, and have painted many pictures which were "executed"—but not by hanging. No, I am not one of those natural born artists, I don't believe in such things. One develops by dint of hard work only. I believe that art in expression should be spontaneous. To accomplish this one must know how to interpret either from nature or memory the things one sees. This knowledge is only acquired through constant study of the things which appeal to the particular temperament of each artist."

Mr. Coburn is right. Artists are born only in so far as they are individuals of a peculiar temperament. On the cultivation of this characteristic depends largely the success or failure of those who would paint—or for that matter, work out any expression of art. The suggestion of hitching one's wagon to a star and following the stream of light it creates, I believe, frequently has contributed much toward the ultimate goal reached by some of our greatest academicians.

Others in the Royar exhibition showing one or more canvases are Cuprien, Benjamin Brown, Fries, Helen Balfour, Esther M. Crawford, Henry Lovins, Norman St. Clair, Frank L. Heath, Hanson Puthoff and Marco Zim. Early next month Mr. Royar plans an exhibition of colored etchings.

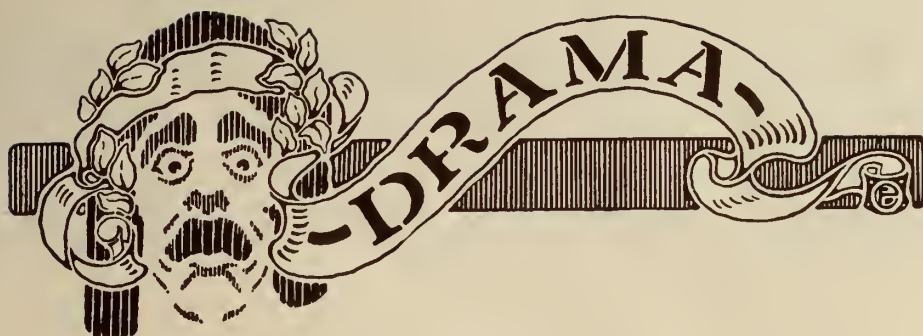
ART NOTES

The California Art Club will open its Fourth Annual Exhibition by local and associated artists on Monday evening, October twentieth, at Blanchard Hall. Many splendid canvases are promised.

Joseph Greenbaum is busily engaged in preparing three portraits for the gallery of Mrs. Anita McLaughry's new home. One of these is an outdoor family group, and is said to be an interesting composition.

Mr. Jack Smith, who was to have placed several canvases on exhibition this next week at the Daniell gallery, has been forced to postpone his showing for several weeks.

Jon de Lack.



OTHEMAN STEVENS, PLAYWRIGHT

Otheman Stevens has written a play at last.

"At last" because many there be, who will say upon receipt of the announcement, "I told you so." And over midnight sandwiches back at "King's" they who long since when he was among them prophesied, will rejoice and say each to the other, "Hear the news? Otheman Stevens has written a play and it's going to be produced in Los Angeles this winter."

And so it is. Mr. Stevens himself, when accused and congratulated, admitted it.

He said, being a dramatic reviewer, it was not surprising that he wrote a play, but that a manager had been found who would produce the play—that was different.

Interested, we asked the author to give an idea of his drama to the public. We even asked for the play itself. He refused gently and dulled the edge of our visible disappointment by talking:

"After an extended experience as a reviewer, said he, "I became convinced that I could write just as bad a play as any other fellow could, and so set to work. Much to my surprise when I had finished the three acts, I was forced to admit that they were quite good, but being crafty, I took them to Mr. Morosco and insisted that they were very bad acts, making a very poor play, but possibly he would like to read such a play for a change.

"Mr. Morosco has long since, as a result of reading my reviews of his company's performances, refused to believe anything I say about a play, so he decided that the play was a good one. A reviewer does not often have a chance to put a manager in bad—this was one— I

availed myself of it—I let him continue to believe the play was what he thought—and it will go on, he says, in a few weeks.

"Of course, it is a problem play; it must be, because I have tried to take a series of pictures of life under humble conditions and show the results of a number of people trying to lead good honest lives.

"I can only plead that I did not invent the problem; that was done for me some thousands of years ago.

"You will realize, possibly from your own experience, that it is the easiest thing in the world to lead any sort of life except an honest, good existence.

"But the fact of the play containing a problem will not harm any one. Problems never have done any harm; it is the solving of them that raises Cain generally, increasing divorce, the death rate, taxes and crime.

"If my play lasts overnight, it will likely be assailed by the church people as an attack on religion, and by the agnostics as an evangelical argument against free thought.

"One dear friend has already told me it was better than Ibsen's best, and another intimate has admitted that Theodore Kremer never wrote anything better.

"I am calmly ready for any fate; flowers may be sent to the office; eggs and other vegetables should be directed to Mr. Morosco."



At the first season meeting of the Friday Morning Club, Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells was the guest of honor, and addressed the Club on the results of her recent eastern trip in the interests of her position as Policewoman. Mrs. Wells has been given a year's leave of absence from local duty and will devote her attention to wide investigative work. We publish a part of Mrs. Wells' address:

"In view of the victory won by California club women in securing the new Girls' Training School, I assume that an account of the work done in other reformatories for women will be of primary interest.

"On a recent eastern trip I visited three adult schools, two for juveniles and one school for feeble-minded. Foremost among them stands Miss Katharine Bement Davis, a Vassar woman, who had been at the head of Bedford for thirteen years, and is now working with John Rockefeller, Jr., in the Social Hygiene Bureau in connection with the reformatory, to help throw light of permanent value upon the causes of prostitution. Here, girls and women worked all over the farm, cutting ice, milking and making butter. The cottage system, with one half day for study, including elementary school work, cooking and sewing; the other half day on the farm outside, where they may be seen going happily about in bloomers and blouses.

"In Sherbourne, Massachusetts, the presiding genius is Mrs. Hodder, an experienced social worker from Boston who will take that institution ahead just as fast as the great state of

Massachusetts will allow her to. An indication of the character of her friends is in the fact that Dr. and Mrs. Cabot of Boston, both well known students and authors, were at luncheon the day I was, having run out for a week end of rest and conference. A great farm here also furnished work, selling in milk and butter hundreds of dollars worth a month.

"I spoke for the Civic Club of Philadelphia, of which Mrs. Wister was president. The League of Good Citizenship of the Civic Club is one of its contributions to the welfare of Philadelphia. Boys and girls are taught to throw nothing into the streets, not to injure any property and otherwise to observe the city ordinances.

"In Indianapolis the girls were making cement walks among other occupations—and enjoying it immensely. Here, as elsewhere, evidence of the feeble-minded element entering into crime was noted. There was quite a large library and most of the books taken out by the grown women were for girls—like the Elsie Books; one woman only ever looked at a history.

"The State School for Girls at Indianapolis is managed by boards of women, all prominent in Indiana movements, one being the wife of one of the state officials. These women go frequently, once a month, in the morning, to consider all matters for which their advice is sought, spending the day and night.

"Sleighton Farms, Pennsylvania, is a most remarkable place. Its superintendent, Mrs. Faulkner, has been connected for years with every movement for social betterment of women and children. There are beautiful cottages on a farm of 140 acres. And with a firm but kind hand, guided by experience and vision, she is doing wonders. Here, again, the defective question is studied. This sentence is their conclusion:

"The per capita tax to support the training school for girls is large, but the delinquent girl is the most expensive kind of defective, and

no one can figure how much the public pays by leaving that kind of girl outside."

"In a county jail which I visited in Kentucky I found that women prisoners were detained on the third floor by men trusties. No woman matron or caretaker is provided. In this jail the blankets were used, unwashed, from the day they were bought until worn to shreds.

"In the discussion which followed my address later the indignation of the club women promised quick and thorough bettering of these conditions."



*Then waiter leans over
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of
A wing or a leg of.*

HOOD.

CHICKEN A LA MARYLAND *Mrs. Andrew W. Francisco*

Mix 1 can sweet corn
2 eggs beaten very light
1 teaspoonful salt

Enough cracker meal to make proper consistency to fry in butter into pancakes. Place in large chafing dish. Place on top a layer of thin toast and a circle of fried bacon. Place on this the pieces of chicken floured and fried to light brown. Pour around this, part of cream gravy.

Cover and heat in chafing dish for five minutes, when it is ready to serve.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Mrs. Carlotta Deardorff

Dress and disjoint young chickens as for frying. Wipe perfectly dry and put in well buttered dish, bone side or inside *down*. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and butter; dust plentifully with flour, and add cream enough to *almost* cover the chicken. Have the oven hot—and the chicken will be done in a half to three-quarters of an hour, according to size.

We this day opened the glass of gerkins which are rare things.

Pepy's Diary.

CUCUMBER PICKLES

Mrs. M. E. Johnson

Pare cucumbers and cut in lengthwise slices. Soak for three hours in salt ice water. Make a dressing of three parts vinegar and two parts oil, strong with red pepper and salt.

Flavor with a suspicion of garlic if desired.

Mincing of meat in pie saves grinding of the teeth.

BACON.

A RECIPE FROM SAVOY

AGNELOTTI

Mrs. Jules Kauffman

Make a dough with flour, a pinch of salt, water and two eggs. Prepare a hash, preferably from roast mutton. Fry your finely chopped meat in butter and consomme, adding a bit of flour.

Roll out your dough very thin. Place thereon small heaps of the hash at intervals, then cover with another layer of dough. Cut out your agnelotti, and pressing the edges together poach them in boiling consomme for 20 minutes. Place them with lumps of butter in a baking dish. Sprinkle with grated Swiss cheese and cover with meat juice and consomme mixed.

Bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

Then he made the beste chere that he might.
Merlin.

RIVARDE COCKTAIL

Mrs. Jules Kauffman

In a glass pour

4 drops Angostura

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Fill with Champagne very frappe.

Add chopped fruits of the season and a bit of lemon peel.



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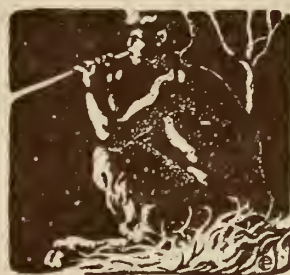
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MUSIC



VERDI

(Born October 10, 1813.)

BY CARL BRONSON

In a sunny little court of the great Milan conservatory of music, in the month of September and in the year eighteen and ninety, a class of students were working out their problems in the various harmonic combinations which had been assigned them by their instructor, but were at this very moment more engrossed in that interminable argument which always arises the moment the instructor absents himself.

While the study of harmony is very fascinating it is also much easier to listen to those inner combinations of sound which have a habit of floating in upon the mind and upsetting its mathematical calculations.

Of course, in moments such as these, there is no telling what mischievous impulse may seize a student body of young men whose risibilities require but a word, a paper ball or a cartoon to throw the whole body into riotous disorder.

It was at such a moment that one of the most daring appropriated the teacher's eyeglasses and with his pointer was tracing out anything but harmony on the board to the hilarious delight of his mates, when a little alcove door which we had never yet seen opened and so always had a mysterious look, quietly swung wide and two men, arm in arm and smiling in that manner which always denotes perfect congeniality of spirits, descended the several steps and headed directly toward us.

We, of course, quickly resumed our customary decorum and as our unexpected visitors approached, noted the distinguished appearance of each.

One was a tall handsome person of the French military type, with perfectly white hair and precisely tonsored beard. He wore a thoughtfully deep expression of countenance and looked through eyes of the mildest tenderness. His companion was much shorter and more slender of figure. A most striking characteristic was his manner of wearing his slouch hat and a careless, "a la Boheme" cravat loosely knotted at the throat. His face was rather slim and pointed, his nose long and with a decidedly downward slant. He wore a slim moustache, and most noticeable of all were his sparkingly laughing eyes.

Aside from making note of these characteristics of our visitors, they meant nothing to us until one of the older native boys exclaimed, "Hush! It is the master."

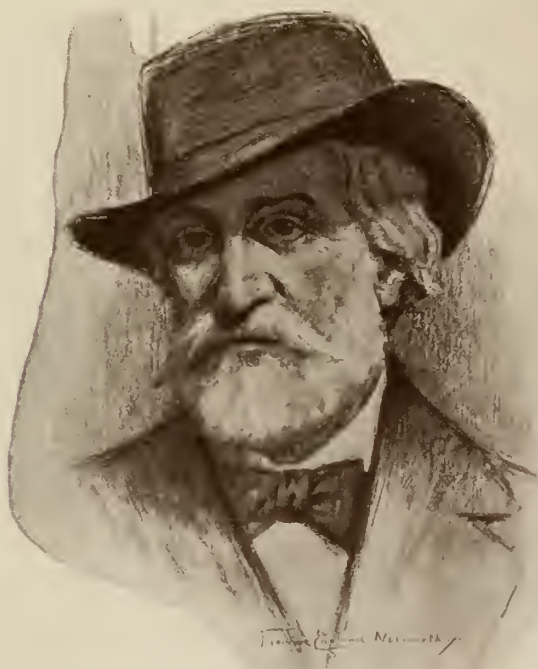
This little short man was the wonderful Verdi! He of the exhaustless melody. The Creator of so much in music that had held me and all the world in its subtle thrall. Where does he get it and where does he keep it, was the mental observation I distinctly remember of making.

And that other really distinguished, tho' clerical looking man, was none other than Gounod, the great Parisian. He whose Faust had set the world to a new rythm of vibrating melody.

As they approached we arose in a body and with hats in hand stood at salutation. I never shall forget the electric shock that struck me as the visitors paused and Verdi, stepping up to a round faced little student, pinched his cheek and remarked in a most kindly tone of

voice, "Shall we hear of you some day?" Then, turning to us all, he wished us a most successful lesson, and resuming the arm of his friend Gounod, they passed on down the corridor and into the shadow.

We learned afterwards that Verdi was working on his notable opera "Falstaff" and that he and Gounod had been having one of those visits only possible to such great spirits and which too few of us ever experience, tho in our soul we are always and forever craving. The reward for achievement is in the privilege of association.



GIUSEPPE VERDI

O to be understood!
Attuned to some great mind;
O to be understood!
The better self divined.

Alas,—O heedless world,—
Who dreams, dreams but alone;
How great a heart may feel,
And yet be all unknown!

O to be understood!
When all our strife is done
Be this my diadem:
To be—just known by one.

THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

When the People's Orchestra was organized last October, it was not a complete fulfillment of the plan of the Music Teachers' Association for the musical uplift of Los Angeles. In February the People's Chorus was formed, under the direction of Maestro Eduardo Lebegott. About two hundred men and women accepted with enthusiasm the opportunity to receive the musical training offered without charge, and began at once rehearsing for their first appearance with the orchestra.

During the first season this Chorus proved a great drawing card to the Sunday afternoon concerts, appearing three times and producing "Hail, Bright Abode," from Tannhouser, the "Entr'acte," "Barcarolle," from "The Tales of Hoffman," the "Spinning Hour, Ballad," from the "Flying Dutchman," and the "Bridal March," from Lohengrin.

Each time this Chorus has appeared with the People's Orchestra, both organizations so carefully trained by the Maestro Lebegott, the response of the audience has shown how much their work is appreciated; and while this is significant of the desire of the concert attendants, what it means to the individual member of the Chorus is of almost more value.

One of the Chorus, a soprano, who is a great lover of music, but has not had the opportunity for musical training, came to the director a few days ago and said, "Maestro Lebegott, I cannot tell you what this work has meant to me. I attend all of the People's Orchestra Concerts, and also the Symphony and the Philharmonic courses, and after these months of training, I find that I understand and appreciate music infinitely more than I ever did before. In fact," she added, laughing, "if there were a tuition charge, I would rather pay it than give up this work."

The members are not only those who feel the need of training, but many are members of the Music Teachers' Association, professional singers, who, in order to make the Chorus a success and to help the other members, have come valiantly to the front and are giving up two nights of the week to climb up the hill to the Normal School Auditorium to rehearsal.



OUR PARISIAN LETTER

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURNISHING A
NEW HOME

Chere Madalene:

Your epistle of several days ago was most entertaining, especially your very generous description of the Fashion Show. You question me concerning details of the prevailing modes. *Ma chere*, their chief note is so *bizarre*—so grotesque, in the extreme! But then, what can you expect in this time and age!

To speak again of your floor coverings, I believe you are correct in the surmise that Oriental rugs for your upper rooms will do better than a more modern weave. Nothing is so unwholesome in a sleeping chamber as those modern wool rugs, which are such excellent dust collectors and a menace to health.

These old tapestries were closely woven. Dust seems to float off their surface as water off a canvasback duck. The merchant explained that this was because of their being interwoven and overlaid many times.

The textile art as practiced in those days spelled first a note of thoroughness. This latter quality, I am grieved to say—and the merchant substantiated my thought—is sadly overlooked in all modern productions.

Now as to something for your upper hall, it was suggested that you find a Soumak. These rugs are rich in color and lend a note of brilliancy to the tone of your general color scheme. Its name is a corruption of "Shemakha," the town in which they are manufactured.

This rug is woven with the flat stitch and the ends of yarn are left loose on the back, like the famous Kashmir shawls from India—hence

their frequent designation as "Kashmirs."

In design they have the effect of beautiful mosaics. There is no shading from one color to another, thus making the contrasts more pronounced. The perfect balance of the color arrangement is what makes a most decided impression. So vital is their influence that you need have no fear in contrasting them with any relatively simple scheme of wood finish.

The specimen I viewed had wonderfully soft tones in Oriental colorings. Upon a field of deep maroon were thrown three oblong octagonal medallions, each one containing many octagons. In many of the smaller octagon medallions the eight pointed star was a feature. This form, when so enclosed, is symbolic of Divinity, so I was informed.

Rosettes, reefer knots, links (two triangles joined by a single line), queer birds and queerer animals that look like zebras together with jeweled boundary lines are the design of the central pattern.

And as an outline for this mass, there were eight barber pole bands and nine regular bands. The design in the principal border somewhat resembled the alligator pattern seen so frequently in the Kula rugs. In three of the outer bands the Swastika predominated, two others had tarantulas alternating with the "S" form common in all Caucasion fabrics. The last two had simple rosettes strewn in rosebud fashion and this design completed also the grading of the color scheme, for it blended in tonings on the maroon inner field. A soft.

gray white fringe finished this rug.

The merchant said that few rugs had more durable qualities than this make. He said their weaving made them softer under foot. This fact he attributed to their being worked with the soft flat stitch.

A substitute also mentioned in the event of your desiring a less expensive rug, was the Gorevan—an impressionistic arrangement—which though some people find them difficult to live with—are most enervating in their effect on those sitting near the spaces. My attention was especially called to this tapestry, as I stated that you would have massive old pieces in this hall. It is just the note of harmony to offset the somber lines of your truly beautiful furniture.

This rug had its origin in the little town of Gorevan in the district of Herez in northwestern Persia, yet they were really woven all through that territory. They belong to the Persian classification and draw their inspiration from the Tabriz and Kirman, but the design of the Gorevan is simplified to fit a coarser weave by eliminating the minute detail of the Tabriz and Kirman.

A rectilinear arrangement is the central medallion, as are also the boundaries defining the corner spaces. These latter, however, are distinct, as they are serrated affairs showing the queerest of leaf patterns. The soft gray toned field is alive with active color lights, and soon after using them, the merchant tells me, they

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become that deep rich tone which shows the colors at greater advantage.

The borders were most harmonious, in that they conformed in every particular to the details of the field design. The main strips had the "Tortoise" symbol. This is characteristic of nearly all of the Herez rugs. In this border the Tortoise and Herati alternate and form a most pleasing picture.

In China the Tortoise represents longevity and immortality, while in India it is symbolic of the second incarnation of Vishnu. That is, when it is seen supporting the earth on its back.

The Herati is the famous design of the fish. To those who are uninitiated, it may appear to be merely a rosette, flanked on either side by a long curved leaf. This is said to, after a fashion, resemble a fish, yet it is believed by many authorities to have been evolved from the pear.

Don't expect to find this rug a low toned affair. As I have already said, and must reiterate, they are most impressionistic in arrangement. Possibly the Futurist and Cubist received their original inspiration from this most quaint, yet always in good taste, pattern of old world weaving. It certainly has some of the most extraordinary lines I have ever seen.

In my next letter I shall tell you of another specimen, in detail much as the latter two I have just described, but as I want this to go off by the next post, I shall close, with much love and greetings to you both,

—Votre Aimie.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

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JESSIE BUTTERFIELD MORRIS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of September, 1913.

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Beware!

By ERNEST C. FOSTER

DON'T think me a pessimist—I would befriend you.
The future holds much that is cause for alarm.
Be wise and dispose of your earthly possessions;
Sell off all your stock and get rid of your farm.

And, if in the city you strive for a living,
Conceal everything that you have in a pit;
And, too, if you own the house where you are living,
'Twould be only prudence should you bury it.

Then, after you've taken all measures for safety—
Left nothing of value outside or in sight—
'Twere best that yourself and the rest of the fam'ly
Do something to land you in jail over night.

And when the strong arm of the law is around you,
Thank me that you're safe and that all is serene,
While out in the world there is naught but confusion,
Barbarity, carnage, yes, worse—Halloween!

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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OF SOCIAL
EVENTS

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JESSIE BUTTERFIELD MERRIS
Editor and Publisher

BEATRICE DE LACK KROMBACH, ASSOCIATE
L. E. WHEELER-REID, ADVERTISING MANAGER

become a martyr—stains of sins, big and little, committed during the whole course of your sinful, wormy life, become insignificant in the glorious light of present vindication.

Especially is your purity joyous when the thing you didn't do is the very one which under the circumstances was to be expected, which is why suspicion is directed your way. You, smug in your injured innocence, consider all these things and convince yourself that only one strong and impregnable, possessed of the divine spirit of forgiveness as you must be, could have refrained from drawing a tooth even as a tooth had been drawn from you.

It must be worth a trial—this leaving of a spiteful thing undone.

To be wrongfully believed guilty of doing an unworthy thing—"condemned by forged accusations"—who hath not luxuriated in the supreme satisfaction to be derived from that blissful state of negative virtue! You

"In The Garden," which appears in this issue was written for SOCIETY by Mrs. John W. Mitchell, who is too well known to need further introduction. Mrs. Mitchell's playlet is modestly captioned "for the entertainment of children." It's motive—to dispel fear—is great. There is none higher, for there can exist no more hideous handicap to development and expansion.

The person who tells a child "The dog will bite you"—"The bad man will get you," is shackling it with an evil which will curb a natural disposition to attempt and make accomplishment impossible.

The lesson is no less applicable to grown ups. Suggestion that induces fear, that makes one apprehensive of evil is destructive, blighting—a curse.

We all have had many troubles, most of which were only fear, and really never happened.

"He that is afraid dies a thousand deaths."

ON THE WING

Dear Editor:

"Conditions"—have you ever tried to run away from them, advised, accused and threatened by a super-wise M. D. who, when you protested on the, to you, perfectly reasonable

grounds of "business," "no time" "or any other reason why," promptly consigned you, as the alternative, to the crematory with the blame upon your own head? Have you?

And then, even as I, did you finally go, reluctantly choosing temporary isolation as more desirable than a probable, premature and unwelcome "Journey From This World to the Next"? Did you?

It's an experience somewhat like that of the poor unfortunate of the "funny page," isn't it? He who, for lo, many years, has tried, but vainly, to throw dull care away.

Isolation from "conditions," real or fancied, is funny, *nicht wahr?*—afterwards!

To escape for a time from the thralldom and tyranny of environment—well nigh intolerable, and the result, as I thought, of "conditions," social, economic and otherwise—I fled precipitately and in desperation, as I thought again, from the "vain, low strife, the passions and the cares," seeking peace in a suburban retreat, to-wit, in this—architecturally speaking—cloister like hotel nestling—or can anything cloister like nestle?—no; reposing is the word I want—reposing then, among the beautiful, bare, brown hills that tower benignantly above it by night and by day

smile radiantly with the "gigantic smile of the good brown earth."

Arriving at night, drained, devitalized, I put to bed a body just one incarnate ache, while an overwrought mind vainly tried to escape tryst with pursuing imps, memories of futile struggles, of vain endeavors to cope with "conditions."

After a white night made whiter by a maddening desire to smoke, a tortured, but rebellious and indomitable spirit regarded me from somber, sable-encircled eyes reflected in the mirror before which I made a mechanical and perfunctory toilet, trying bravely to deny myself any draught of the insidious but pleasant poison of self pity. "A poor beginning," quoth I. "May the adage hold good." But physically and mentally depleted, I lay about all day in a semi-comatose condition and at last, partly rested and with some signs of returning animation, sought the shaded veranda.

I chose a spot as far as possible from the only other occupants of this pillared out-door retreat. They were women and—fatal blow to vain hope of rest from external sounds—one was possessed *by*, not *of*, an ear trumpet, into which the other presently began to bawl—I use

the word advisedly—and ere long more than the sense of hearing protested, for—"But, no one was at fault in the matter—the whole unhappy business grew out of existing conditions—nothing can be done for her until these are—if not entirely changed, then at least, ameliorated. Now"—rising and crescendo—"What I propose——"

I fled.

On the other side of the house diametrically opposite is an awninged pavilion overlooking a tennis court. Here were two men in earnest and friendly disputation. The aroma of their cigars, though an aggravation since I am forbidden the weed—ridiculous notion—promised less offense to my jaded senses than the mental exhalations from which I had fled.

I stretched myself in a seductively comfortable rocker.

"Now believe it or not, but it's true"—"You're not going at it right! The change must be radical to be permanent." "It's the damnable and altogether intolerable conditions you must attack," etc., etc. These were almost the first words that greeted my outraged and protesting ears. Groaning in spirit, I half rose, then subsided. "Oh, what's the use," I queried

despairingly. "As well, or as ill, here as elsewhere."

Well, that was all—that night—but at breakfast next morning when the lugubrious tale of the suicide of a woman too tired to cope with or even protest any longer against "conditions" was wafted from a near-by table I wondered with increasing alarm if my imagination, grown morbid, had evolved this last out of the mental chaos of which I fancied myself the victim.

Let me state here and now I am not inveighing against "the sorry scheme of things entire" nor do I either yearn or propose to "shatter it

to bits and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire." It's too large an order. Besides, the "heart's desire" today "tomorrow may seem to me vile."

Nor do I egotistically "kid myself" that I have a "message." What then? Search me. Only it proves something or other. Just what—well, you "pays your money and takes your choice."

For me, I return to town tomorrow, serenely buoyed up by a *condition* within, which makes me impregnable if not indifferent to "conditions" without.

H. M. C.



Society

SEVEN

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

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ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Gertrude Robertson, daughter of Mrs. O. L. Robertson, to Eugene Pettanier, Pasadena.
Miss Florence Wickersham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Wickersham, to Barry J. Foster.
Miss Anna Elizabeth Erickson, daughter of Mrs. A. C. Erickson, to Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
Miss Carolyn Spoor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Spoor of Chicago, and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.
Miss Esther Baird, daughter of Mrs. T. E. Board, to Ward Wells Montgomery.
Miss Marian Wells, daughter of Mrs. A. S. Wells, to G. Ernest Rowe.
Miss Isabelle Lynds, daughter of Mrs. R. I. Lynds, to Horace Thomson Major.
Miss Anita Geraldine Ebner of Sacramento, to Harold K. Huntsberger.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss May Rhodes to Richard W. Hanna.
Miss Gladys Moore to Herbert E. Brown.
Bernice Margaret McKain to Milo Charles Walker.
Miss Roberta Mayer to George Pusch, Jr., of Tucson, Arizona.
Miss Mabel B. Stuart to Gilbert Woodill.
Miss Anita McLachlan of Pasadena to Ralph Reynolds.
Miss Olive Berryman to De Witt Brady.
Miss Violet Musser to Claude T. Gadwood.

Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
Miss Elizabeth Cochran and Carl B. Wirsching.
Miss Anita Jean McLachlan and Ralph Hubbard Reynolds.
Miss Lena Mae Southworth and Carl A. Bundy.
Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
Miss Doris Hudson and James S. Woolacott.
Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.
Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
Miss Alice Preston and Robert Stephen Davis.
Miss Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dr. John F. Curran.
Miss Constance Cunningham and Earl Snowden.
Mrs. Leah J. Seeley and Dr. Henry S. Cheney.
Miss Laura Woodhead and Lieutenant Thomas Steere.
Miss Barbara Stephens and Lieutenant Randolph Talcott Zane, U. S. M. C.
Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
Miss Gwinn and Robert Leroy Bower.
Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.

EIGHT

Society

Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.
 Miss Margaret Virginia Greble and Alphonse Marie Lefebvre, Brittany.
 Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.
 Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.
 Miss Florence Greaves and Charles Kindness Moore.
 Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.
 Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.
 Miss June Eskey and James W. Dunham.
 Miss Ruth Margaret Jones and Walter J. Juergens.
 Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.
 Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.
 Miss Sophie Cubach and Richard J. O. Culver.
 Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.
 Miss Alice Preston and Robert Stephens Davis.
 Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.
 Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.
 Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.
 Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.
 Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.
 Miss Lucile Clark and Houghton Metcalf.
 Miss Elizabeth Bishop and William Thomas.
 Miss Georgina C. Ramsey and Robert Cromwell Root.
 Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.
 Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.
 Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.
 Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.
 Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.
 Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.
 Miss Irene McCulloch, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Edward Swift.
 Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.
 Miss Rose Monasch and Dr. Herman Sugarman.
 Miss Eunice Seavers and Charles R. Welch.
 Miss Mary Elizabeth Parker and William Alvin Sumner.

Miss Cecile Hoffman, San Francisco and Patrick McGarry.

Miss Merle Britton and Leslie Cooper.

EVENTS TO COME

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones; tea and ball at Alexandria in November; to present Miss Helen Jones.

October 21—Mrs. John Harvey Davisson, West Ninth street; for Mrs. Woodford Davisson; tea.

October 21—Miss Beatrice Burnham; for Miss Barbara Stephens and bridal party; buffet supper and twilight dance.

October 21—Miss Beatrice Burnham, the Bryson; supper dance for Miss Barbara Stephens.

October 22—Miss Katherine Torrance, South Ardmore avenue; for Miss Barbara Stephens and bridal party; theatre; tea, Alexandria.

October 22—Miss Ruth Greppin, St. Andrews place; for Miss Doris Hudson; matinee; tea at Alexandria.

October 24—Miss Luella Reeves, Western avenue; reception for Miss Olive Berryman.

October 24—Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson, Orange street; reception; golden wedding celebration.

October 25—Miss Alice Cullen, Elden avenue; at the Ebell clubhouse; for Miss Aurelia Wherry, Florence, Italy.

October 25—Miss Blanche Davenport, Beacon street, for Barbara Stephens and bridal party; theatre.

October 28—Ex-Senator and Mrs. Eugene Ives Short; dinner.

October 28—Mrs. Samuel Fowler Bothwell, South Ardmore avenue; reception, Ebell clubhouse.

October 30—Mrs. George D. Cadwalader, Van Buren place; reception for Mrs. Theodore Cadwalader, nee Kathleen Spring.

November 14—Mrs. E. J. Brent, Berkeley Square; four hundred guests.

November 26th—Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Hoover street; debut of daughter, Miss Daphne.

CLUB DATES

October 20th—Ebell Club; "Summer Ramble in the Rockies," Herbert W. Gleason of Boston.

October 20th—Woman's City Club; "The Efficiency Bureau," General Edward C. Bellows.

October 21st—Friday Morning Club; first meeting Dramatic Committee.

WEDDING INVITATIONS



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October 21—Woman's Press Club; reception and musicale at the Zelda; Mrs. Fletcher Howard, hostess.

October 22nd—Ruskin Art Club; France, The Spirit of the Renaissance.

October 22nd—Wednesday Morning Club; "What Shall We Do With Our Minds?" Mila Tupper Maynard.

October 22—Cosmos Club; Miss Frieda Peycke, original compositions.

October 23—Harmonia Club; subject, Paine, Gottschalk, Mason, Foster and Bristow; paper, Psalmody and Folk Music of America, Nannie Clayton.

October 24th—Friday Morning Club; "The Foreign Relations of the United States," David P. Barrows.

October 25th—Friday Morning Club; guest program.

October 28—Woman's Press Club; dinner at 6:15 o'clock, "Casa Verdugo Segunda."

San Gabriel Country Club—Every Monday; Ladies' Golf.

October 29th—Ruskin Art Club; France, The Spirit of the Renaissance.

October 29th—Wednesday Morning Club; reception to new members.

October 29—Cosmos Club; lecture, D. L. Duran, "Battle of Gettysburg."

October 30—Boyle Heights Entre Nous Club; three days' Country Fair and Baby Show; for clubhouse fund.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mr. and Mrs. George Gray, Hobart boulevard, now in the East, will return to Los Angeles about November first.

Mr. and Mrs. Philo Judson Beveridge will sail from San Francisco November nineteenth, to be abroad six months.

Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Harvard boulevard, will return next week from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bailey and family, Pasadena, will spend the remainder of the month at the Coronado Hotel and sail about November first for Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Koehler, nee Clyde Walker, have returned from northern motor tour with Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hathaway and will spend the winter at the Alexandria.

Mrs. W. H. Martin and Miss Annie Martin, formerly of Bond street, have removed to Kingsley drive, where they will be at home during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Baruch are in the East on an extended tour which includes a visit with their son, who is at Harvard.

Lester Hayward, son of Dr. Henderson Hayward, and his bride, who are temporarily at the Alexandria, will, after short trips hereabout, become permanent residents of Los Angeles, occupying a new home, plans for which are being made.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack R. Brunning, nee Ruth Smith, have returned from their honeymoon and will be at home in Fourth avenue after October fifteenth.

Mrs. Anderson Rose and Miss Bertha Rose, who are making a long trip through the North and East, will return via Panama, reaching Los Angeles for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris T. O'Fallon will be at home during the winter at the Bryson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Warren Davis, formerly of Union avenue, have taken an apartment at the Formosa in Hollywood for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey O'Connell, nee Eleanor Valley, will be at home after October twentieth at their new home in Kenwood avenue.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick, West Adams street, who has been abroad for the past year, will return to Los Angeles about the first of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood will go to San Francisco for the Portola celebration.

WEDDINGS

Miss Ruth Pierce, San Francisco, and Percy Eisen.

Miss Florence Bailey and Nutting Wigton, both of Pasadena.

Miss Adelaide Clara Bicheno and Eugene Frank Kidder.

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 Miss Estella Sherwin and John B. Elliot.
 Miss Elsie Sullivan and David B. Landers.
 Miss Sara R. O'Shield and George J. Elsner of Baltimore.
 Miss Lottie May Strong and William Charles Bach.

DINNERS

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Summerfield, Van Ness avenue; for Mrs. Sardis Summerfield of Reno; Spanish; covers for twelve.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Brauer, West Twenty-first street; covers for ten.
 Mrs. Henry S. McKee, West Adams street; to celebrate Mr. McKee's birthday anniversary; covers for fourteen.
 Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn; Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith; Colonel and Mrs. Charles McKinstry; Mr. and Mrs. Willard James Duran; Mr. and Mrs. Lorin D. Sole; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doheny; hosts and hostesses, Los Angeles Country Club.
 Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Warren Davis; for Miss Barbara Stephens and Miss Alice Preston; brides-to-be.

PARTIES

Mr. and Mrs. Philo Judson Beveridge and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Watkins Campbell; week end with Miss Phyllis Beveridge, at the Bishop School, La Jolla.
 Miss Inez Clark, South Avenue Twenty; shower for Miss Eunice Seavers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wing Taylor, West Adams street; reception; for Miss Barbara Claire Taylor.

Commander Ward Winchell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winchell; for Mrs. Pierce, wife of Captain T. A. Pierce, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A.; bridge.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan, Lake street; theatre; supper, Alexandria; covers for six.

Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Ardmore avenue; for Miss Davis Hudson and Miss Eva Bayley.

Mrs. Frank Wise, the Bryson; dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rector, Manhattan place; yachting picnic to Portuguese Bend; fifteen guests.

Miss Genevieve Shafer, St. Andrews boulevard; for Miss Doris Hudson; theatre; tea at Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Bernard Dockweiler, West Adams street; for Mr. Harry Dockweiler; dancing.

Major and Mrs. R. W. Johnson; for Mrs. T. A. Pierce, San Francisco; bridge; twenty guests.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. A. Hellikson, West Forty-ninth street; bridge; twelve guests.
 Miss Jean Lines, Occidental boulevard; for Miss Marjorie Metcalf; pre-nuptial; six guests.
 Miss Winifred Howland, Hobart boulevard; for Miss Doris Hudson; cards; thirty guests.
 Miss Florence Spellacy, Park View avenue; Sierra Madre Club; for Miss Isabelle Lynds; bridge; twenty guests.
 Mrs. James D. McCoy, West Twenty-eighth street; for Miss Marguerite Galbraith of St. Louis; twelve guests.
 Mrs. William H. Harrison, Kingsley drive; for Mrs. Stanley White of Santa Monica.
 Mrs. Myrtle Noyes and daughter, Mrs. Frank Boswell, South Kenmore avenue; for the Hyacinth Club; cards.
 Mrs. Alfred Bradley, Harvard boulevard; for teachers of the Hobart School; seven guests.
 Mrs. Bradner Lee; theatre.
 Mrs. A. C. Davidson, Monmouth avenue; for Miss June Eskey; cards; twenty-eight guests.
 Mrs. G. H. Alpeter, West Thirtieth street, assisted by Mrs. D. J. Holbrow of San Fernando; cards; fourteen guests.

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Mrs. M. Francis Van Horn, Manhattan place; cards; forty guests.
Miss Edith Holder, West Thirty-seventh place; for Miss Alice Preston.

MUSICALES

Mrs. H. Cardell, Manhattan place; for Miss Margaret Pewtress of San Francisco and Walter Olney of London.

DEPARTURES

Mrs. William McCullough, house guest of Mrs. Julian Cerf, Gramercy place; for home, Oakland.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Foroat, Harvard boulevard; for tour of the world; to be absent a year.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson, Beverly Hills; for Japan.
Miss Margaret Pewtress, San Francisco, house guest of Miss Marguerite Cardell, Manhattan place; for home.
Mrs. J. Moss Perry, house guest of her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Preuss, West First street; for home, Louisville, Kentucky.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Heyler, Serrano avenue, formerly of the Bryson; for San Francisco, to attend Portola celebration.
Mrs. D. C. Barber, Harvard boulevard; for San Francisco.
Miss Nina Jones, Potter Hotel; for two weeks in San Francisco.

BACK IN TOWN

Mrs. Phineas W. Bresee and Miss Gertrude Bresee; from trip of five weeks, Hawaiian Islands.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Melveny and family, Wilshire boulevard; from summer outing, Balboa Brach.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Newton; from two months in northern California.
Mrs. A. K. Detwiler and Miss Detwiler, Berendo street; from a summer spent in the East.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Thompson, nee Suzanne Duncan; from honeymoon trip; new home in West Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and family; from Santa Barbara and other northern resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, West Adams street; from an eastern trip of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman and family; from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swartz, nee Mabelle Schrader; from honeymoon at Coronado.

Mrs. Jaspar Crandall, Manhattan place; from a half year spent in Europe.

HOUSE GUESTS

Dr. John N. Force, of the faculty of the University of California; with his aunt, Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Colegrove.
Mrs. T. A. Pierce, wife of Captain T. A. Pierce, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A.; with Major and Mrs. R. W. Johnson, Kenwood avenue.
Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Newton, Bad Nauheim, Genrmy; with Mrs. Newton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan, Westmoreland place.
Mrs. H. T. Morris, Ft. Bragg, California; with Mrs. Arthur E. Tandy, South Rampart boulevard.
Mrs. Eugene Smith and Miss Myra Smith, Hermosa Beach; with Mrs. George Dickinson, Andrews boulevard, en route to Tucson for the winter.
Miss Marguerite Galbraith of St. Louis; with Mrs. James D. McCoy, West Twenty-eighth street.
Rear Admiral and Mrs. G. M. Book of San Antonio; with C. K. Book, Berendo street.
Miss Mildred Kellogg, Miss Pearl Fraser and Miss Grace C. Willis, all of Houston, Texas; with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Westlake avenue; Miss Willis is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.
Mrs. Valentine Shaefer, Dayton, Ohio, mother of Mrs. William T. Bishop; with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, West Adams street.

LEFT BY THE STORK

A son; to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, nee Fannie Todd Carpenter.

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ABOUT PEOPLE

To continue: The next victims to lay sacrifice on the Altar of One Time Desire were two well known young people of whom it was always said "they are so well matched" because from their primer days had they wandered hand in hand.

By nature, however, they were decided opposites. "Excellent," twittered the wiseacres at the Home Court, for thus are all creatures happily mated.

The rosy years of youth flew. HE was off for the Military School; SHE to a Finishing Academy. He wanted to be a great marine engineer. She a belle—and later a distinguished matron, as she often explained to the lad, "one who could do things without being talked about." This she considered a most consummate art, and longed for the days when she might serve up her manner of dressing for the diversion of the Tittle Tattle Court.

Magpie fashion, SHE learned the ingredients of social etiquette, but naught in books interested her. Then blandly she returned home, sweeping in the trail of her experience, a long string of scalps.

HE came in the full bloom of manhood, although just a big, overgrown boy, nothing more. By ambitious Mammas he was spoken of as an excellent "catch." The younger girls looked at her with envy. Her *confidante* knew that others engaged her attention.

These confidences per "the slip of the tongue, no fault of the mind," were soon public property—such is the value of friendship. The guardian of the young man, seeking to ferret out the story, took it upon himself to make "much ado about nothing," and every one banded gossip concerning the twain. Seeing his mistake, the kindly guardian attempted to correct affairs. Too late, the maid was hurt, and

then, too, she did not know whether she really cared sufficiently. A handsome young Lochinvar sought to curry favor. His appealing blue eyes, his excellent prospects, all were leading strings of tout inducement—and had made their impression.

It is now rumored that the dainty Dulcinea who fought shy of keeping her youthful promises, finally broke with the handsome suitor and is now under constant escort of another whose finances offer her splendid opportunities for airing her desires to be *une grande Dame*. Paramount in the assets of this individual is his splendid ancestral home near the Mexican frontier, where several centuries of development have made it one of the show places thereabouts.

Early in the Spring we learned that Miss D—— was off for a holiday trip to the South Sea Islands. She was one of the party rather hurriedly arranged for by *mere* and *pere* D——. This sudden exodus was much remarked. A goodly number under the excuse of a holiday up north arranged to accompany them as far as the Bay City.

Some clever wiseacre had gotten the idea of something wrong in the not long announced betrothal of the sprightly Juno, whose figure and glorious blue black tresses were the envy of many a less smart *debutante*.

The "Lark" carried this happy freight of people to their destination. All were aboard excepting the *affianced* masculine. Comment and interrogation! . . . Whisperings in corners! Mamma appeared not the least disconcerted. Her watchful eye was frequently directed where daughter chose to ensconce herself. Some who were of that party tell me that daughter was bright enough when she thought herself observed, but alone her face became most pensive.

At the port of embarkation another disappointment awaited the expectant friends who thought, "now surely he will appear to wish her *bon voyage*." A hurried messenger delivered a note. That was all. Mamma attempted to intercept it, but came just a moment too late. Daughter made excuse and said she must go to the hotel at once.

Mamma was much perturbed. As hostess she could not leave her guests. The moment was rather strained. Would daughter or mamma win? Daughter carried off the day for a long distance message awaited mamma and claimed immediate attention.

That evening their steamer was to sail as the tide went out. I cannot vouch for the following, but I was told that the message arranged for a clandestine meeting. That daughter kept it, and that mamma, when she discovered her daughter missing, fainted and was ill and hysterical.

To her most confidential confidante she told of the occurrence in secret. But murder will out. That's how it came about. The friend told a friend the engagement was no more. The young man has proven an absolute failure as far as business is concerned. He could not hold

any position. There was no future. It had been most difficult to bring daughter to a realization of his shortcomings, but it had been accomplished.

In how far mamma was successful, Mother Grundy has just elucidated. The incident occurred as before stated early in Spring. It is now Fall. The returned party has spent many a pleasant hour visiting numerous friends. Much did they report. One chummy chum who had served as a postoffice delivery station told of missives galore. Another of trifling gifts received under the rose. A third, of prearranged meetings. Some said the maid was so forlornly in love that the fellow was trying to make good. For a time her belief in him buoyed him into doing things. Then his weaknesses again swayed his anchor of determination. The Fates seemed to browbeat every turn he took.

Urgent demands have recently been made on him, and he is now off to South America. What the secret understanding is no one has as yet discovered. Let us hope it will end—"And they lived happily ever afterward."

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He who would rightfully govern the art of painting ought first to understand human nature. He ought likewise to be endued with a genius to express their passions, whom he represents; and to make the dumb, as it were, speak.

—Philostratus.

The old world atmosphere means much to Fannie E. Duvall, not long since returned from five years in Paris, and now showing some fifty canvases at the Friday Morning Club.

"Paris and its environs breathe a charm inexpressible," said Miss Duvall. The salient influence of the past hovers there inspiring conceptions hardly possible without its stimulating fascination. The most commonplace French people have a feeling of respect for art which the American can never experience.

"Over 30,000 persons have lived, studied and exhibited art efforts. Many of their interpretations remain in the galleries and add stimulus, thus affording much diversity of thought. These examples have given the art of Paris a standard which all who come there for art influence and knowledge desire to emulate.

"The splendid advantages of more material consequence are the sketch classes and the freedom permitted the outdoor sketcher. One may, for a mere pittance, enter any of these sketch classes, have opportunity of laying in a composition, using the very best models, without further responsibility—and one may paint anywhere, providing one does not obstruct traffic.

"This fact was pertinently brought home to me. On one of my daily tours I chanced upon a spot which just suited my mood. Fascinated, I let down my stool, set up my easel and was soon at work laying in my picture. At a most inspired moment, a voice, whose irritation first aroused me, approached. It belonged to a *gendarme*, giving expression to some form of displeasure by wild gesticulation. I could not

understand in what I was at fault—and motioned to that effect. A short pause, and a second time I was interrupted—and then—easel, paint box and canvas were surreptitiously removed, placed against a tree across the walk, while I sat there a most astounded being. Later I learned I had been occupying a most prominent place on an equestrian road. I am sorry to say I never completed that canvas.

“Quite in contrast is the assistance rendered those desiring the inspiration of seclusion while working. At Versailles one Sabbath day, my friends had gone off sight-seeing. I decided to make some sketches of the gardens. Great crowds gathered, some giving criticism of rather a harsh nature. One fellow even had the audacity to ask me to paint his portrait then and there. Seeing a *gendarme* a little way off, I raised my hand to him as a signal of distress. Without much ado he came back of me, said something in a low voice, and immediately the crowd began melting away. I continued and did some of my best work.”

In her simple, delightful way Miss Duvall had given me a glimpse of Paris as I had rarely understood it or its advantages. We know that there “atmosphere” aerates and influences the vision until we see things with the illusion of Turner. We think, however, these advantages are only getable upon the expenditure of vast sums of money. Or that a possible influence with some great man will afford these exceptional opportunities. Her information put matters in a simpler light. Every one may go to Paris—exist—paint—and enjoy the benefits the centuries of development have elected to harbor there, plus the more modern agencies—and do so with but little fortune.

If your student days have outdistanced the advantages obtainable here, by all means plan for several years abroad. Begin at Paris. The spirit influence of the past is more pertinent there today than anywhere else in the world. Then go to the other countries of the south. Say Germany—for Dresden and Munich too have their artistic influence—Italy, where one may live in the old world of romance and artistic expression—and then, as Miss Duvall

expects shortly to do, go to Venice, where the old and new art technique are taught in some very splendid institutions.

Of her own experiences in acquiring art knowledge Miss Duvall spoke reminiscently. She told how in the very beginning of things she had modeled in the soft white snow, moulding into shape and form indescribably funny little personages. At twelve years of age she further developed the art expression which



A JEWISH MODEL FROM POLAND, BY FANNIE E. DUVAL

“would out” by carving for the entertainment of her teacher and co-students, heads on the wasted ends of chalk. Sometimes, she tells me, they were crying babies and at other times laughter-loving cherubs. Interesting also is the fact that her classmates fought each other for possession of one of these quaint bits.

Then years of wisdom came and the need for proper instruction arose. Her native town of Port Byron, in New York State, offered few advantages. Later her family came to Los Angeles. Here she continued painting, all the while teaching the technique of the art knowledge she herself had acquired.

In all that splendid array of pictures at the Friday Morning Club are landscapes, interiors, garden bits, figures, studies, reproductions and portraits. For the painting of these compositions, with the exception of her portraits, Miss Duvall has not received instruction. They all show her natural aptitude for art expression.

Portraiture has always held a particular fascination for Miss Duvall. She tells me it has been her greatest ambition. William Sar-tain was the first to instruct her and she attributes her finest understanding of this form of art expression to this clever painter. While in Paris, she enjoyed the criticism of Mademoiselle Bozanska, one of that city's foremost portraitists.

Her influence is seen in the treatment Miss Duvall has given her portrait No. 3 at the exhibition. It is an excellent likeness of Mrs. H. A. Lindsay, the daughter of the famous impressario, Max Strakosch, whose mother was a noted artists' model. In the picturesque handling given this subject the artist has lost none of the planes of value.

Her "Chorister" was originally exhibited in the Salon des Artistes Français, Paris, in 1908, and later the same year at the American Woman's Art Association, also in Paris, and the "Study of a Man's Head," both worked in pastel, show strong lines. They define characteristically the individuality of each model posed. In drawing they are concise and in color values excellent representations of the artist's keen understanding of quality and tone lights. Of the former model Miss Duvall tells an interesting bit. The lad was full of mischief and entertained royally when her chance guest came to call. His favorite performance was to stand on his head and catch at anything within reach.

The portrait of Miss Duvall's mother is another finely treated likeness. "A Jewish Model

from Poland" shows particularly fine drawing in the modeling of the hands and neck. The tragedy of her country is written in the face of this model, while in that of "A Model of Tartary" one senses an entirely different atmosphere—this type of people are evidently more contented. Understanding a multiple of characters is a strong point of Miss Duvall's art. She certainly knows how to interpret human expression.

Her twenty-five minute sketches are also cheerful interpretations. They breathe an individual note in that in each conception the spontaneity of brush stroke is noticeable. The tired maid in her pose of abandon is particularly well drawn. The lady in the striped *matinee* has forceful lines of delineation, characteristic of the ease of the bedroom. The pensive maid is interesting and her face is good to look upon. These sketches were made in the four corners of the *Quartier Latin*, in whose environs the sketch classes alluded to are located.

Miss Duvall's flower and still life studies are so well known that it would be vain to attempt describing them, save to say that a "Chrysanthemum Garden," another of her Salon exhibition pieces, now owned by Robert Marsh, is 45x70 feet, and was also hung in the Fine Arts Building of Chicago; that she received a Gold Medal at the Alaska-Yukon Exhibition of 1909, and a bronze in 1905 at the Portland Centennial Exposition, both for clever still life studies.

In this exhibition, "Persimmons" is an ideal canvas. Against a background of India print, interestingly depicted, a table has been placed. Upon it repose some half dozen ripening, luscious persimmons. Bare stems of branches upon which the fruit has hung, introduce a note of color value which adds much to the beauty of the composition. In relief against the print is an old china blue Persian vase, which appears to be a favorite with Miss Duvall, as one sees it so often repeated in her still life



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Mrs. Carlotta Deardorff
Artist

132 25th Ave., San Francisco

studies. Her grape study is also rich in color atmosphere and the ripe fruit, just fallen from its brass holder, appears quite good enough to eat.

I cannot leave the home associations without saying a word of her "Tea table." This is a sunlight arrangement which does Miss Duvall much credit. Its color sense is exceptional, and in drawing and perspective shows facile handling. The open French doors, the flowering

Miss Duvall told me she made it on one of her "hunting trips." That is the period when one has painted all the well-known scenes, and longs for new fields to interpret.

The constructive arrangement of this canvas shows the scene looking up from Notre Dame. The delicate gray tones blend into gradations of light, despite the sombre atmosphere, and make it one of the most charming of her landscapes. Close beside this canvas



COPY OF A BOTTICELLI FRESCO, BY FANNIE E. DUVALL

garden, the table spread with its dainty dishes, all are most inviting.

In the above mentioned canvases Miss Duvall has given her version of concrete subjects. I have reserved her more poetic interpretation—namely her landscape and outdoor conceptions—for this latter time. "Notre Dame," because of its spontaneity, is alive with atmosphere and feeling even though it has been depicted in the drizzle of a Paris day. It is a quick sketch.

hangs "The Conciergerie," aglow with the lights of the afternoon. Sharp, active clouds are against the colors of a rosy day. The Conciergerie is seen to the left, and the Seine flowing beneath the arches of the stone bridge is depicted in virile strokes.

Miss Duvall's interpretive sense for flowers and their attendant environs are well defined in her studies of the Luxembourg Gardens. Into their conception she has put the sunlight and all the brilliancy its many color reflections

can create. "Under the Hawthorne" is the most sincere expression. The morning haze, with its blue gray mists, is rising. They soften the effect of the surroundings, serving as a foil for the dainty colorings of the blossoms. Exquisite in low key values is also her "Ruin, Chateau of Henry IV. at Senlis." The drawing of the old monastery and its distant arches, soft in their gray tints, blending into the wholesome greens of the moss-grown walls, is a fine bit, as is also "Old Houses in Senlis." This is a representation of that old Roman town, built during the reign of Henry IV. Miss Duvall tells of an old wall there, which is so stoutly built and wide, that four persons can comfortably walk abreast upon it. This old wall is part of the remains of a dwelling, built during the time of Julius Caesar.

Daubigny's home town is represented in the "On the River Oise at Auvers," a quaint bit of soft tone color, with the brighter tones introduced in the canal boat anchored besides the marshy road. This canvas was also exhibited in the American Woman's Art Association of Paris in 1910.

Familiar scenes are her land and seascapes of the country hereabouts. They are rich in the poetic colors, and the glory of the sunshine as it plays on things. Worked somewhat in the old school fashion is "A Hazy Morning in Verdugo Canyon." "Terminal Island" is an interesting shore marine. Particularly noticeable is the clever modelling of the sandy strand. The blue sky, which blends at the horizon line with the rainbow tints of a glorious day, makes this study a striking example. "A California Shack," painted with the sun streaming down upon it, is a finely drawn sketch of a bit of San Juan Capistrano.

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By Appointment

Thus far I have told you chiefly of the more modern efforts Miss Duvall is showing. Aside from these she has a corner exhibit of copies and sketch copies of old masters. All of these are interesting, not alone for their record of careful detail, but also for the very splendid manner in which they have been reproduced. Many persons think it requires little ability to interpret the thoughts of others, and say that a copyist has little worth. One has but to attempt to portray such reproduction to find they are not so readily executed as at first imagined.

Miss Duvall has worked along these lines for many years, and shows two excellent examples; one a Rembrandt, "Portrait of a Young Man," now in the Musee du Louvre, and the other, Botticelli's "Giovanni Tornabuoni Receiving the Gifts of Venus and the Graces." This latter canvas is one of the two so-called Lemni frescos, originally part of a wall decoration in the home of the Tornabuonis, who were closely related to the Medici family. For years it had been apparently lost sight of. It is supposed to have disappeared about 1541. The villa had gone from the family, and as Botticelli had fallen into disfavor, the walls, with his fresco,

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were whitewashed over. It was not until 1873, when Ruskin re-established Botticelli, that Dr. Lemni, who then owned the villa, discovered some cracks, which gave signs of color beneath. He set about removing the whitewash, using a silver coin for the operation. Diligently he labored, and it is said to have taken him a considerable time for the completing of his task. Only two of these frescos were really preserved. A third fell to pieces as it was uncovered. In 1882 someone purchased these two and presented them to the Louvre, where Miss Duvall made her copy. She made an exact half reduction of the fresco. So well has she interpreted the great master's colors and textures that it would make an excellent addition to some museum collection. The Fine Arts League would be just the place for it.

In her copy Miss Duvall has reproduced cracks and places laid waste by the agencies of time. Other details are also carefully followed, and the subject is most interesting. Thus does Mary Knight Potter, in her book on the Art of the Louvre describe this delightful composition.

"This fresco represents the interior of a room in which the hostess stands at the right holding out her hand to receive the gifts of the Graces, or as some have said the four cardinal Virtues. She is the best preserved bit in the panel, and it is supposed to be a very faithful likeness of the young wife, who was noted for all the virtues and charms of womanhood. Her face is in three-quarter view, turned to the left. Clad in a brownish red gown, which falls in

straight, unbroken folds to her ankles, with a white veil over her hair, and a necklace of pearls, she presents a sober, quiet appearance, far different from most of the women of her day in Italy. Coming toward her from the left are four maidens, marching two by two, dressed in soft colored robes that are billowed about them in soft folds, caught up by bands and falling over under draperies equally turbulent, in a style that was all Botticelli's own. The girl, who seems to lead the four, is supposed to represent Venus, both from her more prominent position, and because she alone wears sandals, and has golden-edged draperies. She has been a good deal obliterated, the whole back of her head and part of her shoulder and right leg being lost. Her profile is not over pretty, but is still intact, as well as the faces of her three companions, who, while all are of marked Botticelli type, are more than usually regular in outline and charming expression. Their flowing locks of hair are painted with all his love for these waving, living, caressing strands." See our reproduction from a photograph of the fresco in the Louvre, and then go and look at Miss Duvall's copy. You will agree that she has interpreted Botticelli's panel perfectly.

Of her sketch copies I liked her Turner best. "Point Neuf" has all the brilliancy of that great man's wonderful color sense and poetry of expression. Millet's "Brush-Burner" is characteristic in coloring and modelling, and Carriere's "A Child," a detail from a group in the Louvre, also has its good qualities.

Jon de Lack.

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GIUSEPPE VERDI

BY ROLAND PAUL

(Delivered at the Ebell Club, Los Angeles, October 20, 1913)



ROLAND PAUL

There was current, some years ago, a phrase which used to be a perpetual source of irritation to the rising generation. It was one of those circumlocutions dear to the musical critics and apparently indispensable to their musical vocabulary. The phrase in question was "The Last of the Titans," and I need hardly say was invariably applied to Mendelssohn. Much as I dislike the phrase with its contemptuous ignoring of all contemporary talent, it occurs irresistibly to my memory when I think of Giuseppe Verdi. Only a blind admiration of the past could refuse a place among the Titans, to the extraordinary genius

who seems with each decade to have added to the fuller maturity of his genius, a double portion of youthful energy and vigor until his labor culminated in the exuberant wit and tender wisdom of "Falstaff."

Development is the badge of the musicians' trade. To stand still is to recede. But though History gives us many examples of ascent from strength to strength—Gluck, Beethoven and Wagner,—to name but three,—scarcely one can parallel the story of Verdi's development. For many years his advance was so slow as to be almost imperceptible. From "Oberto" to "Don Carlos," the steps are small.

but well defined; with "Aida" came a sudden leap forward, and in "Othello" he threw the post finally behind him and arose on "stepping stones of his dead self to higher things." It cannot but be a source of pride and pleasure to all English-speaking people that it was the genius of Shakespeare which led Verdi to heights before undreamed of. It was not, until applied to the touchstone of the great English writer, that Verdi's genius at length rang true.

It is not too much to say that he is the first and, indeed, the only composer who has not only proved worthy to collaborate with Shakespeare, but has even shown a new beauty on lines familiar to us from childhood.

Verdi was born on the 10th of October, 1813, in the little town of Le Roncole, a few miles from the city of Busseto, Italy. His parents, Carlo and Luisa, kept a little Inn combined with a sort of village shop. Their house has been described as an old tumble-down stone building, standing almost alone in the midst of a fertile plain sown with maize and hemp—but though they were indeed most humble people, it does not appear that their son ever experienced actual poverty. It was eminently suitable that one whose music in after years was to be closely associated with the cause of Italian Liberty, should make an early acquaintance with the terrors of war. Italy at this time was under the Austrian yoke, and in 1814 the plains of Lombardy were over-run by Russian and Austrian troops, and even the little Le Roncole did not escape. One morning the alarm was given that the soldiers were approaching. The terrified women rushed with their children to the church, the only sanctuary which the village offered, but even this was poor protection from the violence of the Cossacks, who spared neither age nor sex in their inhuman ferocity. One woman alone, Luisa Verdi, had presence of mind to hide herself and babe in a narrow staircase of the Campanile, where they lay in breathless terror until the danger was over.

Verdi's first introduction to music was through hearing a traveling fiddler playing in the street, and the little lad went into such ecstasies of delight that the fiddler took upon himself to advise the elder Verdi to have his son educated in music. Thirty years later, when Verdi had bought his estate of Land

Agata, he found this old fiddler still playing on the streets, and took him to his home. Needless to speak of the old man's delight at being remembered by the now great man.

Verdi's introduction to the organ is commemorated by another anecdote. When he was seven years old he was appointed altar boy in the church at Le Roncole. The first Sunday when the organ started he forgot everything, listening in such open mouthed delight that the priest's request for water fell on deaf ears. After the third request the good father lost his temper and gave him such a blow as to knock him clear down the altar step rendering him insensible. On regaining consciousness his first request was to learn an instrument capable of producing such divine harmony. His father consented to his having organ lessons, and bought a spinet for him to practice on. This spinet is still in existence. After three years under Bias-trocchi, the organist, the little Verdi was appointed to succeed the old man on his retirement, at the magnificent salary of \$7.20 per annum, which was raised the second year to \$8.00. Then he had extra pay for all festivals and marriages, which brought his salary up to about \$20.00 a year. And at the harvest festival he was allowed to go from house to house to get corn and other vegetables.

Verdi retained this post as organist for seven years, or until he left Busseto. About the time he was appointed organist at Le Roncole, Verdi began to attend school at Busseto. He lived there with a cobbler and paid six cents a day for board and lodging. He devoted himself assiduously to his studies, and seemed to care little for the sports and games of his fellow students. While living here at Busseto, this ten-year-old boy walked back to Le Roncole every Sunday and feast day, to play the organ there. One dark Christmas morning he got lost and fell into the canal, and would have perished in the icy water, had not he been rescued by a passer by.

After two years in school in Busseto, he was taken into the home of Antonio Barezzi, a wealthy merchant from whom his father used to buy goods. Verdi's entrance into Barezzi's home was undoubtedly the turning point in his career. Barezzi was a fine musician, and president of the Philharmonic Society, which used to meet at his home. The conductor of

the society, Giovanni Provesi, who was also the choirmaster of the cathedral was not slow to recognize Verdi's talent and gave him lessons in counterpoint for nothing, while Barezzi let him practice on his piano. He made another friend in the Canon of the cathedral, who taught him Latin, and jeered at his passion for music, "What good will it do you"? he asked. "You are doing splendidly with your Latin, you must be a priest." But the reverend gentleman had to change his mind, one Sunday morning, when the organist fell ill, and Verdi had to take his place. After the mass the Canon asked him who had composed that wonderful music he had played. "It was my own, Sir," answered the boy. "I followed my own inspiration."

"Follow it always," replied the reverend father. "God has given you the gift, I dare not advise against it."

Verdi made rapid progress under his teacher Provesi, and often took his place in the Cathedral, or at the practices of the Philharmonic. After three years of this sort of work, or when he was sixteen years old, Provesi said he had learned all he could teach him, and he must go to Milan, to continue his studies. His two good friends, Provesi and Barezzi, induced the Monte di Pietà, a charitable institution, to award him a scholarship of a hundred and twenty dollars a year for two years, and Barezzi, himself paid for his board and lodging.

Verdi's first thought on reaching Milan was to enter the Conservatory, but he was refused admittance because he gave so little evidence of musical talent. This was a severe blow to him, and for a moment caused him to doubt his capacity for the art he had adopted through the promptings of his instinct. However youth is buoyant and he soon recovered, and offered himself to the then great teacher, Lavigna, who was accompanist at La Scala. Lavigna took great pride in him. For the next two years he devoted himself assiduously to the study of counterpoint, harmony, fugue and composition. In 1833 his old friend and teacher Provesi, died and he was called back to Busseto, to take his place in the Cathedral. It was a terrible wrench for him to leave Milan, but he felt in duty bound to go, since it was with this ultimate object in view, that his friends in Busseto, had paid for his tuition in Milan. However when he got there, there was

another applicant for the position, who owing to his influence with the clergy was appointed to the place. This precipitated a terrible row between the clergy and the other faction—the Philharmonic and the Monte di Pietà. The Philharmonic Society had been accustomed to assist at the services at the Cathedral, but now that their protegee was rejected, they walked out and went over to the church of San Bartolomeo, where Verdi had accepted the position as organist. Verdi succeeded in making the musical services so beautiful that the Cathedral was deserted, and his triumph complete. He was also appointed by the municipality conductor of the Philharmonic Society. He was paid \$120.00 a year for this, but as well as conducting the society he had to teach all who wanted to study music, with the idea of later joining the Philharmonic. At this time he wrote a great many masses, vespers, etc., which were performed in his church, and also numerous orchestral numbers, which were played on Sunday in the Plaza, to the delight of the towns' people.

During his stay in Busseto, Verdi lived at the home of his old friend and patron Barezzi, who had been his ardent admirer and supporter all through his career so far. In 1835 he married his patron's eldest daughter, Margherita, by whom he had two children. At the end of his three year's contract with the Philharmonic Society, he returned with his family to Milan. He had many good friends in Busseto, but his genius was stifled by the atmosphere of the small provincial town, with its petty squabbles and scandals, and he felt that the more spacious life of Milan was necessary to his artistic ability. So in 1838 Verdi went back to Milan, carrying with him the score of his first opera "Oberto" in the hope of having it performed. On reaching Milan, he found his former teacher and friend, Lavigna, was dead. He experienced the usual difficulties in placing his earliest opera on the stage. He was bandied from pillar to post, and from impressario to impressario, until finally it was accepted by La Scala, and put into rehearsal to be given at a special performance for the Pio Istituto. Then one of the principals was taken suddenly ill, and all chances of a performance ended. You can imagine the despair of the young man then. He was utterly discouraged until one morning he was summoned

to the opera house by the manager, who, informing him of having heard "Oberto" spoken of very favorably, was willing to produce it under certain conditions. They were agreed to eagerly and on the evening of November 17, 1839, "Oberto," Verdi's first opera was performed for the first time. One of the conditions insisted on by Merelli, the manager, was the introduction of a quartette which was the most successful number in the opera. Later the composer achieved other and greater successes with quartettes. You all know and love that wonderful quartette in the last act of "Rigoletto".

The success of "Oberto" induced the manager, Merelli, to engage Verdi to write three operas, to be produced either in Vienna or Milan. He was given eight months in which to write each opera, and was to be paid for each \$670.00, the profits of the copyright to be divided between composer and manager. Verdi agreed to everything, and Merelli commissioned the poet, Rossi, to write a libretto for him; "Il Poscritto" being the result. Verdi did not like the book, and had scarcely reconciled himself to setting it to music, when Merelli suddenly demanded a comic opera, which Verdi began to compose, and which was entitled, "Un Giorno di Regno". Then disaster fell upon him. In three months his wife and two children died, and he was utterly alone. In the midst of this terrible affliction, the poor man was obliged to write this comic opera. It was an utter failure, only one performance having been given. What could be expected of a comic opera, written under such tragic conditions. Verdi was heart-broken, and decided never to write again. Merelli, begged him to reconsider but he was firm, so the contract for the three operas was cancelled. Merelli sent for Verdi some time later, to come to his office and tried to induce him again to resume his art, but he refused, so Merelli thrust a libretto in his pocket, pushed him through the door and locked it, and shouted after him, "Go home and read that you mule." It was the book of "Nebuchadnezzar." Verdi on reaching home angrily threw the book on the table, and determined to have nothing to do with it, but his eye falling on an open page was attracted by a certain line, which he read and then was impelled to read page after page, and was much impressed by the poem. The

result was, that after many struggles with himself the score was completed, and on March 9th, 1842, the first performance was given. It was an overwhelming success. With this opera, and when he was twenty-nine years old, Verdi's career as a composer began in earnest.

About one year later "I Lombardi" was produced, and again a great success crowned our hero's efforts.

Verdi's name now began to be known beyond the confines of his native land, and commissions poured in upon him. Managers were eager to get his operas, and the manager of the opera house in Venice, obtained his next work which was "Ernani." It was first performed March 9th, 1834, and excited an immense enthusiasm. In nine months it was sung in fifteen of the big European opera houses, later making a tour of the world, and remaining for many years one of the most popular of modern operas.

I am going to give you the story of "Ernani," as it is really the first great success Verdi ever had. The scene is laid in Aragon, and the date of the story 1519. Elveria is a Spanish lady of rank, with whom three men are in love. One of these is her aged fiance, the grandee Don Gomez de Silva. The second none other than Don Carlos, King of Spain, and the third whose love she returns is Ernani, the bandit. As the wedding approaches the King forces his way into her apartment, and tries to abduct her. Her cries bring Ernani, to her rescue, and he defies the King. Don Gomez de Silva, her fiance, also vows vengeance but when he finds it is the King, humbly apologizes. The wedding day of Elveria and de Silva arrives, but the King abducts her. Ernani, tells de Silva of the King's perfidy, and offers to aid him. He even goes so far as to promise to give his life to de Silva any time he gives the signal, which is a prolonged blast on his horn.

The two join with other nobles in a conspiracy against the King, the meeting being in the catacombs. The King discovers the plot and comes in on them and orders them to the block, but finally relents and consents to the marriage of Ernani and Elveria. However, they are not doomed to live happily ever after, for Silva gets so jealous on the wedding eve that he blows the fatal signal and Ernani, true to his promise, kills himself.

(To be Continued.)



When bread is baked some parts are split at the surface, and these parts are beautiful and in a peculiar way excite a desire for eating.

—*Marcus Aurelius*

A perpetual feast of nectared sweets.

—*Milton.*

Mrs. A. K. Brauer

4½ pounds flour

¾ pounds rendered lard

½ pound brown sugar

1 quart syrup

1 ounce ground ginger

Mix together lard, sugar and ginger and pour into flour. Roll and cut into small fancy forms and sprinkle with currants if you like.

Bake in quick oven for fifteen minutes. The nuts will become very hard.

Make them now for Christmas.

In some places we did find pyes baking in the oven.

—*The Winning of Wales.*

THANKSGIVING FROSTED PUMPKIN PIE

Mrs. Dwight Satterlee

To make the paste mix:

¾ cup flour with a small tablespoon lard, a little salt and enough cold water, in which has been dissolved a pinch of soda, to make proper consistency.

To make the filling:

1 cup milk

1 cup sifted sugar pumpkin

Yolks of 3 eggs

White of 1 egg

¾ cup sugar

Butter size of walnut

1 teaspoonful each ground cloves and cinnamon

A little nutmeg and very little ginger.

For the frosting:

Eggs must be beaten to a stiff foam; add 2 level tablespoonsful pulverized sugar and flavoring preferred.

Brown in moderate oven.

To try insert a silver knife blade. If the pie is done no milk will cling.

WASHINGTON PIE

Mrs. Dwight Satterlee

2 even cups flour, measured before sifting, beaten into:

1 cup sugar

½ cup milk

2 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately

1 scant half cup butter

1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder. Flavor with small teaspoon vanilla and lemon mixed.

Bake in two shallow pans.

To make the cream use:

1 pint milk

Yolks of 2 eggs

White of 1 egg
1 tablespoonful corn starch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
A little salt and vanilla flavoring

Mix well together sugar, eggs, corn starch and flavoring. Scald milk in a double boiler and add other ingredients. When nearly cooled spread over lower layer of cake. Scatter $\frac{1}{4}$ pound blanched, split almonds between layers.

To make the frosting:

Beat white of 1 egg until stiff and thicken with powdered sugar and spread. To prevent too rapid hardening add by drops a small teaspoonful of cold water. Flavor as desired.

If you wish to cover sides also use 2 eggs in the frosting.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

Mrs. Alfred Bradley

Place in deep round bottom vessel:

1 *fresh* raw egg
1 hard boiled yolk (rubbed fine)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful table or celery salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mustard

Paprika and red pepper to taste

Beat well together, then add olive oil in small quantities, beating until quite stiff. A dropper is unnecessary. Use egg beater in preference to fork.

When ready to serve add equal quantity of whipped cream.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR MAYONNAISE

Mrs. Alfred Bradley

Prepare same as in above recipe excepting for the use of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of canned milk, omitting the eggs and whipped cream. This is fine. Just try it. It will keep for days on ice.

I am grieved to mention the fact that the use of imported oils is essential.

The contents of the kettle—a stew of meat and potatoes—had been taken off the fire and turned into a large yellow platter.

—George Eliot.

CHINESE STEW

Carl Rudolph

1 pound top round steak cut into dice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream
1 small onion
2 medium size potatoes

Cook potatoes partly before adding to other ingredients. Cook all in double boiler for four hours.

GINGER SANDWICHES

Carl Rudolph

Put 1 lb. preserved ginger through a meat chopper or grinder. Add the strained juice of a large orange and rub to a paste with whipped cream.

Spread mixture between thin, buttered slices of bread.



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In the days of King David of Israel his psalms were sung. Let your imagination lead you to the majestic rendition. Words by Moses were chanted a thousand years before Sapho sung her songs in Greece. The history of music and poetry will bear us out, I think, in the belief that all early lyric verse was sung.

For several hundred years the lines of music and poetry have been growing apart, and now we dare hope that certain simpler forms will be more closely united.

In Germany they have always felt the need of worthy words for worth-while music. Because of this the song writer studied the great poets and often found there his inspiration.

To sing well one must be a good thinker and all the desired qualities for interpretation must exist in the singer. Refinement, ideals, sympathy, can not be expressed in the song unless

they exist in the poetry, and that poetry must be as carefully studied as the melody.

Great teachers of Italy, Spain, France and Germany urge their pupils to sing in that language which they understand; thus they may fully express the poet's meaning.

In America, I fear, we pride ourselves too much on singing the language we do not understand.

The English language gives us much of poetry written as if intended to be sung. And much of it sings and vibrates in our hearts whether we be musicians or not.

So then, let us keep in mind to sing the best music set to the best poetry.

The songs learned in our childhood remain with us through life. Begin there. Let "baby talk" verse alone, and choose child verse in song that bears the test of the adult mind's interest.

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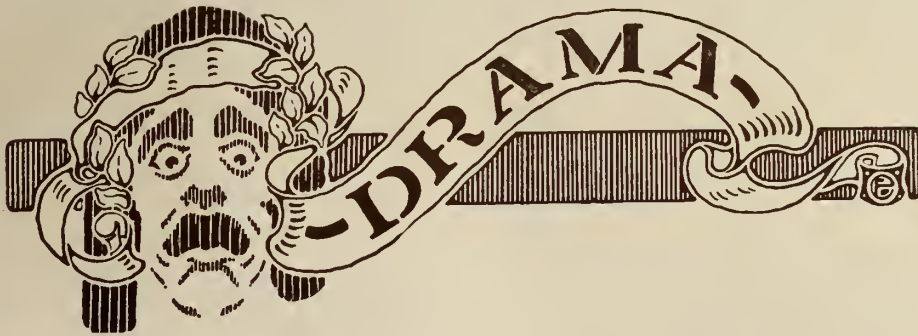
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IN THE GARDEN

A little make-believe play to entertain children
By Adina Mitchell

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Fern'd grot—
 The veriest school
 Of Peace; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not—
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

When we recall this world's history, we are reminded that all of the most important events occurred in gardens. There are three gardens that are especially emphasized in the telling of the world's story. The first, that beautiful garden "planted eastward in Eden." Another garden, a garden which was planted, perhaps, thirty-five hundred years after the garden in Eden, that garden "over the Brook Cedron," where the kiss of betrayal was given. The last one of the three, the garden "outside," near the Damascus Gate," where the divine tragedy was enacted. In that wondrous garden the first Easter morn dawned, bringing to the world the assurance of man's immortality.

Characters represented in the make-believe play:

Mother-Mine.
 Fraulein, governess.
 Aunt Ophelia, otherwise Aunt Ophenee.
 Hobbs, the gardener.
 Daphne, first girl child.
 Pilgrim, second girl child.

Beth, third girl child.
 Margot, fourth girl child.
 "Boblink," first boy child.
 Johnny-Jumpup; second boy child.
 We Willie Winkums, third boy child.

A Scene in Any Garden

A family of seven children with treir mother. If there are not sufficient children in the family, borrow from the neighbors. The mather sits in the center of the group of children with her needle work. The governess sits with a book in her hand. The gardener is busy with the flowers.

(Enter Daphne running and calling.)

Daphne. Pilgrim, Pilgrim, oh! Pilgrim, dear, have you seen my Aunt Ophenee?

(Pilgrim goes hurriedly toward Daphne.)

Pilgrim. Your Aunt Ophenee, Daphne dearest? Why say "My Aunt Ophenee," when she is our Aunt Ophenee?. (Pilgrim takes off Daphne's tones in saying "my Aunt Ophenee.")

Chorus of Children. Yes, Daphne, our Aunt Ophenee.

Daphne. Mother says I first named her Aunt Ophenee, years and years ago. You well know that her truly name is Ophelia, you should remember that I have been in this world most fifteen years. (Daphne lifts her head haughtily and brings her shoulders up; Bob, taking Daphne's attitude, and each child in turn does likewise, calling their different ages.)

Bob. Well, Mistress Daphne, I have been here thirteen.

Pilgrim. And I, ten long years.

Johnny (who has been rolling around on the grass, jumping up, calls). Put me down for nine.

Beth. I have been here seven; that is only two less than you Johnkins, dear.

Margot. And I only two less than you, Beth. I could have come before to this world, but I was being taught about Love and Ever goodness and many, many other things before I could come.

Wee Willie. Margot pitty near waited for me to tum, I'm over free years in 'iss darden.

(Pilgrim gathers Wee Willie in her arms and takes him to Mother-Mine.)

Pilgrim. You darling one, I daresay that you, too, waited to learn of love, for you have brought us such heaps of joy and love, angel. Here, Mother-Mine, is the dearest one.

(Mother-Mine takes Wee Willie in her arms.)

Mother-Mine. My little one, little sunbeam, precious one. Shall Mother sing? (The child drops its head on his mother's shoulder and the mother sings.)

Mother-Mine:

LULLABY

Swing bye low on the leaf of the palm tree oh!
so, high oh! so, high oh!

Shall we try to reach the sky oh! swing out
on the leaf of the palm?

Bye low, low, on the leaf of the palm tree oh!
on the leaf of the palm,

Swinging, bye low, O low, O low, O bye low,
oh! low, oh! low, bye low.

(Daphne and Pilgrim softly hum the lullaby with the mother. Margot and Beth dress their dolls. Bob and Johnny toss a ball to one another.)

Fraulein. Ach! there comes Miss Ophelia. Children you may go and meet your Aunt with your Mother's permission. Obedience, always, obedience, children, remember.

(Fraulein holds up her finger admonishing them. The children seem not even to have heard or seen Fraulein, they never stop to ask their Mother's permission, but scamper away laughing to greet their Aunt. Mother-Mine puts Wee Willie down, and he runs after the other children, Mother-Mine laughs softly and looks lovingly towards the children.)

Mother-Mine. You must excuse them, Fraulein, when their Aunt Ophelia appears all else becomes mere background, or still more tragic, vanishes completely.

(Fraulein shakes her head disapprovingly. The children come to the center of the lawn, bringing "Aunt Ophenee" with them, holding her hands and making demonstrations of love, showing their joy at her presence. In her arms is Wee Willie, she puts him down, recognizes Mother-Mine and Fraulein by a nod. Just then Hobbs, the gardener comes towards Fraulein, with something in his hands. Margot brings a wreath of flowers that the children have made for Aunt Ophenee, and places it on her head. Aunt Ophenee stoops and kisses Margot on the brow. This all takes place while Hobbs is talking to Fraulein. The children are all the while making demonstrations over Aunt Ophenee.

Fraulein. Ach! Hobbs, what is that creature, you have in your hand? Do not bring the monster near to me, ach!

Hobbs. Oh shucks, Miss Fraulein, I beg yer pardings, Miss, but they be gentle critters, they be called horn-ed toads. Some folks thinks that their looks er aginst 'em, but landee dinkums! Miss Fraulein, I carried this er one in me pocket fer days and he just nustled there like a babe er sleep. Jist depends on thinks of folks, that be plain er nuff ter see, 'een 'bout horn-ed toads.

(Fraulein turns away in seeming fear. The gardener puts the horned toad in his pocket and goes to tend his flowers. The children during the episode look curiously at Fraulein, Aunt Ophenee starts toward Fraulein with a kindly smile on her lips. Fraulein moves away

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from the group, showing much fear, and tremblingly takes up a book. The children crowd Aunt Ophenee, lovingly touching her dress and demonstrating much affection.)

Boblink. Aunt Ophenee, sit right down here on the grass and tell us a story please, please. (Chorus of children's voices.)

Chorus of C. Yes, do, Aunt Ophenee, a story.

Aunt Ophenee. But, darlikins mine, we are here for a "merienda."

(Beth and Pilgrim lovingly pull her down on the grass. The children seat themselves around her, Wee Willie close to her, stroking her face and hair, urges)

Wee Willie. A stowey, a stowey, Aunt Ophenee, a sure nuff one.

Johnny. Do, Aunt Ophenee, a cross your heart one.

Pilgrim. Aunt Ophenee, please tell us one of your own truliest stories, then when the story is finished we will spread the lunch on the table.

Daphne. Aunt Ophenee, do'ee, we are just starved for a story. You haven't told us one for a whole week.

Boblink. A heap sight longer time than that, Daph.

Beth. Yes, indeed, it must have been er—

Margot. Why count the time? If it were just yesterday we would think it ever so long. We just love and love to hear your stories, Aunt Ophenee.

Aunt Ophenee. You are the dearest little coaxers. What shall it be?

Pilgrim. We will leave it to you, Aunt Ophenee, only let it be one of your truliest, trulys.

Daphne. Yes, Aunt Ophenee, one of those that you just see something, or hear one little thing, and then you make the story.

Aunt Ophenee. First we must give the story a name. This one will have two parts.

Pilgrim. Oh! Aunt Ophenee, not a continued story.

Daphne. Let it be one that begins and ends now.

Margot. Oh! you are forgetting we said Aunt Ophenee could choose the story.

Aunt Ophenee. This one begins and ends now, I only meant that it has two parts. Is it not almost time for the "merienda" dears?

Chorus of C. Oh! we will be quiet, Aunt Ophenee.

(The children come close to Aunt Ophenee eagerly watching her face, anxious for the be-

ginning of the story. Aunt Ophenee, who has been looking thoughtfully about the garden rests her head in her hand, and turns and looks at Fraulein.

Aunt Ophenee. Well, the name of the story is "How Phantom Fear Came Into the Garden and How It Was Banished."

Wee Willie. What is phantom fear, Aunt Ophenee?

Aunt Ophenee. Just a shadow, and a shadow is an unreal thing, something not true.

Johnny. There is one. (Pointing his finger at a shadow made by a tree.)

Boblink. There is another P. F. (Throwing a ball in the shadow made by a small bush.)

Pilgrim. I know what will make them vanish; light, strong light.

Daphne. Shadows are simply nothing. They have no substance, have they, Aunt Ophenee?

Margot. Even a candle will make a shadow, will it not, Aunt Ophenee?

Aunt Ophenee. Yes, dearest, even a tiny, little candle.

Wee Willie (solemnly shaking his head). Not a Quismas candle, Aunt Ophenee, not a pitty, little Quismas candle?

Margot (consolingly). Why, Wee Willie, if it did make a shadow, what then? It would be nothing. Phantom fear is a shadow and a shadow is just no-thing, so there is not any thing to fear in shadows, darling.

Aunt Ophenee. That is true, dearest.

Beth. Aunt Ophenee gave the story two parts, "How Phantom Fear Came, and How It Was Banished."

Aunt Ophenee. Shall I begin the story?

Chorus of C. Do, do.

THE STORY

Aunt Ophenee. Once upon a time there was a beautiful garden, it was said to be the most wonderful garden in all the world. It was filled with luscious fruits and flowers of every hue and kind bloomed there; in it shrubs and grasses grew luxuriantly. In the midst of the garden gently flowed a river whose waters were crystal clear. Birds of every clime filled the garden with sweetest music. Animals and creatures of every class inhabited it. They all lived there in peace and love. The lions, and the young lambs played together; happiness and love were everywhere expressed in this exquisite garden.

Johnny. Did they have ringtailed monkeys there like in the Zoo, Aunt Ophenee?

Beth. Were there any of those darling little Marmosets?

Bob. There must have been elephants and camels and——

Pilgrim. Aunt Ophenee said animals of every class were there.

Aunt Ophenee. There were four beautiful gates to the garden. The east gate, which was the first gate, was called the gate of truth. The west gate, the gate of peace. The south gate the gate of love, and the north gate, the gate of silence. It was called the gate of silence because it was supposed to be always dark there, the sun's rays never touching it. The sun is said to be an emblem of Divine truth, for the sun not only gives light in itself, but everything it shines upon reflects its light; the symbol is a beautiful one. Three of these gates were symbolic, they marked the sun's daily course. The east gate was called the gate of the rising sun; the south gate marked the celestial meridian, and when the sun was there it was at its height; the west gate was called the gate of the setting sun, for you know the sun always passes from east to west in its daily journey. The north gate seemingly had nought to do with these symbols of the sun, and because of this it was sometimes called the "gate of darkness," therefore it took great courage to pass through it. In this story it stands for silence, and owing to the supposed great darkness and silence there, this gate naturally brought a sense of awe, and one going through it without being overcome by the darkness, must have been obedient, one who had no consciousness of fear. It certainly required great fortitude to go through the darkness, and keep knowing that the light only was real, and the dark but seeming. All those who passed through the gate had to put on the invincible armor. You know the make, Bob? "The loins girt with truth, the breastplate of righteousness, shoes of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit." The Father put two children into the garden to——

Bob. Was one a boy, Aunt Ophenee?

Aunt Ophenee. Yes, dear, I think that we may call him a boy, for this story. Now the only demand made by the Father of the children was obedience. And to instill it into their consciousness the Father said to them, everything in the garden is yours, to do with as

you please, with one exception. It was wonderful, of all the glorious things in that garden only one thing was forbidden the children to touch; not because it was not good for them, for everything in that garden was good, so the Father said, but because the Father thought it wiser for them not to touch it, besides, as I said before, He demanded absolute obedience of them.

Johnny. Gee! I hope it wasn't the ringtailed monkeys.

Beth. Or the little lambs?

Pilgrim. Or the beautiful white cockatoos?

Daphne. Or the lovely flowers?

Margot. Or the singing birds?

Wee Willie. Or the little wee piggies, no not the wee piggies, Aunt Ophenee?

Aunt Ophenee. No! no! darlikins, none of these things, just a certain kind of fruit.

Beth. They were greedy, not to give up only one thing out of so many beautiful ones.

Daphne. Oh! Aunt Ophenee, I know the garden you mean.

Bob. Well, Miss Eve, I do, too.

Aunt Ophenee. Shall we continue the story?

Daphne. I beg your pardon, Aunt Ophenee, dear.

Aunt Ophenee. Ah! such happiness, and peace, and love, was in that garden until one sad day they touched the fruit and instantly phantom fear appeared. Then disobedience loomed before their frightened eyes, like some awful object, almost blinding them. Phantom fear's black shadow fell all around them in a fearful sense, and in their deep despair they sought in the garden for help. Now the Father was there all the time, He had never been absent a moment, only they were so overcome by the false sense of phantom fear that they were not conscious of the Father's presence. While they were seeking help their eyes fell upon the crystal river; gazing into it they saw their shadowy forms and at once they began to contemplate what they thought was self, and fascinated by the reflection in the water they became dazed. If they had only remembered that the gates of the garden were guarded; truth at the first gate and all the other gates guarded by the attributes of truth, so that no false, unreal thing could find entrance into the garden, only that which was real and good could be there. But alas! their consciousness had been changed by the shadow of phantom fear. So they stupidly gazed at their reflected mortal selves in the water, and

Looking so long at the reflection, they became more afraid. Then in the cool of the evening they heard their Father calling them, and instead of answering immediately or going towards Him, they ran away from Him, in shame and fear, to hide. In their seeming helplessness (one of phantom fear's allies), they forgot their Father, who loved them and who was always near them, and although He was right there, phantom fear had a seeming power over those poor, misguided children. In this predicament, made by a shadow, deception entered into their consciousness, they could think only of self, self, this thought seemingly touched everything in the garden. The beasts became angry, the birds timid and frightened, and flew away to remote places in the garden. The fruit fell and decayed, the flowers faded and dried, the grasses became parched and withered, everything seemed to have changed, and then it was that phantom fear drove those children in despair through the gate of darkness, out of the lovely garden, to dwell in the "chambers of imagery."

Johnny. Away from that nice garden to live in a flat? Gee whiz! what sillies.

Pilgrim. But Aunt Ophenee, you said the story told how phantom fear was banished? I think I can see how it might have been, by just turning right to the Father, and telling Him everything, how they had been disobedient, even though He might have known it.

Aunt Ophenee. Yes, darling, truth is the way, at all times, and under all conditions.

Bob. They should have known that as the gates were guarded, and their Father awfully good and kind to them, that there was just nothing in that garden that could hurt them. They sure were a pair of "bone heads"; I wish that I had been in the garden, I would have shown phantom fear—er—er—

Margot. Why, Bobbie, Aunt Ophenee just told us because the children only thought of self was why phantom fear had power to frighten them. Their real selves could never have seen phantom fear, Bobkins.

Aunt Ophenee. You must remember, darlings, that phantom fear does not really exist, only as we let it.

Johnny. How keep it away?

Daphne. By just knowing that there is no such thing as phantom fear, Johnkins.

Pilgrim. By turning away from it and going to the light.

Johnny. Oh! Aunt Ophenee, who did banish phantom fear?

Aunt Ophenee. The Father's obedient Son vanquished it quickly in every form it assumed, and showed every other child of the Father the way to destroy this evil sense from out their garden of thought, in which no shadow can possibly enter. In that garden there will be no need of sun, or moon, to give it light, for the Father's obedient Son will fill it with the light of love.

Margot. Wasn't it glorious that the Father had one obedient Son? And isn't it just wonderful the lovely things that happen in gardens?

Pilgrim. I can't help thinking how different it might all have been had the children gone to the Father instead of running away from Him. But we, too, must be obedient if we never want to let phantom fear in our thought garden. Oh! dear me, I see Fraulein beckoning to us now.

Wee Willie. Aunt Ophenee, Fraulein saw phantom fear in iss darden in the horned toad, she didee.

Aunt Ophenee. You darling, but see, Mother-Mine is waving her handkerchief, the signal for the feast to begin. Run, wee darling, and give Fraulein a tight, tight hug, for love only will send phantom fear away.

(Mother-Mine smilingly waves her handkerchief toward the children, who rise obediently, going toward the table, lovingly bringing Aunt Ophenee.)

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Prayer In Silence.

LORD, give me but the power to hold the pride
For which my flesh has been so crucified;
And give me power to smile on friend and foe,
With heart-uplift, that they may never know.

The wounds of Love, its raptures or its pain
Sink in the soil of souls, and are the grain
From which are sprung the fairest harvests, so
In quiet and in secrecy they grow.

Lord, that I have the strength to brave and bear,
The veil of smiling silence let me wear.
Lord, let me fight my battle in the dark,
Alone, unaided; let the stillness hark.

Alone to my heart's struggle; let my hands
Alone tear up each rock that ragged stands
To bar my way, and rend my quivering flesh.
From far, free heights there blows a breeze all fresh.

With purity from crests of virgin snows;
Deep—deep into the mettled breast it goes,
To stir the ruddy blood to meet its chill,
To nerve the spirit with its quickening thrill.

Lord, that I have the strength to brave and bear,
The veil of smiling silence let me wear.

—Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

From "The Faun and Other Poems."

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RELATIVES

Aren't relatives peculiar persons and don't they do the most amazing things! Are you not crying in spirit from the house tops daily "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as they," or

words to that effect? If you are not you are unique and it is a moral certainty that you yourself are not escaping. And do you know one person who pleases all his relatives, or is pleased by them?

"There is no greater bugbear than a strong-willed relative in the circle of his own connections"—the strong-willed one being invariably the one who differs with you.

Yet, after all, your relatives and those of your friends of whom you strongly disapprove and who, doubtless, just as strongly disapprove of you, nasty things!—are useful. For their disapproval makes you so tremendously satisfied with yourself.

To Relatives! Everybody's!

Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Coleman House Association came to visit us a few days ago. Green and beautiful are lawn and trees; and bright the flowers which SOCIETY subscribers helped to get for this oasis of the Bouchet street desert she has created. Mrs. Coleman is most grateful and so are we, for your generous response. But there is no end to the need down there. One Greek baby, one Italian and one Syrian, all arrived inside of two days, without even clothes, much less silver spoons, awaiting them. Oh, yes, the Syrian infant, on the second day after his arrival was bundled up in a blanket with a tall, fierce-looking fur cap on his head, funny extensions for his tiny ears, and taken out in state for a ride in a soap-box cart.

Have YOU ever been over in the Coleman House district? It is interesting and great, the work there, and Mrs. Coleman has preserved through all the turmoil of poverty and dirt and seeming hopelessness a sense of humor which you will find illuminating.

And by the way. Haven't your own youngsters outgrown anything?

Isn't it wonderful what traps Fate, smiling at her own cunning, sets for people? And isn't it more wonderful still how that extraordinary lady sometimes suddenly messes things all up and then bewilderingly, into the depths of despair or anger or helplessness, sends someone who sees and, seeing, knows, and knowing, helps?

And the first you know it never happened. And even if it did you are glad of it.

So build a shrine to Fate and make it gay with flowers and burn incense upon it. For there isn't an experience in this blessed world that can't be made an asset if one but "take the cash and let the credit go."

THE RACE MOTHER

At sunrise I saw her, the woman eternal, the Race Mother;
She stood upon a great, gray cliff—and behind her the forest;
The dawn was on her face; over the world she looked as one seeking—

As one whose eyes have watched long through the shadow,
And are weary still watching for one who comes not.
Her mate she sought—waiting there with the forest behind her,
And the world stretching wide, and the wind singing glory to day-break,
Strong and pure and clean-limbed and deep-bosomed—
Goddess and woman in one—loving and longing she waited.
Out from the foot of the cliff one crept up to take her;
Huge-muscled, careless — o'er-borne with fierce cravings and hunger.
He saw not her eyes with passionate longing within them—
Burning holy and tender with infinite love and compassion.
Only the strong, sweet body he grasped—crushed and maimed—bound to serve him;
Bent at his will, and distorted—till ugly and broken,
Unmeet even to serve, it shambled beside him.
On the breast hung a child, half-divine, half-monstrous—
Maimed too, scarred, deformed—mingling strangely
The holy dawn dream in the deep, waiting eyes of the woman,
And the careless, fierce face of the man as he fought up to take her.
It was night now, and the dawn-light was dead, and the wide world was hidden,
And the wind whimpered and wailed like a creature that suffers and hopes not.

—From "Cactus and Pine,"

By Sharlot M. Hall.

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

*Pistol. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A Lad of Life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully.*

Henry V.

O that mine enemy would write a book!
Yea, verily, but in the meantime, look you,

here's sport indeed. The Race Mother. Poem by Sharlot M. Hall. Music by Charles Farwell Edson. What more could you ask? Music by Charles Farwell Edson! By the hair of the Lebegott, who would miss a note of it!

None of them did. It was a sultry afternoon but they came in droves. Like war-horses in days of old they scented the battle afar off and their Ha! Ha! was eloquent of damnation. Upon their outward walls they hung the "Back At Five" device and hastened to the thirty-eighth performance of the People's Orchestra.

Short-lived triumph! Their noses twitched with scorn to no purpose. The Common People heard him gladly. For they rather like this plain, blunt man, Charles Farwell Edson.

"He that is not with me is against me" is of necessity the slogan of every man who does things worth while. Edson has done a great deal for the musical welfare of Los Angeles. Ceaselessly and unselfishly, he has worked for the cause of local music. At all times and in all places he has espoused the cause of the local musician. Naturally he has been misunderstood by many. Not a few of those whose interests he has most at heart dislike him fervently. This is a perfectly healthy symptom. Edson does not worry; his shoulders are broad, his heart big and his smile—permanent.

As a composer he may have his limitations; as a press agent his prowess knows no bounds. Listen to the plain unvarnished tale that heralded "The Race Mother." It savors of the higher foolishness. It is as occult as the Black Building.

Location. A willow cabin in the Isle of Patmos—or thereabouts.

Time. Twilight.

Atmosphere. Inspirational.

A Man. A Woman.

From the piano at which the man is seated comes the soft throbs of purple melody.

"O Farwell, Farwell. What is it that you play?" It is the woman who speaks.

"Nothing, Nothing," is the Maeterlinckian response.

"I have heard it before. (Painful ambiguity hastily qualified.) Yes, yes, it is the music to my 'Race Mother.'"

(A great silence. The stars in his hair are seven.)

The scene shifts to a studio in the Blanchard Building, where sits an artist in pursuit of inspiration. Out of the silence rises a still small voice and the previous purple melody.

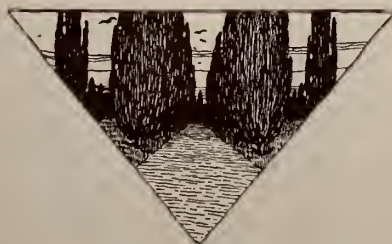
"This is too much," murmurs the artist. "This is a noise Primeval—I will be revenged, I will paint it."

(She paints passionately for the space of two hours.)

Edson says it is a perfect portrait. He has seen it before. It is the picture of his music. It is a good story.

The actual performance was a very simple and sincere reading of a poem on a big theme. Only those who have tried it know how difficult is the art of recitation to music. Technically Edson's reading was perfect. The musical accompaniment was helpful in so far as it suggested reverence and contented itself with being strictly an accompaniment.

It was an unpretentious little offering and it pleased the people, for they like the Man—Charles Farwell Edson.



Society

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

- Miss Olive Mae Horn, daughter of Mrs. F. R. Green, West Sixteenth street, to Frank Barrett Hana-walt, Jr.
 Miss Gratia Guy, daughter of Mrs. George F. Guy, to Arthur Kidderman Wilson.
 Miss Mary Boone SoRelle, cousin of Mrs. J. M. Black, to Samuel Albert Kendig.
 Miss Echo Allen, daughter of Mrs. Matthew T. Allen, Pasadena avenue, to Lieutenant Commander Harry N. Jensen.

WEDDINGS TO COME.

- Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
 Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
 Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.
 Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.
 Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.
 Miss Isabelle Lynds and Horace Thomson Major.
 Miss Anita Geraldine Ebner of Sacramento and Harold K. Huntsberger.
 Miss May Rhodes to Richard W. Hanna.
 Miss Olive Berryman to De Witt Brady.
 Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
 Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
 Miss Lena Mae Southworth and Carl A. Bundy.
 Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
 Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
 Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
 Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
 Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.

- Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
 Miss Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dr. John F. Curran.
 Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
 Miss Gwinn and Robert Leroy Bower.
 Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
 Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.
 Miss Miriam Cook to Joseph Alexander Herron.
 Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.
 Miss Elizabeth Baker to Arthur Letts, Jr.
 Miss Gladys Lindsay to Frank Splane.
 Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.
 Miss Margaret Virginia Greble and Alphonse Marie Lefebvre, Brittany.
 Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.
 Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.
 Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.
 Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.
 Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.
 Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.
 Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.
 Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.
 Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.
 Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.
 Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.
 Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.

Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.
Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.
Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.
Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.
Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.
Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.
Miss Irene McCulloch, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Edward Swift.
Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.
Miss Eunice Seavers and Charles R. Welch.
Miss Cecile Hoffman, San Francisco and Patrick McGarry.

WEDDINGS

Lucile Elizabeth Clark to Houghton Metcalf of Providence, R. I.
Miss Alice Preston to Robert Stevens Davis.
Miss Barbara Stephens to Lieutenant Randolph Talcott Zane, U. S. M. C.
Miss Elizabeth Parker to William Alvin Sumner.
Miss Elizabeth A. Cochran to Carl B. Wirsching.
Miss Elizabeth Bishop and William Howard Thomas.
Miss Celeste Benton and Julian M. Hughes of Portland.
Miss Alice M. Donovan of Hollywood and Frank J. Sullivan.
Miss Violet Magdalene Musser and Claude T. Gadwood of Phoenix.
Miss Gertrude Boyer and Harry E. Richmond.
Miss Nona Reser and Frank Parker.
Miss Catherine Small and Dr. Joseph S. Derrick.
Miss Georgina Crawford Ramsey of Palo Alto and Robert Cromwell Root.
Miss Gladys Moore and Herbert E. Brown.
Miss Olive Reed and Sidney J. Graf of San Francisco.
Miss Florence Patterson and William I. Pratt of Texas.
Miss Jennie Brill Lewis and Charles E. Dosta.
Miss Ethel Coleman and Charles E. Scovil.
Miss Mary M. Caldwell and William Allen Clark.
Miss Anita Jean McLachlan and Ralph Reynolds.

CLUB DATES

November 15—Friday Morning Club; guest program, 8:15; "The High Sierras of California," illustrated by stereopticon, Chester Versteeg.
November 17—Woman's City Club; Leslie Wright and R. H. Ballard, "The Bond Election."
November 18—Drama Committee, 2:30; three little plays by Alfred Sutro: "The Man in the Stalls," "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," "The Open Door"; read by Mrs. Morris Cohn and Miss Gertrude Workman.

November 19—Friday Morning Club; art conference, 2:30; "Art in Photography," Ruth Rice.
November 21—Friday Morning Club; "Emma Goldman, the Iconoclast—Her Theories and Philosophy," Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith.
November 24—Woman's City Club; Mrs. E. K. Foster, "Moving Picture Censorship."
November 28—Friday Morning Club; "The Humor of Jane Austen," Kate Upson Clark.

EVENTS TO COME

November 15—Mrs. Dwight Satterlee, South Burlington avenue; tea; for all who assisted in Colonial Programme, D. A. R., October 7th; to meet Mrs. I. N. Chapman and Mrs. Maynard Force Thayer.
November 15—Mrs. Samuel Kingston Lindley, Menlo avenue; reception at Ebell Club House; to meet Mrs. Philo Leonard Lindley, nee Ariadne Merritt, of San Francisco.
November 20—Mrs. Harmon Ryus and Mrs. Roland Paul; musicale at the Bryson.
November 20—Mrs. Ernest William Fleming, South Hoover street; debutante party at the California Club, for Miss Alice Fleming; five hundred invitations.
November 20—Mrs. Louis Clark Carlisle, Ardmore avenue; bridge luncheon for Mrs. George W. Walker.
November 21—Mrs. Louis Clark Carlisle, Ardmore avenue; bridge luncheon for Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice.
November 26—Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Hoover street; coming out reception for Miss Daphne Drake.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT:

Mrs. G. Allan Hancock is en route to Boston to meet her sister, Miss Marie Mullen, upon her return from Europe, where she has spent the past year.
Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Stassforth are in New York, en route from Europe, and will return to Los Angeles in December.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF HOME GROUPS

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Miss Constance Crowley has taken a house in Orange street, and will remain in Los Angeles permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark, nee Mary Caldwell, are back from their honeymoon motor trip, and have taken an apartment in Ingraham street, awaiting the completion of their new home in St. Andrews boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beck have returned to Los Angeles after a year spent in the east, and are again at their home in Lake street.

Mrs. Frank Wise, the Bryson, will be hostess at a series of Sunday evening musical at homes during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaughton are spending the week at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove Ketchum of Alhambra are to be permanent residents of Los Angeles; they are at the Murray.

Mrs. James Barnette of New York and Mrs. Jesse Olney of San Francisco will be among the guests from out of town and will assist at the coming out party of their niece, Miss Alice Fleming; other assisting hostesses will be Mrs. Vernon Smith, Mrs. Gartrel Harbeson, Mrs. Arthur Green, Mrs. Stanley Visel, Mrs. Rufus Horton, Mrs. Arthur Kinney, Miss Marion Stewart, Miss Margaret Bushnell.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Taylor, West Twentieth street, will spend the winter at the Bryson.

Dr. W. J. Heustis and Mrs. Heutis, who is an eastern writer, have taken a house in Irolo street and will remain in Los Angeles for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Adams and Morgan Adams will spend the winter at Hotel Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, who have spent the summer and fall at the beach and in the East, are again at home in South Flower street; Miss Anita Thomas remained at Mount Vernon Seminary.

Judge Charles Silent has purchased the James Adams house in South Flower street.

DINNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, West Seventh street; covers for eight.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman, Harvard boulevard; covers for eighteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Crandall, Manhattan place; for members of party with whom Mrs. Crandall returned from Europe.

Mrs. Frank Wise and Mrs. Harry Bentley, the Bryson; hard times; covers for fourteen.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bayer, South Alvarado street; to celebrate fifteenth wedding anniversary; eighty-six guests.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Parker, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas; covers for twelve.

Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Allan Balch, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor, Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes, Mrs. Harry Turner, Mrs. William S. Hook, each hostess at her own home; afterward going with guests to the dance at the Captain Banning home, Thirty-first and Hoover street.

PARTIES

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hassell, the Bryson; for Mr. and Mrs. Cecil R. Luton; ten guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth; supper for Mr. and Mrs. George W. Walker.

Miss Florence Clark, West Adams street; for Miss Elizabeth Bishop.

Mrs. Paul Drennon Dodds, West Thirty-ninth street; shower for Miss Olive Berryman; twenty-six guests.

Miss Anna Shepard, Forty-second place; for Miss Olive Berryman; twenty-eight guests.

Mr. Charles L. Hanson, Fourth avenue; fifty guests.

Miss Olive Bennett, Westlake avenue; bridge.

Mrs. Hugh W. Harrison, West Twenty-seventh street; reception; two hundred and fifty guests.

Miss Sarah Hanawalt, Ellendale place; for Miss Gladys Moore and Miss Olive Horn; theatre, tea; nine guests.

Mrs. George P. Thresher, Westmoreland place; reception for Mrs. George W. Walker, Miss Ethelwyn Walker and Mrs. Hattie Molloy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Miller, West Twenty-first street; for Miss Marion Elizabeth Miller; twenty-five children to celebrate Miss Marion's birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Benedict, Rampart Apartments; for Senator and Mrs. John D. Works; dancing; two hundred and fifty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, West Twenty-seventh street; theatre; supper; twelve guests.

Miss Florence Danforth and Miss Evelyn Costello; for Miss Gladys Moore; theatre; tea; party of sixteen.

Mr. S. K. Potter, Marmion Way; masquerade; for Miss Frances Potter; thirty guests.

Mrs. Guy Clifford Boynton, the Bryson; for Miss Gladys Moore; fifty guests.

Mrs. Arthur Gage, New Hampshire street; matinee; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson of Portland, mother of Mrs. Walter Perry Story.

Mrs. W. C. Stose, Romeo street; reception for Mrs. J. C. Rives of Downey; three hundred guests;

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assisting hostess were: Mrs. J. Gregg Laynge, Miss Annette Stose, Mrs. Frank E. Moore, Mrs. Ernest H. Miller, Mrs. E. J. Stanton, Mrs. C. H. Van Breton, Mrs. Frank L. McKain, Mrs. W. E. Sholes, Mrs. F. H. Hamer, Mrs. Le Roy Stanton, Mrs. Hattie May, Miss Pauline Rives, Miss Marion Newberry.

Mrs. M. Schultz, South Grand avenue; dancing; supper; one hundred and fifty guests.

Mrs. Donald Gray Keeler; matinee; first of three; tea; party of twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, New Hampshire street; reception for Miss Helen Duque.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. William D. Mines; Los Angeles Country Club; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe, Crenshaw boulevard; bridge.

Mrs. Joseph Goldsmith, West Twenty-first street.

Mrs. Alexander G. Bobrick, South Burlington avenue; for Miss Elizabeth Coakley; twelve guests.

Mrs. Gladys Vogel, the Bryson; bridge; twelve guests.

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Mrs. C. H. Baker; for Mrs. Mary Howard Gridley; eight guests.

Mrs. L. L. Vogel, Cambridge street; bridge; twenty guests, members Westlake Bridge club.

Mrs. Francis G. Wood, South Wilton place; for Mrs. L. M. Powers; six guests.

Miss Lois Cook, South Bonnie Brae; for Miss Edith Marie Myers; ten guests.

Mrs. Grove Ketchum; bridge; at Mt. Washington Hotel; twenty-five guests.

Judge and Mrs. George Fuller of Buena Vista rancho near San Diego, with their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers Coutts-Gray, will spend the winter in Los Angeles; they have taken a house in South Bonnie Brae street.

Mrs. Arthur George Newton; Jonathan club; for Mrs. Cecil R. Luton; ten guests.

TEAS

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Eileen McCarthy, Norton avenue; for Miss Campbell and Miss Natalie Campbell of San Francisco, guests at the Rex Arms.

Mrs. Samuel Coffman, the Mayfair; for Mrs. J. Randolph Coffman, nee Genevieve Wilson.

Hotel Alexandria; "tea dance"; first of Saturday afternoon winter series; four hundred guests.

HOUSE GUESTS

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DEPARTURES

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BACK IN TOWN

General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Oxford boulevard; from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beck, Hotel Pepper; from San Francisco.

Mr. Meyer Siegel; from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bacon, Berkeley Square; from New York.

Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Alexandria Hotel; from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, West Seventh street; from trip north and to the Grand Canyon.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, South Figueroa street; from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Karl Brauer, West Twenty-first street; from San Francisco.



Again I come to you with news of most pertinent import. Several months ago I cautioned you concerning a visitor who was rattling your family skeletons per the back stair route. This caution I find was most necessary, for I am informed that this very ingenuous person, through the modicum of whose brain you are to be written down into history, has secured her fill of material and is off for parts unknown. Some do say that Chicago is her destination.

Where she has gone is of no consequence. The spark of vital meaning for us is the fact that she is said to have gathered reams upon reams of the innermost and thrillingly concealed details of our ancestral halls. She will, by means of her eloquent pen, remodel and suitably burnish data thus gathered for the delectation of Eastern readers. Of her intent no one has as yet become cognizant. All attempts at a solution proved futile. She covered her tracks so thoroughly.

In one domicile, where her purpose was partly suspected but not really questioned, she was caught investigating several chests hidden in a garret. When interrogated she made no compunction of admitting her interest in the family and further attributed it to a desire on her part for knowledge. In this instance she

claimed an interest for handi-work of the past ages, and said that some day she desired to be a proficient needlewoman. Her mistress, a kindly matron out Wilshire way, hearing this, as she thought, genuine expression of a hungry soul, aided and abetted her handmaiden in completing the search—and told, as each article came to view, the history and incident relative to its use. In this wise I feel confident much was divulged which might otherwise have remained in the secret holy of holies.

The matron has since become aware of the maid's deceit and imparted this knowledge to several close kin. The minor events she recalled, and *they* are up in arms and have done much threatening. All their defiance has been in vain, however, for as I have hereinbefore mentioned, the lady has flown—and with her all the evidence.

As bond, for a reconciliation which has recently taken place, the matron has promised faithful adherence to the rules of etiquette as far as kitchen gossip is concerned.

The more recent incident occurred in a home not far from Chester Place. There it appears the young woman encountered difficulties she little looked for. One of the younger members

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of the family had become ill, and after her engagement at the employment agency was formally made, it had to be recalled as the house was under the ban of the Health Department.

Then the Miss of the Interrogative Quantity became impatient and insisted on being reimbursed for violation of contract. As they required the aid of an additional assistant in the home of the newly-weds of the family it was decided to turn her over to this quarter.

For a time she was the most passive and readily managed person imaginable. Then Fate set things by the heels. The young husband was ordered East on a most important matter. The young matron confided to the maid her delight in having so trustworthy a companion.

Though the family accorded her some attention, the illness of the favorite brother, of necessity occasioned a relaxing of their attention. During this time the indiscretions of this youth were told, and thus did Miss I——Q—— become possessed of the closest of close information.

Can you see the glaring headlines this bit of gossip will occasion, when bandied in the public press? I can—and I can also faintly etch in my mind's eye the disastrous consequence to follow this disclosure for it will probably separate two who have fondly hoped their two hearts might beat forever as one.

However—she has gone—peace be again within our fold. We are well rid of her.

Beatrice de Lack Krombach.



A

R

T

The fancy more instructs the painter than the imitation, for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes also the things which it never sees.

• —Apollorius Tyanaeus.

Pertinent indeed have been the comparisons of the canvases hung in the fourth annual showing of the California Art Club. A Blanchard Hall exhibition has rarely received more telling attention.

Why?

Because the qualification of the personnel of the jury; their judgment as a hanging committee and finally their selection of the pictures hung, all have been criticised.

Several worthy contemporaries have had their whack at a say so in the matter, now I would put in my humble word. However, since then the why and wherefore have been sufficiently digested for the more rational to become convinced that "second thoughts" are sometimes best; and what at first threatened to become a vast disturbing element has now dwindled down to the merest ripple.

In the first place plain truth in art deserves a pedestal from which to look down upon its brother of the varnished variety. Its value is unquestionable! Prove that a spade is a spade and immediately you become a non-conductor in things "artistic."

In this instance the jurors were men, who, though they have urgent demands on their time in making for the more material things, are still insurgent enough to labor at "art for art's sake." They do know pictures, and with few exceptions, paint *real* canvases.

As to the hanging. It is true several pictures were badly placed, but was not that rather due to their size and the limited space, than to bad judgment? While Mr. Blanchard has done much to improve his gallery and it now offers an exceptionally fine setting it is in-

adequate as hanging space for the enlarged membership of the club. It is rumored that this matter has been finally adjusted and future exhibitions will, I am told, be held in a large gallery.

And now as to the canvases themselves. By far the best study is "Breakfast," from the brush of Helena Dunlap. While to accept blue as the color of a lady's hair requires some imaginative quality, yet aerial perspective has even permitted the painting of a purple cow, then why not blue hair. The interpretation of this canvas is indeed interesting, the ease of pose given the reclining figure and the constructive arrangement of the entire composition readily concede it the first place. The technique of its treatment has caused the usual comment. Miss Dunlap knows how to paint and though she now and then oversteps the bonds of true values in the extreme manner in which she handles her subjects as in her "Watching the Bathers," she will one day be named among the master craftswomen in art. To hark back for a moment to the latter named canvas. The point is strained a bit in the green eyes and the xylophone skirt. Other points of drawing are also out of focus.

Jean Mannheim might well have chosen more carefully. Both his canvases are of such quality as make one question the power of this man. The artistic temperament, 'tis true, is rarely well balanced, but is it wise to show the uneven efforts one may have executed? Perhaps I lay myself open to criticism in this statement. For, you may think his "Portrait in Red" a clever bit. It is possibly so as a portrait, but is an exact representation to be desired—or do we prefer one alive with the poetry the artist sees in us? That is the question; answer it for yourself, and then decide whether I am right or wrong. In the detail of his background Mr. Mannheim has executed a handsome bit. It is delightful. Then too, the startling tone of the lady's garb is well interpreted, both as to quality of texture and arrangement. When he comes, however, to the modeling of his figure, he loses out, for it is artificial. "Child Nude" is poorly drawn and has weak color values. His usual sense for flesh tints has also been lost sight of, and all in all one leaves his pictures a trifle displeased because this man can hardly do so much better.

Next, my appreciation is accorded Barton

Manbert's "The White Robe." Here we have splendid quality of color atmosphere, elegance of poise without too much straining, and an effect at once pleasing and entertaining.

Of the landscapists I would there might be more to give the charm of interpretation Jack W. Smith has put into his "Song of the Surf." While this is not a canvas which will make the painter famous, it has much of the atmosphere which makes for staying qualities. One would enjoy association with this canvas in one's home. However, don't think I believe it perfection, for I don't. There is a looseness in the construction of the sandy rocks which disturbs one when viewing it. Things may be poetic without entirely losing their concrete values.

"Sespe Valley," by Aaron E. Kilpatrick, is also a well worth while landscape. However Mr. Kilpatrick has lost sight of his fundamentals in laying in his composition. It has atmosphere and fine color values and if this artist will but look to his laurels there is no doubt in my mind but that he might soon paint some very creditable canvases.

Again in further discussion of the landscapes may I be pardoned a digression from the subject for a moment and be permitted to return to what was initially paid. It is relative to the judgment of the jurors. In this instance I would remark that Mr. Sammann's "Sunlight Woods" would have been a far better choice than his "Cypress Trees in Evening Glow." Not that one is more illustrative of the talent of this very capable man than the other, but merely because of its superior technique and general feeling and atmosphere. The latter, while it has more grotesque touches, such as are sometimes called "individuality of expression" does not embody the same strength and virile treatment.

Hanson Puthuff's "Glimpses of the Sierras" is another telling canvas. It speaks of the elements of whose great mountain peaks, and tells a story most interesting to view. Here a just bit of truth must be recorded. Lack of perspective is keenly felt in the working out of the foreground. The artist has lost his good intention and left entirely too much to the imagination—a very poor course to follow. Yet one forgives him much when one concerns one's self with the genuine worth of his color values, and verity and breadth of his interpretations. They always show much feeling and

atmospheric intelligence. With Franz Bichoff's two canvases, both colorful expressions, I have to find fault in that the drawing has been poorly managed. It is badly out of alignment. His planes of value are out of focus. One noticed this particularly in his "San Pedro."

Somewhat of a disappointment were Benjamin C. Brown's canvases. His characteristic touches which have added such individuality to his pictures predominates only in lesser degree. His "Sand Dunes at Monterey" is somewhat lithographic in effect while his "Reef at Sunset" would pass muster, yet not be in at the last running.

"Barbara, Holland," from the brush of versatile Anna A. Hills, I enjoyed exceedingly, and her "After the Storm, Pasadena," is also interesting, though the verity of interpretation in the vastness of the sky might be questioned.

And now, last by not least, a word about William Wendt and Carl Oscar Borg. The latter's "Egyptian Village," which I reviewed early last June, is as I then told you—a clever composition full of atmosphere and painted with the splendid technique Oscar Borg has acquired these last five years. His choice of the setting for his canvas, I must admit, is a very poor one. Could artists but realize the importance of the settings for their pictures many more might prove saleable. In this connection I should like to say a further word right here. Thus far this season several exhibitions have been held. In none of these has individuality of expression in the outer ornamentation of the canvas been noted. Abroad and in the East artists go to considerable trouble to manufacture their own frames, that they may more fully carry out the thought of

their compositions. Here, some do, and I might mention Helena Dunlap, who shows exquisite taste and understanding of the proper fitting which should accompany the ensemble in picture viewing. Fannie E. Duvall is another who constructs many of her own frames. There may be many others. I trust they will forgive my ignorance of their accomplishment.

To speak of William Wendt's "Lingering Snows." This canvas is executed with the usual deft brush technique which this artist knows so well to interpret, yet it lacks the verity of atmosphere one is accustomed to find. To begin with, snow to be appreciated must be cold. You might retort that that snow in the foreground is melting. True, but even melted snow must have the cold element in it, otherwise it has no value. In the beauty and virility of the modeling of the peaks of his background Mr. Wendt has depicted a most splendid bit of composition. There the snow is real; it aerates and makes that part of the canvas perfect.

Though sculpturing does not appear to be a forte of the members of the California Art Club I cannot complete my review without giving a few lines to Marco Zim's "Hero and Leandro." This small group promises much for the future. It is modeled on big lines though reproduced on so small a scale. There is strength and character and muscular expression in the pose though the proportion of measurements may be question here and there. Taking it as a whole many found it worthy of notice. Its interpretation is so imaginative and appealing.

Maurice Braun canvases I will speak of at length in this issue. J. H. Sharp's and Karl Yen's work will be considered in detail in subsequent issues.

MAURICE BRAUN OF SAN DIEGO AND HIS

AESTHETIC LANDSCAPES

Mr. Braun is essentially a poet of the brush. His imagination works in combination with the muses of the poetry of atmosphere. His canvases breathe impressions of nature plus the aerial rhythm the vibrating elements create. Yet with it all they have great dignity and grandeur of tone value carried out with much virile technique. True, Mr. Braun's technique is an individual creation, so much more is it to his credit.

Dilating on atmosphere in general Mr. Braun said, "The sunlight and bright colors have meant much to me. I do not think external atmosphere necessary for the painting of a picture. It is what we visualize and the interpretation we place on it that counts. I cannot work in the low key for it depresses me. Bright and airy elements produce quite the contrary influence. When I work at a moonlight bit, which I occasionally delight in painting, the influence of my sunlight hours is most

helpful; their opalescence being of like quality and feeling. Few people recognize this, being under the delusion that the painting of moonlight effects are more difficult of accomplishment.

"Another detail, I do not believe in taking a landscape literally. Landscape impresses me as being poetry. I get more of the truth of the

This great truth is applicable to all things artistic. It is the scintilla of individuality absorbed and again given forth which results in the completed impression. This impression is what in the final analysis brings forth the qualities of genius. And genius qualities in turn make the great and near great, and give us the truly spontaneous creations which even



"THE MORNING SUN" BY MAURICE BRAUN

scene portrayed by including the phantasy of the inspiration the surroundings afford. Nothing is more picturesque than landscape, and even the ugliest spot may become a place of beauty and a joy forever if the artist in his interpretation of it puts some of his own individuality into the making of his composition."

material beings must recognize at their true worth.

Mr. Braun in his canvas interprets the elusive charm of the Southern country in which he resides, with such spontaneity of feeling. His colors belong in the class of a high key of value. He mixes tones usually associated with

pastel technique until he breathes into his canvas an atmosphere most impressionistic which cannot fail to hold the attention of even the non-lover of art.

Such an example of his work is "The Morning Sun" hung in the California Art Club exhibit and herewith reproduced. It is full of the vitalizing lights of that period of the day. Nature arrayed in these tones becomes more perfect.

A splendid background has outlined against its horizon line the distant hills. In the middle

at the Kanst Gallery on South Spring street is his "Trail Up the Mission Canyon," a composition representing a glorious part of the Southland at a period of the year when nature is practically at a standstill. It is an interesting bit nevertheless and exhibits wonderful interpretive understanding for locality.

"Wild Hyacinths" also hangs at Kanst's. It is a mood of nature, exquisite for its color sense and handled in a most painterlike manner. The sky is alive with



"POINT LOMA HILLS" BY MAURICE BRAUN

distance young brush and trees grow. Their fresh colors are treated with the poetry of light, so much so that they vibrate against their setting of young grass whose surface is mottled with the light shadows cast by the sun here and there. Close against the foreground is lined an aisle of young eucalyptus trees. Their whispering foliage, straggling from trunk to branch, make them objects rich in picturesque lines. Another, "Evening at Point Loma," also hangs at the exhibition. Now

heavy moving clouds; to the right are a finely modelled clump of eucalypti and in contrast is the drying ditch, outlined with masses of blooming wild hyacinths vibrating subtle tones of soft dainty colorings.

Our other illustration is "Point Loma Hills." At first sight it appears to be just an ordinary landscape, but view it a second time and it becomes remarkable for its direct treatment. The suffused light which Mr. Braun so individually knows

how to paint, strongly influences this composition. Distant hills clearly outlined in the pure atmosphere of that delightful country, form part of the background. In the foreground a lone olive tree marks a bend in the road, depicted with virile touches of brush handling. Its demarcation is splendidly indicated and the shadows which chase across its surface add a note of interest. A little distant another path is noted; this leads through a clump of young brush and seems to meet with the greater highway beyond. Besides these beautiful landscapes Mr. Braun also paints figure and portrait studies, some of which were shown at the International Exhibition of Art and History at Rome several years ago. There they received much favorable comment and gathered new honors for this clever painter.

To acquire all this artistic intellectuality Mr. Braun has labored many years and in all parts of the universe. Originally he came from Hungary. From there circumstances drifted him on to New York City, where from 1897 to 1900 he was a student at the National Academy of Design. There Edward M. Ward, George E. Maynard and Francis E. Jones were his instructors. Desiring European inspiration he returned to Hungary and spent a year there, gaining in that short time much knowledge, which he has since developed in his canvases.

While at the National Academy Mr. Braun won many prizes. In New York his pictures were hung at the Academy and later he showed several at the Carnegie Art Institute and Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

Again, to quote Mr. Braun and give his reason for choosing our Golden State: "It was 'just California;' I wanted to paint scenery and I knew I would find inspiration here," and of San Diego, he said:

"This vicinity has been overlooked by the artist. Neither Greece nor Italy surpass Southern California for artistic atmosphere. This is particularly true of Point Loma, which is a miniature Mediterranean, affording as it does a splendid view of the ocean, bay, shore and hills. In many respects we have superior advantages, for our sky is bluer, our waters have more colors and our trees and flowers are brighter. It is indeed an Eden for those who seek the beautiful in Nature."

At present Mr. Braun is director of the San Diego Academy of Art, yet he finds time to

complete these rare bits of the country which he seems to understand so perfectly. Go to the Kanst Gallery. Ask them to show you these splendid pictures. You will want one to live with.

Jon de Lack.

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MUSIC



THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BY MRS. ALBERT L. STETSON

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will open its seventeenth season on Friday afternoon, November 14, under the baton of Herr Adolf Tandler. The orchestra starts with an entirely new regime, new management as well as new directorship, an augmented board of directors and a steadily increasing guarantee fund. Everything is working most harmoniously for perfection in every detail, and the first concert is awaited with pleasant anticipation. Those who have heard the rehearsals and witnessed the careful preparation given to the smallest details, are convinced that a most enjoyable season is to be afforded patrons of the orchestra.

The symphonies to be given are Beethoven's Fifth in C Minor and Ninth in D Minor; Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in B Minor; Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" in F Sharp Minor; Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Tschaikowsky's "Sympathy Pathetique" in B Minor.

The "Unfinished Symphony" in B Minor of Schubert is to be presented at the opening concert. It was written about six years before the death of the composer, though it is generally conceded that at that time his expression had reached the zenith of its power, as the composition is marked by the very qualities essential to the symphony which he most lacked elsewhere; also as it is strangely free from characteristic defects which troubled his work both before and after this time. Of all his nine symphonies this and the one in C Major are generally preferred. There are but two movements: *Allegro Moderato* and *Andante con moto*. The work opens with a wierd melody in the bass; then the real theme follows high and clear in the wood-wind. The whole movement is like a continuous flow of melodies, one of the most charming being borne by the 'cellos. The *An-*

dante begins quietly, but in the same vein; the clarinets sing a melody simple and delightful in the second theme, followed rudely by loud crashes where at first all connection is lost until the second melody appears again in a noisy minor of the basses. The storm rages



ADOLF TANDLER
Musical Director

furiously, finally gliding into a canon duet by 'cellos and violins and ending by a return to the first melody. An unconscious mastery of counterpoint is here displayed, making one of the highest passages in all music.

The second concert of December 26th will give us Haydn's "Farewell Symphony." To Haydn is due the form of the symphony of today, as in its regular form it consisted of but three movements; he added a fourth, the minuet, so that four movements became the rule. In this symphony he displayed "most original humor and sprightly, agreeable spirit," declared the Berlin critic at that time.

Mozart's Symphony in G Minor is exceedingly powerful and lifelike because of its pure beauty and formal perfection. A beautiful melody on the strings is first given out, "Like a dashing brook in early spring, with the delicacy of gentlest rain," immediately followed by a transitional theme and a return to the prin-



MR. SIGMUND BEEL
Concert Master



MR. RICHARD SCHLIEWEN
2nd Concert Master

cipal melody. The *Andante* is in serious mood, Beethoven in style, showing Mozart's versatility. It is one of the greatest in point of depth and mastery. Then the Minuet, full of bright humor, a kind of Titan's dance, and the trio for the strings all tenderness and delicacy. The theme of the Finale has often been mentioned as suggestive of the Scherzo in the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. The G Minor Symphony is truly a masterpiece, and when one hears it, it seems the greatest of all symphonies.

There is ever a Scherzo after the funeral march in sonata and symphony. It is therefore not strange after all that there has never been a tragic ending before Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathétique" in B Minor. There is a consistent sadness blended with tense passion throughout. With all the wildness there is no note of joy. *Adagio Lamentoso* is the mood of the last movement—it is all a recurrence to one cry of grief. Nothing can exceed the terrible beauty of its anguish of regret which grows fiercer at each refrain.

Of the Beethoven symphonies the Fifth in C

Minor seems the most broadly representative, choosing from the untitled class of symphonies. This work was produced in 1808, having been for years in course of completion. It is characterized by a sublime dignity, vigor and breadth. At the first hearing it is impossible not to feel that there is a very real purpose behind the notes. It is in the third movement, the Scherzo, that Beethoven made the greatest change in outline. Originally, with Haydn and Mozart, it was idealized dance, but Beethoven made it a humorous phase fitting in with the whole plan. He changed its name from Minuet to Scherzo. The first pages of the opening movement are full of stern, somber melody, yet without lack of restless motion. The *Andante con moto* might well have been called *Andante religioso*—there seems to be a distinct feeling of prayer, or perhaps faith. The predominance of the chief melody is veiled by new figures of rhythm and setting and by interesting touches of eloquent pleading or of austere solemnity. At the last there is a decided joyfulness in the prayer—a vision of coming victory, where wood-wind and higher strings unite in loudest acclaim on the melody, the horns sound the harmony, the drums the rhythm, and the lower strings strum in rapid accompaniment, the end coming in a spirit of reassurance. The final *Allegro* bursts into exultant marching chords in brightest major with full orchestra. There are two principal melodies, of which, when the first has exhausted its boisterous exuberance, the second sings a clearer and quieter chant, while the noisy basses are ever interrupting with turbulent coursing up and down. So plain is the chant that you can almost hear the voices, as of some great comprehensive choral hymn. The last theme is rehearsed with double speed. Whatever Beethoven may or may not have said,

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there is no resisting the convincing impression of a sense of dull, overpowering external evil—of hopeless supplication, of prayerful faith and assured triumph.

At the closing concert of the season in April will be given the Ninth Symphony-Choral Symphony, written when Beethoven had reached



MR. AXEL SIMONSEN
Solo Cellist

the greatest heights as a master. There is no doubt that the fact that Beethoven, at the end of his last symphony, broke into words, must be a doughty argument for those who contend for the greater definiteness of verbal utterance in music. This was the last work of big dimensions designed by Beethoven; a monument to his genius, commenced in the summer of 1822. Scarcely any year of his life was more prolific of works than this year of 1822. To give artistic form only to what we wish and feel, that

most essential want of nobler mankind, as Beethoven himself wrote to the Archduke Rudolph at the time, is what distinguishes this mighty symphony and constitutes, so to speak, the sum and substance of his own life and intention. This symphony was soon connected in popular imagination with Goethe's "Faust" as representing the tragic course of human existence. Such blows, murmurs, prayers, longings, such despair; then again, such strength and courage after trial, had never before been expressed in music. We hear the voices which through all ages have been the makers of history, of all the powers which preserve the life of humanity. In the second movement we have a dramatic picture of the earthly world in the whirl of its pleasures, from the most ingenuous joy of mere existence such as he himself frequently experienced in such fullness that he leaped over chairs and tables to the raging, uncontrollable Bacchanalian intoxication of enjoyment. The symphony ends with Schiller's glorious "Ode to Joy," borne by a quartette of solo voices and a chorus. The music from this point takes the second place, the words of the poem are first. Beethoven knew from what depths of human nature music was born, and what its ultimate meaning to mankind is. He was one of those great minds who have added to the intellectual possessions of our race in regions which extend far beyond the merely beautiful in art.



A sordid story Louis Joseph Vance has given us in his *Joan Thursday*. A story written around conditions so usual that by substituting the names of streets and places of any city you would still have the setting.

The tale is not bad enough to be good nor good enough to be bad. It offers nothing that will arouse to definite action the literary censor and no assistance in solving the problems

it portrays, to those whose mission in life it is to guide the footsteps of unprotected working girls, as a class erroneously regarded as insufficiently strong and courageous to care for themselves in individual cases don't want to, preferring "the easiest way."

Joan Thursday is one of the latter—"Simply life-stuff manufactured hastily and carelessly in an old, worn mould, because solely to be fed into the insatiable maw of the stage"—the

stage, in this instance being that longed-for goal which sounds so much and means so little.

Thousands of Joan Thursdays have reached and will reach it: hopelessly brainless, uneducated and common is each, with a trace of instinct, but little or no talent. A beautiful bit of feminine flummery offering much to admire and nothing to appreciate; who pays all all along her miserable, devastating way with patches of what serves as her soul for the purpose of exploiting her person—not her personality, for she possesses none—and is satisfied that she has value received if her press notices are good. Ultimately the public—but that is digression and may merely be regarded as a phase of the question in which one is as an individual member of the public, proven either a good or a hard loser.

As for the story itself. Once begun you will read to the end. You even feel a lively sympathy for the girl whose life is such a colorless grind. And you really believe for a while, that it is, as she explains to her greedy, complaining family, outraged virtue which makes her leave the department store because a floor-walker became insolent. But, alas, before long you realize that Joan's virtue was outraged in inverse proportion to the size of the floorwalker's salary.

Of all the men with whom Joan Thursday was associated only one paid her the tribute of respect—or perhaps sympathy devoid of selfishness better describes John Matthias' regard for her—being a gentleman he knew no better—and that atmosphere was too rarified. Joan had no practical use or time for respect

or sympathy devoid of selfishness. Such ordinary emotions offered no assistance toward her success as an actress. And so she threw Matthias out of the picture—which was fortunate for Matthias.

Joan Thursday is a straw in the wind, a living sermon against ignorance, a distinct type of personal human negation. You come to regard her more as a condition than as a result of conditions. And in the end when she is pronounced a success despite—or because of—the rotten mess of destruction, lies, suffering, jealousy and murder, funds hastily distributed among newspapers so they would forget to print things and among doctors, undertakers and servants so they would forget to remember them—in the end you somehow feel that you are being more subtly made fun of than amused, interested or convinced.

But you know, also, that Vance makes (and you hope that such was his intent) a splendid argument for education—the sort that really educates, that will bring about a condition of sanity in which the curse of necessity is not the dominant, shackling part, in which things assume and preserve their true value.

Joan Thursday was what she was because she did not know. For after all, what we call evil is really ignorance, a distorted sense of what is worth while and the best way of acquiring it.

And ignorance, the sort that produces numberless Joan Thursdays, may be—is being—through widespread, wholesome, practical influence, banished from the face of the earth. (Joan Thursday: Little, Brown and Company, Boston, \$1.25 net.)

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The Faun and Other Poems, by Genevieve Farnell-Bond, is just from the press of *Sherman, French and Company, Boston*. Mrs. Bond is a well known member of the local colony of writer-folk and she is receiving much and invariably sincere congratulation incidentally upon the appearance of the book itself, for it is pleasing indeed; but this attractive dress, while eminently fitting, is not vital.

world these mad commercial days needs greatly, but alas, finds little enough of among modern writers.

"*The Faun*" carries a blessing in Edward Markham's foreword; and to his welcome and good wishes will be added those of all to whom may come the pleasure of reading the poems.

Besides short stories and special magazine articles Mrs. Bond has found time to write



GENEVIEVE FARNELL-BOND

I was permitted, some months ago, to read the poems in manuscript and I can only repeat what I said then in my advance review; for one does not change one's mind about Genevieve Farnell-Bond's poems. They are tender, dainty bits, full of quaintly true philosophy that sing themselves into the reader's heart and stay there—real poetry, which the

several successful plays; and as a composer of songs she has also made an enviable name for herself. Isabelle Evesson, formerly leading woman with Melbourne McDowell, is soon to appear in one of her plays.

A volume of short stories by Mrs. Bond is soon to be published and after that a novel which she is now completing.

The Bookworm.



THE EPICUREAN

*Beware of saladis grene, metis, and of frutes
rawe
For they make many a man haue a feble mawe.
Babees Book.*

CREAM OF ONION SOUP.

Carl Rudolph

Cover 6 peeled onions with a quart of cold water and let simmer until they are soft and broken; rub through a coarse sieve. Cook together 1 heaping tablespoonful of butter and 2 of flour. When they are blended pour upon them 3 cups of milk into which a pinch of soda has been stirred. Stir until smooth and thick. Then add the onion puree, and beat well together. Serve hot.

ROAST TONGUE

Mrs. J. Bond Francisco

Boil a beef tongue slowly until tender; skin and decorate with cloves. Roast for 3-4 of an hour with cloves, seedless raisins, 1-2 glass of currant jelly and a tumblerful of sherry.

Baste often and serve hot or cold with remainder of the jelly.

SALMON SALAD WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

Mrs. J. Bond Francisco

For the salad take:

- 1 large can salmon steak
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ tablespoons sugar
- ½ tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- Yolks of 2 eggs
- 1½ tablespoons melted butter
- ¾ cup milk
- ¼ cup cider vinegar
- ¾ tablespoon gelatine
- 2 tablespoons cold water

Dash of cayenne pepper

Remove salmon from can and rinse thoroughly with hot water and separate; mix dry ingredients, add egg yolks, butter and vinegar. Cook mixture above boiling water until it thickens. Stir constantly. To this add the gelatine soaked in cold water. Mix well with salmon and place in mould.

To make the sauce:

½ cup thick cream beaten stiff

¼ teaspoon salt

A little pepper

2 tablespoons vinegar added gradually

Peel, cut into small bits and drain a cucumber. Mix with a stiff mayonnaise dressing and add the beaten white of an egg.

Mrs. Albert L. Stetson

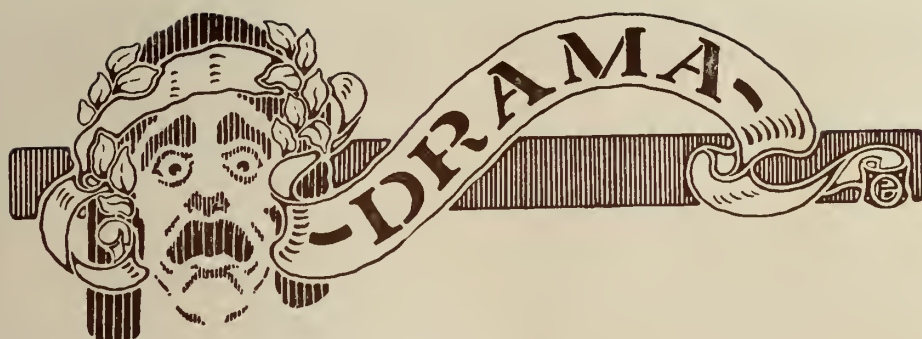
POP-OVER MUFFINS

Mix four well beaten eggs with 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Stir into this 2 cups sifted flour and 1 cup cream. Bake for forty minutes in earthen cups. Have the oven hot. Serve with maple syrup or golden sauce.



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LITTLE WATERLOO

A Playlet

BY EVERETT C. MAXWELL

CHARACTERS

John Craig.
 Ethan } Brothers of John
 Todd }

Scene: Library of the Craig home. Handsomely and tastefully furnished. It is about five o'clock in the afternoon of a spring day. At rise of curtain Ethan, a youth of about nineteen years, is discovered reading.

John enters.

John—Hello, kid.

Ethan—Don't call me "kid." (John laughs.) You talk as though I were about Todd's age.

John—And you're almost a man, eh? (E. shrugs.) How my boys are growing up. I can't even cuddle Todd any more.

Ethan—Who would want to cuddle that monkey?

John—I do, just as long as he will let me.

Ethan—Oh, he will let you, all right. You're making a regular milk-sop out of Todd.

John—Am I? Well, old chap, we've one real man in the family, haven't we? (Musses E.'s hair.)

Ethan—Don't do that. I wish you would cut out some of your nonsense, Jack. You act like a two-year-old.

John—We're never any older than we feel. Oh, keep young, boy, and you won't have any trouble keeping sweet.

Ethan—Is that a slam?

John—No, of course not; only you know, Ethan, since you came home from college I do notice a certain change.

Ethan (evasively)—Oh, rats.

John—You've lost just something of your oldtime frankness and humor that I'd give all our fortune to buy back for you if I could.

Ethan—I don't know what you mean. I'm just the same as ever. You changed, didn't you, when you went to college? All the fellows do.

John—Oh, yes, yes, I changed.

Ethan—Then what are you talking about?

John—Your attitude toward home—toward me, and Todd.

Ethan—Now, see here, John. I tell you that you are imagining all this. Of course, I'm a lot wiser and broader than I was a year ago. I made my first year out of petticoat-rule count.

John—I'm sorry if the discipline at home impressed you like that. I'm sure Dr. Lane did his best for you as a tutor and Aunt Helen is as near perfect as any one who wasn't our own mother could well be.

Ethan—I'm not kicking. What's all this fuss about?

John—You had been away only a month when you wrote to have your allowance increased and because I didn't see fit to do so you refused to write to me.

Ethan—Well, that's past. I was a cad.

John—You see, old man, I'm placed in a mighty peculiar position, trying to be father, mother, and big brother, all in one. If anything goes wrong, Uncle Cyrus will say: "I told you so!"

Ethan—Hang Uncle Cyrus! He has made trouble enough in this house.

John—But he is our only surviving male relative and if I hadn't been of age when father died, you and Todd would have been living under very different conditions than you are now.

Ethan—I bet you have had no end of trouble with him.

John—It has been a hard fight and is still.

Ethan—When was he last here?

John—Yesterday, just before your train came in.

Ethan—What is our newest transgression?

John—He has never been reconciled to my keeping you and Todd, even with Aunt Helen here as guide and counsel. He says my plans are all wrong and that I will make a mess of the whole business.

Ethan—What does he propose?

John—That Dorothy and I marry at once. That disposes of me. You and Todd are to live with him, where he can keep his weather eye on you.

Ethan—Never, if I know it.

John—Of course not. Do you suppose that I would give in for a minute. It would be betraying the trust mother placed in me.

Ethan—Mother hated him.

John—No, mother never hated any one. You were too young then to understand.

Ethan—He never came to see her—not even to the funeral. I heard father say so.

John—Some fancied injury.

Ethan—Why need he put himself out now?

John—He says it is his duty to keep his sister's children from going to the devil.

Ethan—His duty!

John—He is continually asking about you.

Ethan—Me?

John—And criticising my management of the estate and Todd.

Ethan—Can you beat that?

John—It is a big experiment, old man. If I dared to think about it I would probably have nervous chills. A big estate and we three orphans. Father's death was so sudden that I never had a chance to ask his advice and every one blames me because of my opposition to Uncle Cyrus. If things go wrong it will be my fault. We've got to pull together, old chap. Todd is just at the impressionable age. It's make or break from now on with him, and it's up to me.

Ethan—Oh, things will come out all right. You're the best sort of a brother a chap like me

could have—steady, and all that—and as for Todd, he worships the ground you walk on. You can make him into a tin angel or an arch-devil by snapping your finger. (Clock strikes five.) I must go and dress.

John—Where is it you are going for dinner?

Ethan—Dalton's.

John—Dalton's?

Ethan—Yes, Ross Dalton. I met him at college, fine fellow.

John—You don't mean Rossmore Dalton, son of Mike Dalton, the racetrack king?

Ethan—Why, I believe his father is a turfman, yes.

John—Turfman? Good Lord! Ethan, you haven't made a pal out of young Dalton, have you?

Ethan—We went about some together.

John—Does he still run the Benedict Club across the campus from Norton Hall?

Ethan—Why, yes. Did you know about it?

John—Every one knows about it. I should have told you, but I didn't dream that Dalton was still in college.

Ethan—He is a senior.

John—And he was a sophomore when I was a senior four years ago. You see, he is taking it slowly. It suits his purpose better.

Ethan—What do you mean?

John—Ethan, you surely know what people think of Dalton's club—what sort of standing the Benedict men have among the fellows who really count?

Ethan—It's not true what people say.

John—Isn't it?

Ethan—Well, not all. Anyway the fellows are jolly and they were awfully nice to me. They took me around and showed me a good time, Ross especially.

John—Good Lord! kid, I didn't dream of this—That man—

Ethan—What do you know about Dalton?

John—Do you want me to tell you what I know about Ross Dalton? Do you? Then listen.

Ethan—No, I don't—I won't.

John—I don't know how much or how little you already know about Dalton, but one thing you do know, that is he's a gambler and a dissipate. That alone should be enough to convince a chap of your caliber, but if you must have more there is more to tell. Dalton is no kid. He's a man past thirty, and has a wife and child. Heaven alone knows where. The

girl was an actress, he married her some place down south. They never lived together, and he has always posed at college as an unattached youth. You know his father's fame. His mother lives in Paris where she is known as Mlle. de Leon, proprietress of a fashionable gambling house. Ross operates here because it happens to tickle his fancy to play college man. He must keep popular with the younger set, for it's the lambs he fleeces. It's the new fellows with plenty of money. It takes a lot of money to keep up the Benedict. Dalton has made the club popular and a paying proposition, and it's the freshmen who always pay, because it is usually the freshmen with whom he plays.

Ethan—Stop, Jack, you've said too much. I won't stand it. I don't believe it.

John—Yes, kid, you do believe it. You know I wouldn't tell you what isn't true.

Ethan—But I'm no child. I'm able to look out for myself.

John—But it's so easy to get a wrong start, to fall in with the wrong bunch, and I tell you, Ethan, you're on the wrong track now. This fellow isn't for you.

Ethan—There is nothing to raise a row about. What's the harm in a few games of poker now and then?

John—That is what I ask you. What is the harm?

Ethan—I haven't time to guess riddles. Of course, I know that bunch isn't just our kind, but I don't believe they are quite as black as they are painted.

John—How can you say that?

Ethan—Well, Jack, I'm not thinking of joining the Benedicts.

John—I know it, Ethan, and I can't let you mix up with such a bunch. These little sons of the yellow set. It won't do, it simply won't do.

Ethan—Well, if you're going to take it so deuced hard, I'll cut the bunch. It's easy enough to do.

John—I wonder—

Ethan—I'll break with Dalton and that will end it. I hope you will be satisfied.

John—I shall, Ethan, I truly shall.

Ethan—Hell of a lot of fuss about nothing.

John—Shall I call up Dalton and say you can't be with him this evening?

Ethan—Heavens, no! I can't do that.

John—You can't? Why?

Ethan—Simply because I can't. Why, it's almost time to go. He would guess that something was up.

John—Ethan, do you mean that you are not in a position to decline this man's invitation?

Ethan—(No answer.)

John—Answer me.

Ethan—Oh, that's rough, Jack.

John—Are you afraid of me?

Ethan—No, no, of course not.

John—Tell me what is wrong, I won't preach to you.

Ethan—I tell you there is nothing wrong.

John—Ethan, I haven't been your brother for nineteen years for nothing.

Ethan—Nonsense.

John—Is it anything that money can remedy?

Ethan—Oh, I suppose so.

John—You've been gambling?

Ethan—A little.

John—And you've given Dalton your I. O. U.?

Ethan—Yes!

John—For how much?

Ethan—Twelve hundred dollars.

John—Twelve hundred dollars!

Ethan—You see, Jack, I won a few times and it looked like easy money.

John—Yes, I see. It does look easy.

Ethan—Then you aren't going to jump all over me?

John—I can't even blame you.

Ethan—You mean—?

John—That I once gave Dalton my I. O. U. for exactly the same amount, twelve hundred dollars.

Ethan—Jack! You don't mean it. Oh! I'm glad.

John—It was my freshman year and I thought father was tight with my allowance.

Ethan—That's what I thought about you, Jack.

John—I blame myself for not warning you about Dalton, but I never dreamed that he was still operating the Benedict Club.

Ethan—What did you do about your I. O. U.?

John—I hung back as long as possible and finally made a clean breast of it to father.

Ethan—And what did he say?

John—Not a word.

Ethan—But what did he do?

John—Just what I am going to do for you.

Society

He loaned me twelve hundred dollars at six per cent interest. The interest I had to pay out of my allowance during my remaining three years at college. I paid the principal in instalments as soon as I had a position. I've never gambled since.

Ethan—Gee! You're all right, kid.

John—You accept the terms?

Ethan—You bet I do.

John—Go dress. I think it best you pay Dalton at once and in cold cash. I'll give you an order for currency. Briggs will honor it if you get to the office before he goes home. Hurry.

Ethan—I'm chain lightning.

(John sits at desk and writes. Todd enters left carrying box of soldiers. He tiptoes back of John's chair and places hands over his brother's eyes.)

John—I wonder who it is this time.

Todd—Guess.

John—Emperor William.

Todd—No.

John—Julius Caesar.

Todd—No, sir.

John—Teddy Roosevelt.

Todd—Wrong.

John—General Grant.

Todd—You're a bum guesser.

John—I give up.

Todd—It's the Duke of Wellington.

John (rising)—I see you've picked a winner. I salute you.

Todd—Are you busy?

John—No, I'm through being busy for the day.

Todd—Good. I'm your man.

John—What shall it be?

Todd—Then you will play?

John—Anything from marbles to circus.

Todd—Soldiers.

John—Good again. Fighting is right in my line.

Todd—Which company do you want?

John—They're all brave, I have no choice.

Todd—You may have the blue ones, they are the prettiest.

John—Thanks. What battle do we fight to-day?

Todd—I'm Wellington, so you'll have to be Napoleon.

John—It's my Waterloo, eh?

Todd—You don't mind getting vanquished, do you.

John—No.

Todd—You know you won last time when you were Alexander the Great.

John—I don't mind. I should say not.

Todd—You won't be banished, you know.

John—I hope not.

Todd—Now we are all ready. Is your cannon loaded?

John—No, I've lost the marble. (Hunts on table.)

Todd—Gee! You're a peach of a Napoleon. (Look on floor. Both crawl about desk, meet in front.)

John—Hello, Duke. How is the old scout?

Todd—Napoleon wouldn't say that.

John—And Wellington wouldn't crawl about hunting marbles for Napoleon.

Todd—Can't you play serious?

John—Just you wait and see.

Todd—Here it is.

John—Good.

Todd—Now ready, aim.

John—Wait a second. Do we both fire at the same time?

Todd—Any old time. Go on. (They fire.)

John—I didn't dream Waterloo was so easy.

Todd—You musn't shoot so straight.

John—Why?

Todd—You are killing all my men.

John—Am I?

Todd—And you know you've got to lose.

John—Of course, I had forgotten. This is my Waterloo, isn't it? (Phone Rings.) Hello, this is Park West 107. Yes, Craig's residence. This is Craig speaking. No, this is John. Dalton? Yes, Dalton. He's coming over directly. You want to speak with me? About the Benedict Club? No, I've heard nothing. Just a moment. (To Todd.) Say, Todd, slip upstairs and see if you can't find some more soldiers. (Todd exits.) Yes, Dalton, go on. Yes, yes, Ethan has told me. You will be paid at once. What's that? That's bad, Dalton. It's all out in the evening papers? No, I hadn't opened the paper yet. Wait a second. (Takes up paper.) Yes, I have it. How did it happen? Names mentioned? Ethan's name. Good Lord! Where! Wait! (Reads paper.) Jones, Templeton, Kemp, Wright, Dorn, Vanderpool, Craig. (In phone.) Only last name, I'm glad of that. Why? Listen. You haven't forgotten, Dalton, that I was one of your early victims. The I. O. U. I gave was for twelve hundred dollars, the same as Ethan's. I still have that I. O. U., which you receipted. It was not dated. Ethan's name must be kept out of

this at any cost. (Enter Ethan R.) He is just starting his career. A thing of this kind goes hard with a young student. Now I went up to see Ethan in February. Yes, I was up and I played poker at the Benedict Club. See? And I gave you my I. O. U. for twelve hundred dollars, see?

Ethan—Jack, what are you about?

John—Wellington and I have met at Waterloo. (Points at soldiers.) (In phone.) There's no other way. It must be done. Can I depend on you? Thanks, Dalton.

Ethan—Dalton!

John (in phone)—I'll depend on you. Good-bye.

Ethan—What is wrong? Tell me, Jack, what have you done?

John—I have lost. (Picks up soldiers.) See, my generals are all dead—and the flag—

Ethan—Tell me what has happened.

John—What I have long expected. As soon as Dalton came away the faculty caused an investigation of the Benedict Club. Carne, Dalton's partner, was in charge, and they frightened him into a full confession. It's all in the evening papers (hands paper).

Ethan—Names?

John—Yes.

Ethan—Mine?

John—No, mine.

Ethan—Where?

John—There.

Ethan—Craig, just Craig. I see what you have done. It isn't right. I won't allow it.

John—It's a very little thing. I've made my record. This one blot won't count against me as it will against you. You are just starting out.

Ethan—But I say it isn't right. I was to blame, I should suffer. Why, think of Todd, and Dorothy, and Aunt Helen, and Uncle Cyrus, what will they say?

John—Uncle Cyrus is my chief concern. Don't you see, I've taken the only course open? If he finds out that it is you, you see what a position it puts me in. See how selfish how I am? (Phone Rings.) (In phone.) Hello, yes,

this is John. (Aside.) Uncle Cyrus! (In phone.) What is it? Yes, I have read it. Do! Nothing. What can I do? Certainly not. Ethan? No, it wasn't Ethan. No, it was I. I beg your pardon, sir; I said it was I. Certainly, I can prove it. I have my receipted I. O. U. dated February 9th. You may see it at any time. I can't discuss the matter further at this time. Good-bye. (To Ethan.) Take this to Dalton and have him date it February 9th.

Ethan—I'm not worth what you are doing for me.

John—Lying for you.

Ethan—I never thought of it in that way.

John—Think about it now.

Ethan—You're such a stickler for the truth, too.

John—And always shall be. I would never have lied to save my own happiness, but when the happiness of others is at stake— Oh, well, I'm quite human. I'm sorry to do it, just the same.

Ethan—I'm not worth it.

John—BE worth it.

Ethan—I will.

John—It's honor bought with dishonor. I've lost to gain.

Ethan—Like Napoleon.

Ethan—I must go.

John—Don't lose any time. (Exit C.) (Enter Todd L.)

Todd—the battle will have to be over. I can't find any more soldiers.

John—It is over, Todd. Wellington wins. I salute you!

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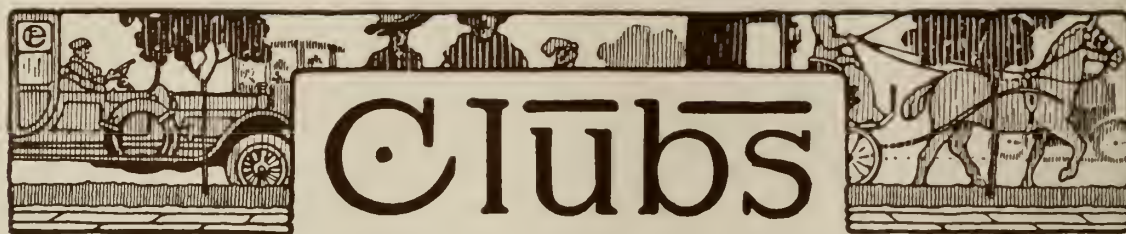
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GUISEPPI VERDI

BY ROLAND PAUL

(Delivered at the Ebell Club, Los Angeles, October 20, 1913)

(CONTINUED)

Verdi, after the great success of *Ernani*, began writing with great rapidity, and in the same year produced two more operas which were failures, and which have fallen into oblivion, namely, "*I Due Foscari*" and "*Giovanno d'Arco*." Six months later another of his operas was produced and again failed, "*Alzira*." His next opera, "*Attila*," was produced in Venice, March 17th, 1846, and created as big a sensation as "*Ernani*," but has not had the lasting fame thereof. Several movements are still sung, notably the great "*Trio*."

He then produced "*Macbeth*," taken from Shakespeare's famous tragedy, but it was a flat failure, owing to having no part for the tenor, so you can see what an important part the tenor is to opera. He is always the love-sick swain.

Verdi's next opera was written for Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and the libretto was Schiller's poem, "*The Robbers*," and was produced in London, July 22nd, 1847, with Jennie Lind, La Blanche and Gordoni in the cast. It was a flat and dismal failure. Verdi was then offered the position of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, at a handsome salary, but had to refuse, owing to contracts he had with a publishing house in Milan.

Verdi went from London to Passy and wrote two operas which were complete failures. Not discouraged however, he promptly set about writing a third, "*Louisa Miller*," which was produced at San Carlo in Naples, on December 8th, 1849, and had a tremendous success. His next opera, "*Stiffelio*," produced at Trieste, November 16th, 1850, was another hopeless failure. Verdi had now written six-

teen operas, all of which had fallen into oblivion, except "*Ernani*," "*I Lombardi*," and perhaps "*Louisa Miller*." Despite this list of failures, Verdi was the idol of the Italian people, owing to the appeal that much of the texts of his operas made to the patriotism of his fellow countrymen, then fretting under Austrian rule.

In 1851, Verdi began that series of operas which established his fame as the greatest of living Italian opera composers. A libretto founded on Victor Hugo's "*Le Roi S'Amose*" was prepared for him. The censorship objected to a king being presented on the stage as Francis First is, in the original story, and demanded that Verdi get another libretto. This, he flatly refused to do. The managers of the theatre where it was to be produced, solved the problem by calling the King, the Duke of Mantua, and the opera, "*Rigoletto*." Verdi composed the music for this masterpiece in forty days, and it was produced in Venice on March 11th, 1851. Its success was simply enormous. The work was given in every opera house in Europe, with the same success that attended it in Venice.

There is a good story, apropos of this production of "*Rigoletto*," which illustrates the quickness of the Venetians in matters musical. When the roles were distributed, the tenor who sang the role of the Duke, found a blank in his part at the beginning of the Third Act. He inquired of Verdi what it meant. "Don't be in a hurry," replied the Maestro, "there is plenty of time." Every day it was the same story, until the day before the final rehearsal. Verdi then gave him the manuscript of the famous song "*La Donna E'Mobile*," but not before he had the whole company take a solemn

path not to sing or whistle a single note, before the performance. The secret was well kept, and at the performance the song made a great hit, and before the next night was whistled and sung by every street gamin in Venice.

"Rigoletto" is in many ways a landmark in the history of Verdi's development. Apart from the passion and beauty of the music, it marks an era in the history of Italian music, for in "Rigoletto" we find for the first time the aria displaced by the declamatory monologue. To realize the importance of this, it will be necessary to glance back at the development of Italian opera before the days of Verdi. During the period of which Handel is the most famous representative, an opera consisted practically of a series of arias, connected by a recitative by the harpsichord. After Handel's time, this was gradually replaced by recitative accompanied by the full orchestra, the invention which is generally attributed to Scarlatti. A further development of this and one which is of the greatest importance in the history of opera, is generally attributed to Gluck. It may be termed rythmical declamation, and is especially interesting as embodying the earliest attempt to use the orchestra as something more than a mere accompaniment to the voice. There is a good example of this in the Last Act of "Orfeo," just before the famous song "Che Faro." The orchestra here has a rythmical subject entirely independent of the voice,—the rythmical declamation, the foundation of all modern opera. It is the parent of Wagner's endless melody, and in our day has completely superseded the conventional airs and duets of the earlier school; but at the period from which "Rigoletto" dates, rythmical declamation, at any rate in Italy, had not reached a very highly developed state. It was the slave to four-bar rythm, which was apt to engender monotony in spite of the ingenuity which was often displayed in developing the rythm.

Opera, then, during Verdi's earlier periods, consisted of recitative, rythmical declamation, and at critical points in the drama airs,

duets and concerted pieces. In "Rigoletto" we find for the first time a solo which is too fully accompanied and too rythmical in structure to be recitative, too declamatory for an air and entirely free from the despotism of four-bar rythm. The solo in question is Rigoletto's great monologue in the second act. How far Verdi had advanced since the days of "Ernani" can be seen at a glance, by comparing Rigoletto's great monologue with that of Charles the Fifth in the earlier opera, but in many other ways Rigoletto is an advance upon its predecessors. In the treatment of the aria in this opera, Verdi shows a sublime indifference to tradition, the tradition of the cavatina and cabaletto, the slow movement in the first of the aria and the faster movement as the climax, which hitherto had been the almost invariable rule in the Italian opera. It is true that in "Rigoletto" the older form still survives. The Duke's air in the opening of this second act is faithful to the old convention, but is followed by Rigoletto's great scene with the courtiers, which is treated with the utmost freedom. Indeed, as far as concerns the treatment of the aria, we must look upon "Rigoletto" as a work of transition. As a matter of fact, Verdi did not break with the cavatina-cabaletto tradition until he wrote "Aida," twenty years after.

"Rigoletto" is an opera in three acts, with a text by Piave, adapted from Victor Hugo's drama, as before mentioned. The scene is laid in Mantua. The Duke is a youth whose debauchery knows no bounds, and no woman, be she maid or wife, is safe from his wicked machinations, which gain in dangerousness from his personal beauty and bravery. He is valuably aided and abetted in his campaign of vice by Rigoletto, the Court Buffoon. These wretches are at the beginning of the opera, counting among their latest successes the seduction of the wife of Count Ceprano and the daughter of Count Monterona. It is when the Duke is entertaining these two women that he sings his graceful aria in the first act. Both injured men swear vengeance, Count Monterona forcing an entrance into the presence of

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the Duke and demanding reparation for the dishonor brought upon his house. Rigoletto, the heartless jester, mimics the voice of his Master and scorns the old nobleman, who, for his expressions of indignation, is seized and conveyed to prison. He goes, but not before he has hurled at the hunchback a dreadful curse, which terribly frightens the creature, but does not deter him in his villainies. The courtiers, disgusted with Rigoletto's conduct, devise a clever punishment. They resolve to secure for the Duke, Gilda, whom they suppose to be Rigoletto's mistress, but who is in reality his daughter, and the "apple of his eye." He shields her so carefully from the world that her existence is barely known. However, the Duke, keen to discover a new beauty, has found her out and gained her love, pretending to be a poor student named Gaultier Malde. The Duke and his supporters make believe they are planning to abduct Ceprano's wife, and the unsuspecting Rigoletto assists in the plot to convey Gilda to the Duke's apartments. When

Rigoletto discovers that he has been duped, he is so enraged that he secures the services of Sparafucile, a hired assassin, and plans to have the Duke killed. The Duke is lured to the assassin's house by the beauty of Maddalena, who, of course, falls in love with him and pleads with her brother to spare his life. At first Sparafucile refuses, but finally compromises, by agreeing to kill, in his place, the first person who comes to the house. Gilda, disguised by her father in masculine attire, to aid in her escape to Verona, is first brought to the house to spy upon her lover's unfaithfulness and be cured of her infatuation. Overhearing the conversation in Sparafucile's house, and learning of the plot to kill the Duke, who is sleeping there, she rushes in to warn him, but as she opens the door she receives the assassin's dagger. Rigoletto, following her, has given to him by Sparafucile a body in a sack. He is about to cast it into the river, when he hears the Duke pass by singing. Hastily opening the sack, he is appalled to discover the body of his own daughter. She dies in his

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arms,—the curse of Monterona has been accomplished.

After writing "Rigoletto," the composer rested on his laurels for two years. Then "Il Trovatore" appeared at Rome in 1853. Its triumph was immediate and brilliant, and this opera also made an instant tour of the world. You all know the story of "Il Trovatore" too well for me to bore you with the plot. However, one or two very funny things come to my mind in thinking of this opera. Some years ago, when I was playing with the Aborn Company, now the Century Opera Company, of New York, I sang the Trovatore at the matinee performance with one of our best known contraltos singing the part of Azucena. Of course, it is unusual to sing two performances a day, and we had no idea of having to repeat at the evening performance, but, it is the rule in all opera organizations for every artist to report in case of illness of his or her alternate. Well, after the matinee, thinking, of course, that our work was over for the day, we went our different ways and had dinner. I am afraid the contralto dined a bit too well

and imbibed somewhat too freely of the cup that not only cheers but sometimes inebriates. When we reported to the theater at night we found that both the tenor and the contralto of the other cast were ill, and we both had to sing. Everything went swimmingly until the opening of the third act, but by this time her ladyship was getting sleepy. When we started our big duet, "Home to our Mountains," the contralto's voice left her completely. After the conductor had started three times, I

(To be Continued.)

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And every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day!

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From the Sanscrit.

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many other things. All admit of sensible use or abuse. Sensible use of them is the result of education; abuse of them is ignorance.

Simply taking away that which a person wants, even though his use of it be injurious, may hardly be called educational. And there be those who in this instance say such proceeding is by way of being unconstitutional. Be that as it may, one wonders if He who marks the sparrow's fall and numbers the very hairs of our heads, created grapes for no better purpose than to be "when put into the mouth a means to steal away the brain."

The dishonest man or woman, the hypocrite, the malicious tongued, all walk among us without outward physical signs. You may steal from widows and orphans and utter scandalous reports of those who are innocent, and your hair does not turn green nor your step become faltering because of these crimes, and your punishment begins when you are found out. You are branded by a blow from the strong arm of the law.

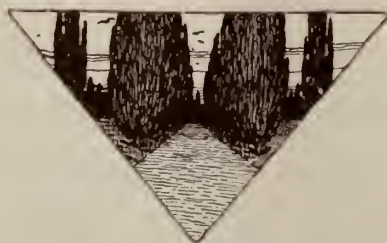
But the abuse of "good familiar creatures" is written in loathsome features, trembling

hands, disordered brain and thickened speech. He who runs may read. Perhaps the Almighty adopts this method of protection for that which He created—making abuse of it so apparent and so hideous.

It seems so childish, so helpless a way of solving the problem—indeed not solving it at all—this attempt to take from thousands of splendid, law abiding Californians, native and by adoption, a most enjoyable, wholesome product of California's own vineyards, and a useful one.

No one can contemplate the suffering brought about through slavery to drink without suffering in sympathy. But evil—ignorance—is closely associated at times with that which is good and its overcoming leaves therefore only the "good, familiar creature,"—not abused.

There are comparatively few unfortunate victims of this over indulgence who cannot be taught the pitiful error of their way. And it is believed that these are possessed of devils other than this craving.



"IN THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS"

By Belford Forrest.

¶ Once upon a time there was a Little Woman with a heart of pure gold who was all for the Big Things of life.

¶ Her thoughts were many, her words few.

¶ "Doing," she said, "is better than dreaming."

¶ So, when the Man came into her life she gave him her heart of gold and all that she had.

¶ The Angels must have wept.

¶ The Man was weak and mushy. But his tongue was smooth; what he said, went, because back of it was a big and horribly clever Brain; a Brain that could turn out Mush of a very high order—Such noble Mush, indeed, that the Little Woman, who was all for Big Things, fell for it right from the start.

¶ Her heart melted and she poured it out at her Lover's feet—a living stream of purest gold.

¶ He never even saw it.

¶ He was all for the little things—the color of her hair, the light in her eyes, the white wonder of her little body.

¶ So, she gave them, too; they seemed so little to give.

* * *

¶ The Man was an artist. His Brain invented wonderful pictures that his fingers were too lazy to paint.

¶ He told the Little Woman about them. She loved them all because they were big and beautiful, and his.

¶ He told her, too, that art is long and life expensive—they must be patient and wait. So she waited, and was quite, quite happy.

* * *

¶ Then her sister, who was younger and more beautiful than she, came home and the Little Woman was happier than ever before.

¶ She loved her sister; loved her better than any one in the world—until the Man came. Now that she had them both her cup of happiness was full to the brim and running over.

¶ In the studio of an afternoon, when the Man's arms were around her, she loved to talk of Sis.

¶ "Sis," the Little Woman would say, "is so young, so sweet, so beautiful, I want her to have the best of everything there is in life." It would break my heart if things went wrong with her."

¶ The Man agreed. His Big Brain was horribly interested in Sis.

¶ At night the Little Woman cuddled up close to Sis and whispered how wonderful the Man was, how utterly she loved him.

¶ Sis listened. The lights were out, so she smiled, and fell asleep dreaming of a Billy Boy way back across the desert, who would make two of the artist—and then some.

¶ Meanwhile the Big Brain was having the time of its life. It was far too busy to think of pictures. Without its aid, the lazy fingers daubed away at a portrait of a rich and vulgar person.

¶ "We must keep the pot a-boiling," condescendingly explained the artist.

¶ Unfortunately, the rich and vulgar person returned the portrait to the studio. With it came a note in which were many vulgar words—Stung, and Lemon, and Nix.

¶ The words pained the Man; but the picture grieved the Little Woman. It was bad. Not at all in accordance with the Ideals set forth in the Mush.

¶ The Little Woman was still all for Big Things. She told the Man so.

¶ He agreed with her. He, too was for Big Things. There should be no more portraits of vulgar persons, however rich they might be. He would paint a real picture that should be great and live.

¶ So the Little Woman was happy again.

¶ Day by day, she sat in the studio, reading while he worked.

¶ Sometimes she was content just to sit and watch him, with the lovelight in her eyes.

¶ Sometimes she looked at Sis who was altogether lovely.

¶ Where could there have been found another model as perfect as Sis!

Happy days! Sweet pearls of joy!

Strung each upon a silken thread,

Too fair, too frail to hold them.

* * *

¶ Happy days—before The Silence came—Silence terrible as the silence of death and far more cruel. The silence that if men were wise would never be broken—Slowly, relentlessly it came upon them.

¶ Because of it the Little Woman went less and less often to the studio.

¶ And finally the day came when she did not go at all.

¶ In her agony she turned to those Things that never alter nor fail, but endure forever, to the eternal hills reaching up always from the wide desert into the infinite blue of heaven.

¶ And here when she was quite alone with the Big Grim Things she threw herself on the warm sand and sobbed for that other Big, Big Thing that had gone into the Silence.

¶ The gaunt old hills looked down on her little body and wondered how so small a thing could bear so great pain.

¶ "She must not die," they whispered softly, one to the other, and from their rugged depths they sent her the eternal promise.

¶ For in the heart of the hills is the Strength that is His, and the Peace that passeth all understanding.

¶ And when it was evening and the sun went out over the desert, their old gray faces were all aglow with joy, for the Little Woman rose and turned homeward.

¶ But her step was slow and heavy.

¶ And in the place where her heart of gold had been there was a thing of stone.

Society

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Eileen Canfield, sister of Mrs. Caspar Whitney, and Alden Karl Martin.
Miss Kathryn Pendleton and Carroll Brayton Reynolds.
Miss Gladys Katherine McLachlan and Gardner Towne.
Miss Margaret Miller and Everett Edward Bennett.
Miss Anne Caswell and Jack Mellon.
Miss Mary Richardson and Dr. Lloyd Mills of New York.

WEDDINGS TO COME.

Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.
Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.
Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.
Miss Isabelle Lynds and Horace Thomson Major.
Miss May Rhodes to Richard W. Hanna.
Miss Olive Berryman to De Witt Brady.
Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.
Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.

Miss Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dr. John F. Curran.

Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.

Miss Gwinn and Robert Leroy Bower.

Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.

Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.

Miss Miriam Cook to Joseph Alexander Herron.

Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.

Miss Elizabeth Baker to Arthur Letts, Jr.

Miss Gladys Lindsay to Frank Splane.

Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.

Miss Margaret Virginia Greble and Alphonse Marie Lefebvre, Brittany.

Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.

Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.

Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.

Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.

Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.

Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.

Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.

Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.

Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.

Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.

Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.
Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.
Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.
Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.
Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.
Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.
Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.
Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.
Miss Irene McCulock, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Edward Swift.
Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.
Miss Eunice Seavers and Charles R. Welch.
Miss Olive Mae Horn to Frank Barrett Hanawalt, Jr.
Miss Gratia Guy to Arthur Kidderman Wilson.
Miss Mary Boone SoRelle to Samuel Albert Kendig.

WEDDINGS

Miss Echo Allen to Lieutenant Commander Harry N. Jensen.
Miss Roberta Mayer to George Pusch of Phoenix.
Miss Agnes Kremer to James W. Hellman.

CLUB DATES

November 24—Woman's City Club; Mrs. E. K. Foster, "Moving Picture Censorship."
November 24—California Chapter U. S. Daughters of 1812; luncheon Hotel Alexandria.
November 26—Ruskin Art Club; "The Spirit of the Renaissance," Mrs. F. B. Long; Miss Lulu Ruble.
November 28—Friday Morning Club; "The Humor of Jane Austen," Kate Upson Clark.
December 10—Friday Morning Club; "The Christ Child in Art," Dr. William Horace Day.

EVENTS TO COME

November 22—Miss Genevieve Moore, Miss Louise Holm and Miss Lillian Holm; Thanksgiving dance; Wednesday Morning Clubhouse; fifty invitations.
November 25—Mrs. Henry Van Bergen, South Union avenue; luncheon for Mesdames Durham and Crandall, to celebrate their return from Europe.
November 25—Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, Hobart boulevard; reception for Mrs. Terrance Emmett Ryan, Jr.
November 25—Mrs. James Henry Ballagh, Fifth avenue; Thanksgiving luncheon.
November 26—Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Hoover street; coming out reception for Miss Daphne Drake.

November 29—Mrs. Horace Edward Montague, Alhambra; Woman's Clubhouse; children's Colonial costume party; one hundred and seventy-five invitations.

December 3rd—Mrs. John Milner, West Adams street, and Mrs. David Edgar Llewellyn, South Figueroa street; tea at Ebell Club house.

December 5th—Woman's Orchestra; Temple Auditorium; Mme. Theresa Carreno, Pianist.

December 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, Andrews boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stanton; dance.

December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.

December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mrs. Woods Rayburn Woolwine and Miss Martha Woolwine who left for Tennessee one day this week, will remain away for about two months; Mrs. Woolwine will spend some time in the middle west before their return in January.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron, formerly of the Darby, have taken a house in West Twenty-eighth street where they will be at home this winter, having with them their daughter, Mrs. William H. Toaz, Lieutenant Toaz will remain in Los Angeles but a short while on his way to Portsmouth, New Jersey, where he will report for marine duty in connection with the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dunham, nee June Eskey, will spend the winter in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, accompanied by Mrs. Banning's father, Colonel George Smith, will go north about November 24th for a two weeks' stay in San Francisco and Berkeley, visiting Miss Eleanor Banning at the latter place, where she is attending the University.

DINNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Flint, Jr., Chester place; for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, West Twenty-third street; for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard.

General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Oxford avenue; for Lieutenant and Mrs. Randolph Talcott Zane, nee Barbara Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning; covers for twenty-five.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brent, Berkeley square; following Mrs. Brent's annual reception; for ladies assisting and their husbands; fifty guests; dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Arapahoe street; for General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski; fourteen guests.

Mrs. Louis R. Garrett, Eagle Rock; for her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Reeser.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Fowler, San Gabriel; for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Taylor.

PARTIES

Mrs. Herbert Parks Barton, South Ardmore avenue; informal reception.

Mrs. Thomas S. Duque, New Hampshire avenue; reception to present Miss Helen Duque; four hundred and fifty guests.

Invierno club; patronesses Mrs. Edwin J. Brent; Mrs. Stoddard Jess; Mrs. Willoughby Rodman; Mrs. George Rector; dance, Goldberg-Bosley's; first of three.

Mrs. E. J. Brent, Berkeley square; annual reception; four hundred guests; assisting; Mrs. H. H. Rose; Mrs. Cecil Frankel; Mrs. C. J. Lisk; Mrs. C. C. Loomis; Mrs. Ralph Hagan; Mrs. Frank Bryson; Mrs. George Bartlette; Mrs. Sarah Smith; Mrs. Charles L. MacLouth of New York City; Mrs. J. W. Thayer; Mrs. Thomas Wright; Mrs. Philip Zobelein; Mrs. John Cline; Mrs. Edward Zobelein; Mrs. Frank Jay; Mrs. Joseph Zemansky; Mrs. Frank Boswell; Mrs. A. M. Mathews; Mrs. Don Kellor; Mrs. Helen Barclay; Mrs. H. Wyatt; Mrs. William J. Varriel; Miss Florence Bartlette.

Amateur Players club; vaudeville and dance at home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, St. James Park.

Miss Arlie Beacon and Miss Nellie Beacon, Western avenue; forty-four guests; bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hale, Bond street; dance; for Miss Elizabeth Wright Johns of Kentucky.

Miss Myrtle Eldred, Fedora street; musical; for Miss Emily Clark.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. Carroll Allen, Orchard avenue; seven guests.

Mrs. Frederick Johnson, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson; bridge; twelve guests.

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 Mrs. Henry O'Melveny, Wilshire boulevard; for Miss Helen Duque.
 Mrs. Waller Chanslor; Berverly Hills Hotel; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson, mother of Mrs. Walter Perry Story; forty guests; bridge.
 Mrs. Walter Perry Story, New Hampshire street; for her mother, Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson of Portland; forty guests; bridge.
 Mrs. Jack Foster, West Twenty-eighth street; for Mrs. Harry Lombard; sixteen guests; bridge.
 Miss Florence Martin, Altadena; six guests.
 Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, West Adams street; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson; twenty-four guests.
 Miss Josephine Lacy, Wilshire boulevard; for Miss Katherine Flint and Miss May Rhodes; forty guests.
 Mrs. R. V. Day, St. James Park; eleven guests; bridge; first of a series.
 Mrs. Grove Ketchum; Mt. Washington Hotel; bridge; sixty guests.

TEAS

Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Chester place; for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard.
 Hotel Maryland; tea dance; first of Saturday afternoon series.
 Mrs. J. Gordon Lawrence, Westlake avenue; one hundred guests.

HOUSE GUESTS

Miss Grace Burnett of Colorado Springs; with Mrs. W. T. Webber, South Burlington avenue.
 Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank Robert Gross; with Dr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, parents of Mrs. Gross.
 Mrs. Burt C. Hubbell of New York; with her sister, Mrs. Julia Beach Welch, West First street.
 Mrs. Charles N. MacLouth of New York; with her daughter, Mrs. Alpha T. Easton, Oxford street.
 Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Smith of San Francisco; with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Goucher.
 Miss Elizabeth Wright Johns of Kentucky; with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hale, Bond street.

DEPARTURES

Mr. Charles William Kemmler, Jr., of New York, fiance of Miss Marguerite Drake; for the east.
 Miss Emmeline Childs; for New York.
 Mrs. O. C. Whittimore; for a trip north.

BACK IN TOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard; from a year abroad.
 Mrs. W. T. Webber, South Burlington avenue; from Colorado Springs.
 Mrs. Alpha T. Easton, Oxford street; from New York, where she was the guest of her sister, Madame M. Bruguire, stopping en route at Washington and Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Luton, Gramercy place; from motor trip to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning; from eastern trip of six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Chase, Hobart boulevard; from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradner W. Lee, from San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson Smith Hardin, Fifth avenue; from their ranch at Van Nuys.

Miss Anna Logan, Kingsley drive; from Berkeley.

LEFT BY THE STORK

A daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Leo V. Youngworth, Hobart boulevard.



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ABOUT PEOPLE

His latch key slips quietly into the front door lock. Click, and the door opened! The collie comes to greet his master. The how-do over, "King" wanders off to communicate the joy of his master's return to "Tembarron," his pearly white Angora chum.

They frolic and their master joins in the fun. The kiddies who had been playing soldier out in St. James Park romp in, alive with the news of the day. Daddy stands at attention. Their military honors at an end, he interrogates them as to the whereabouts of their mother.

Bobby with head held knowingly, imparts the following: "Muzzie dear, said 'tell Daddy muzzer gone to dance—don't wait for sup-per'—she put on pwettiest dwess, look such lovely muzzer! Daddy—ladies—dance—day now? Why—? Why—? Daddy?"

Perplexed the master of the house hesitates. Then it dawns on his awakening memory. Those new Te Dansant afternoons! He had forgotten to call. The day had been so trying!

Quickly he 'phones. The number is busy. Central tells him it has been the busiest wire all day.

Bobby is tugging at his coat sleeve, and little Alice is prattling in her baby way, bidding him come and play some more. Central interrupts, telling him his party is at the other end.

"Yes, dear—I was so rushed—could not get home to dress—and then—forgive me—I just forgot. Eight before you get home? Every one has moved their hour for dining to eight? Really that is most inconvenient! My dear, it is most inconsiderate. However, the kiddies and I will entertain each other. Go back—" and, grudgingly—"have a good time!"

And that is why a friend who came unexpectedly to call on this *pater familias* of St. James Park, found him dining in state with his children in their own especial room.

In confidences exchanged the next day he confessed that he had the time of his life. He wished the Te Dansant occurred every afternoon.

* * *

Has everyone taken as kindly to the change of dinner hour? That is the question. I have seen several men, usually good wholesome fellows, going about with a real grouch on. One I saw edging his way into the ladies' entrance of his club. I was interested—and as affairs necessitated my entering at the same door I saw him greet a tall statuesque blond who I am sorry to admit, I have no recollection of ever seeing before. His grouch changed instantly to a smile, and on my return from my errand both were seated chatting most amicably at a dining table. There were glasses and food

in front of them, and the lady must have made an exceedingly entertaining *bon mot*, for at that moment the gentleman was most hilarious in his remarks.

What would this most august *pater familias* have said had any of his young people chanced that way?

* * *

Have you heard how a recent bride who has started north with her young husband dreaded the parting from old ties? I am told that the day before her nuptials she informed her nearest and dearest friend she wished she might change her mind.

This fair young matron, as she must now be called, is quite accustomed to a military atmosphere and being away from home is no novelty to her. Why, then, this tearful leave taking? Mother Grundy in her whispers has hinted at a change of heart, but that is hardly possible, for this was a real love match!

Yet youth is oft beset with inclination inconsistent. Were it not better that less haste and more forethought be expended in the announcements of such vital matters?

* * *

Speaking of the military reminds me of a bit of gossip which recalled itself, coincident with an event of recent occurrence. Two hearts which henceforth shall beat as one are most concerned. A third person, the one to whom they owe their happiness, and shall I say, perhaps at the expense of his own despair, has been little heard of in this connection recently. Yet were it not for the fact of his very evident attention to the lady of this twain, the winner of her fair hand might never have known her.

While at Mare Island being royally entertained, the lady gathered about her many ardent suitors. This was a little more than a year ago. The above mentioned officer, for such was his station, was most severely smitten. He obtained leave of absence, and followed his charmer to our town. There he continued to dance attendance. Some time passed, she was most civil, and her friends and those near and dear invited him to their homes. Then his leave expired; he had not dared approach the subject nearest his heart. The lady was so cold.

Several months later his friend, the present bridegroom, obtained his leave, and informed his friend of a contemplated journey to this city. Thinking he might bring pleasant greetings on his return, he entrusted messages in a kindly letter of introduction. And the end, I am told, was love at first sight, the romantic result of which we have but recently witnessed.

Things matrimonial are rustling some these days to be sure. In one of the wind breaths which came announcing the storm, the following reached me. A tall, stately brunette of whom I told a secret several weeks ago, has had another change of heart.

It appears our New York engineer may soon have to sing an accompaniment to "*aus den augen aus den sin.*" The lady whom he thought to make his bride soon after the holiday season has changed her mind. "Home made products more to be desired," is her new maxim.

This time it is said to be a well known business man who prances gladly in the leading strings that Junoesque young woman so gracefully wields. He is well endowed with good looks and the great god Mammon has not overlooked him.

Besides this he is exceedingly fond of music, an art upon which the lady dotes. Indeed, her voice alone has sufficient charm to hold the most inconstant masculine.

Beatric de Lack-Krombach.

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A

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T

This idea, which we call the goddess of painting and of sculpture, descends upon the marble and the cloth, and becomes the original of those arts; and being measured by the compass of the intellect, is itself the measure of the performing hand; and being animated by the imagination infuses life into the image.

Gio Pietro Bellori (1664).

That hungry bump of your æsthetic self which has so long harbored a craving for art—real art, may at last be appeased, for it is a goodly array of delightful canvases, art objects and treasures from the four corners of the globe, that you may see assembled at our new city Art Gallery. Its most representative feature is this department of the Museum of History, Science and Art.

Much has been said concerning the opening of this new gallery; therefore I shall not din your ears with a repetition, but confine myself to a discussion of the canvases shown.

As hosts we must note first the charms and good points of our guests, twenty-seven canvases gathered in the east and sent by our own Gardner Symons.

These are for the most part excellent examples of modern expressions in artcraft. They speak to us in strong logic of the strides we must make to gain that standard of artistic development which helps so much toward a city's growth. We cannot lose sight of this fact.

May this loan exhibit, which affords us an unusual opportunity for observing, incite us to action and may we soon be the proud possessors of many such sterling canvases and other art objects. It is up to you, Mr. and Mrs. Everybody! Your interest, your support, are needed. Show genuine appreciation of this splendid building and exceptional gallery!

And right here it may be stated that sub-

scriptions are being gathered for the purchase of several of these canvases.

From the point of the value of art as an expression, I must extend first place to A. B. Davies' "Silvered Heights." This canvas, while painted on a small scale, has within the scope of its composition a rare sense of the finer elements. It is an allegory—a mood—an inspiration!

Mr. Davies has taken an artist's license to magnify the human form. His extreme lines lose for him the values he intended to convey. This is the interpretation I would give this canvas. The Queen of Celestial realms, surrounded by goddesses, is enjoying her early morning view of the world beneath. What she sees there appears contenting, for she and her maids disport themselves amid cloudish foam and verdant things. It is a pity, but true, that this fine conception with its beautiful technique and other good qualities has lost much through the too enlarged vision of the artist.

A close neighbor of this canvas is another unusual interpretation. To my mind it is less valuable. The artist has worked for impression, not expression. And he has gained his point, for a more exaggerated piece of fretwork I have rarely seen. Whether M. Pendergast, the painter of "The Bathers," is a poet-impressionist, cubist, or even a still more advanced exponent of the distorted modern arts, I am not in a position to say, for this is my

first view of his craftsmanship. Bathers in all conditions of dress and undress gambol about a rocky shore. Each figure is most individual in interpretation and beyond doubt all are well drawn. The cloud dotted background is also well laid in, especially so the gray mottlings in the farthest distances.

To quote the very good and ancient Bellori who captions this article, it "is itself the measure of the performing hand" which "infuses life into the image." Without such understanding could George Bellows have painted that delightful "The Circus"? He has caught the spirit of the ring, and though he has been a trifle impressionistic in the treatment of his pigments, we gladly forgive him. Another point in favor of this canvas is the fact that though his subject is of necessity most theatrical, Mr. Bellows has depicted it in a truly picturesque and poetic fashion. Its color sense is excellent despite the sharp contrasts in values.

Dwelling on the canvases of the more or less impressionistic school, next in value for the attention it has received is H. W. Ranger's "Noank Harbor." This artist has borrowed the palette of the immortal Turner and his imitation is most interesting. Yet to be absolutely fair and just I must also admit that there is much to commend of individuality in this man. This marine has the fishing smacks harbored close in port. Obscure schooners lie close in. The sea and sky are calm with the clouds and their light shadows. These latter illumine the water and make it more transparent. Indistinct landing posts are a note here and there.

Another of the same school is G. Beal's "The Mall." This composition is interesting for its broad, juicily handled colors. It hangs well together. However, a word of the construction of the figures. I cannot quite make out whether the artist depicts the men and women of to-

day or yesterday. If to-day the clothes are too loosely hung.

"May Day" and all its attendant glories are depicted in Daniel Garber's canvas by that name. This picture is most colorful in the quiet tonal way. Its one bit of sparkle is an obscure scarlet lily, a note of the nearly out of canvas line. In his spacious garden Mr. Garber has given us a wholesome composition, but where did he ever see so much sameness in the formation of foliage? Plant and trees convey the same line of drawing. Another garden scene is F. C. Frieseke's "Fox Gloves." Not nearly so pleasant is it to look upon, however. Its effect is too Japanese, then too his lady in the garden is of nondescript personality. The treatment of his pigments is also uneven.

Still another and one treated in a more individual manner than usual is W. L. Metcalf's "The Village." This artist works with embroidery brush strokes and a close view might lead one to believe it had been executed with a needle. Under a vibrating afternoon sky, a village with its houses most evidently in order, lies at piece. The fresh colors help greatly to emphasize this effect. One questions a little the drawing of the middle distance. It seems hardly possible that so many dwellings could find place in so limited a space.

One looks for the unusual in unusual people and when they send us inferior results we sigh and wonder. So did I feel when gazing on Childe Hassam's "Nude." What a disappointment when one recalls other work he has done. The depths of his moods were like the tireless sea; every wave of temperament brought forth a new gem. Yet here as his introduction to our humble Angeleno selves he sends this so badly drawn canvas. And not alone in that does its weakness lie; the composition also is poor and the colors have little value.

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I wish to speak of a canvas which has created unusual comment. And justly has this praise been accorded. C. W. Hawthorne's "Provincetown Fisherman" is one of the best canvases shown, when compared with the old school of painting. It has the same fine technique we see in the masterpieces of old. This man understands and interprets the character of the people he portrays. In this composition he has depicted a fisherman and his aids. In the modeling of the central figure is developed a splendid neck and shoulders and other characteristic touches. The blood besmeared hands are also well executed. In the handling is given the impression of pastel rather than oils, and in this effect lies the picture's chief charm.

When art becomes poetry we delight most in it. Such pleasure we have in H. D. Murphy's "The Music Boats." It is a harmonious bit from beginning to end. Frame and shadow box are hand wrought. Exquisite completeness attracts and you linger long before it. One feels the great need of owning such a picture for home association. Of the canvas itself, its perspective, color value of soft blue, and the moonlight atmosphere with its starry accompaniments worked in a most painterlike manner, I cannot say too much.

Speaking of picture framing, I desire to say a further word. Of the one hundred and eighty odd canvases shown at Exposition Park Museum only six have hand wrought and originally designed frames. Of these, two were on Helena Dunlap's pictures, one on Mr. Murphy's, one on that of Karl Yens and two on the fanciful color studies of Ralph Helm Johonot. It seems a pity that more attention is not given this most important feature.

Another picture poem and one with vital and subtle touches of understanding is F. W. Benson's "Sun and Shadow." The first impression one receives is that of the extreme high lights. Its shadows harmonize beautifully and radiate their influence even without the cloth. Two figures are posed at their afternoon pastimes, in careless abandon which is especially noted. Drawing and modeling are almost perfect. A bit of color atmosphere is introduced in the red wrap thrown aside. One criticism may be made, however. The arms of the young girl seem a trifle elongated. Perhaps the period of growing up calls for this development and I have overlooked the fact. If so, please bear with me. I do not claim to know

everything. This canvas is broadly treated, the colors are laid on in daubs with good effect. The splendid aerial perspective heightens the values of the soft tones.

Of like quality in technique to the above is "The Green Cage" of R. E. Miller. The unusual tone is difficult of conception and the artist shows in the handling of this color that he thoroughly understands its plane of value. This is another genuine sunlight picture. Outdoors this element makes the garden more beautiful. Indoors it enriches the vivid green cage, its chirping occupant, and the squatted figure before it. The modeling of this figure is good all but the shadows on the neck and draperies. Both these points are a trifle stiff, otherwise this canvas is most evenly painted.

The only portrait study sent was that of J. R. DeCamp. It is "Pink Feather," and is said to be his medal picture from the Chicago Art Institute. As a portrait this canvas must be an excellent likeness, for the artist has caught the spirit of his sitter. A dreamy smile half animates the lips. The pink feathered hat rests on a head most gracefully poised. The veiled face is splendidly modeled.

I had expected a better canvas from the brush of Cecelia Beaux than her "Fledgling." This woman can paint and has done so for many years and I have always been an admirer of her canvases. As a sketch this one has excellent qualities but it fails as a completed picture. It is a study in white. Woman, bird and background are enveloped in this soft, penetrating color. The pose of the woman, the forlorn bird and the expressive hands are the notes of interest.

Though a small canvas, Jerome Myers' "Pursuit of Pleasure" is a noticeable bit. It is an ordinary street scene, yet it radiates even the sombre colors in which it is painted. Also interesting is C. F. Ryder's "Autumn Morning." A cool day is the atmosphere one senses in this canvas. The winter's sun is spent. The bare trees introduce a splendid interpretative note. This picture is well painted and has somewhat of pastel tones in its color sense. A sturdy old veteran is the central note of Emil Carlson's "Old Sycamore." Its branches are tinted with autumnal tonings which make it most picturesque. This canvas except for the unfinished condition of the background shadows, is well executed.

Benjamin Foster has sent "A Landscape." The New England road is interestingly alive with moon shadows. It is a big, splendid canvas and it is painted in fine mellow style. Albert Groll is well represented by his large canvas, "Hopi Island Land." The vast expanse of sky vibrates a pleasant atmosphere and throws into insignificance objects in the foreground. W. L. Lathrop and C. H. Davis have sent canvases of little artistic value. The "Grand Canyon, Moonlight" of W. Richell is a sombre tone effect in greys and greens having much of the mystery of the evening lights. Its perspective is to be questioned, but it may be that, not knowing the scene, one is deceived.

No canvas in the exhibition is more alive in handling than "The Bridge" of Gardner Symons. This canvas is influenced by a frigid atmosphere and has much to commend it. The broad strokes are tellingly placed and the snow gives one the sense of compactness.

Of the three marine painters represented "The North Atlantic" of F. J. Waugh is by far the best. The canvas depicts a wonderful sea. Its turbulent waves rise crest upon crest. Those in the middle distance have the master's touch in them, but the stretches as they move toward the foreground lose in quality. However, this is a splendid canvas. His "Bailey's Island," not part of the eastern exhibit but loaned by Mr. Alexander Culver, is also a splendid marine. The weed run shore is outlined with foam mists of the sea and gives this canvas excellent atmosphere.

Next in quality of value is Paul Dougherty's "Base of the Cliff." This artist can paint cliffs as few can interpret them. Not alone as to modeling but also for his color values of the sandstone is he to be praised. J. F. Woodbury's "The Cove" is another fine canvas and depicts with truth this man's understanding of the sea and its surroundings.

Of other eastern artists whose pictures were not received with the collection of twenty-seven I wish also to say a word. Frank Brangwyn's "Market Place" loaned by Jean Mannheim is somewhat of the impressionistic school. It senses the characteristic touches of this mas-

ter hand. Its dark sombre colors harmonize and blend in contrast with the strong light spots so vigorously conceived. "Food and Water" by E. Roscoe Schroeder is the original from which an illustration was made for Scribner's Magazine. While this composition is good both as to color value and drawing, the modeling of the coyotes is to be questioned. Who ever saw such woolly ones?

So much for the visiting canvases. Go and see them. They are on view daily from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. with the exception of Wednesday and Sunday; Wednesday the hours are from 10 to noon and Sunday from 2 to 4 p. m. Next week I shall discuss the new canvases of our California artists.

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ANNA A. HILLS, PAINTER OF MARINES,
LANDSCAPES AND GENRE
SUBJECTS

Shades of the masters of the Barbizon School troop about us as we view the inspiring canvases of Anna A. Hills now on exhibition at the Kanst Gallery on South Spring street. Here are touches of Corot and Daubigny, there

Miss Hills paints them with the poetry of vision, thus making the real more fanciful and delightful. The tranquility of the moods in which she paints emphasizes the vigor, tone and brilliancy of her charm as an artist.



PRIMROSE VALLEY, CORNWALL, BY ANNA A. HILLS

one feels the influence of Rousseau and Diaz and again we come upon bits which Troyon or Dupre themselves might have executed. In her firmament stretches we note particularly the inspiration of John Constable, without whose potent influence that great school might never have existed.

Whether they be conceptions of the unending sea and its sandy armatures; the calm interiors of far away countries, or models for which nature has been the motionless model,

And how did this frail little woman come by all this knowledge? Genius is God given, but into execution man must himself put of the very finest. This Miss Hills has done. She has accomplished it over the road of hard, hard labor. Many a time, when her determination was at its height circumstances have combined to mar her plans, yet she permitted nothing to stand in the way of her ultimate goal. Let her tell her own story.

"I began seriously to draw when nine years of age. I then painted flowers and other objects wherever I came upon them. I remember the first great epoch of my life. It was the day when we removed from Ohio to Michigan. Living in the country had retarded to an extent my development along artistic lines. I now believed opportunity would come my way. And it did. My teacher at Sunday School, who might have been an artist, had she tried, gave me my first criticism. The dif-

"Rhoda Holmes Nichols followed as my instructor. On to the summer school of Arthur W. Dow, at Ipswich, Massachusetts, was my next step. Here the great dream I had been dreaming, and which had seemed so impossible, began to appear real. I met some people who were planning to go abroad, and just in an air castle sort of way, I began talking of what 'we were going to do.'

"I returned home, but was unable to accompany my friends when they sailed. After one



LAGUNA CLIFFS, BY ANNA A. HILLS

ficulty in this instance arose from my failure to manage the painting of some nasturtium stems so they would look real.

"The next great day was when I matriculated at Olivet College. There I learned the fundamentals of artistic expression and china painting. Next I had three months at the Art Institute in Chicago. During all this latter time I devoted my leisure to ceramic instruction. For the two years following this period I continued teaching and then went on to New York City; entered Cooper Union and won the bronze medal for water color studies the first year and Honorable Mention the second for general excellence.

and a half years of serious teaching however, this was possible. I joined them in Paris and began four years of the most serious sketching and studying, going to Holland, Brittany, England and France. For two of those I studied in England with J. Noble Barlow, the landscape painter, and it is to him I owe the greatest inspiration in my work.

"Two of the canvases painted under his criticism were hung in the Fine Arts Academy of Bristol. They were 'November Clouds,' painted at Nancegollan in Cornwall, and 'Frosty Morning,' a bit of Lamorna, also in Cornwall.

"A little later Jean Paul Laurens, the famous figure and mural painter instructor at the Julian Academy in Paris, guided me as did also Wilhelmena H. DeKoning, who at one time was a noted teacher of aquarelle, at the famous Colarossi School in Paris. She now lives at Rysoord, Holland, and is well known for her splendid landscapes."

I interposed a question. "Why did you so much wish to go abroad and study?" Here is Miss Hills reply. "In so doing I took myself away from all distracting influences and the social demands one of necessity feels when at home. One loses oneself in the art atmosphere which everywhere abounds. The many art galleries are rich storehouses upon which one may constantly draw for inspiration and knowledge."

"Then, too, the very change in the scenery, the queer little streets, the people in strange costumes—all give impulse to paint early and late—and in fact all the time. They give also a broader outlook on life and ideals result which much ever influence one's work."

A little over a year ago Miss Hills came to Los Angeles. She said friendship drew her here, but when she found the wonderful colorings of California and its extreme individual touches so far beyond that of other countries she decided to remain here and is planning to build her studio at Laguna Beach.

In her exhibition which remains open until the end of the month Miss Hills is showing marines from this beach, picturesque bits of San Gabriel, Pasadena, also Holland and Brittany. My favorite in this collection is "Mists." This study of Laguna Beach on a gray misty morning has the inspiration of a master hand back of it. It is in her marines that Miss Hills shows best the spontaneity of her brush. Though monotonous in effect there is depth and clarity in the colors of this canvas, which heighten their value. The vibrating sky, the calm of the misty sea with its tender swells, spell serenity and joy. This one feels intensely when viewing this canvas.

Our illustration "Laguna Cliffs" is another sterling shore marine. Again a foggy morning was the inspiration. The sun's glow is breaking through the mists. The sea is calm, the tide low. The sandcliffs are overrun with wild hawthorne shrubs. These form a con-

trasting note against the colorful blue of the sea and its foam crested waves, painted in an intense mood. "Incoming Tide" and "Cliff Path," the latter a cool day atmosphere, with wind effects in the vibrating colors, are other studies of the same beach.

Next in importance of her local canvases is "Reflections, Eastlake Park." A brown hill, covered with mustard just turning, and here and there a spread of dead grass, banks the pond back of Eastlake Park. The direct treatment of the colors forms delightful contrast in the values of the shadows cast on the surface of the pond. In these lights the blues and grays mingle charmingly and add depth to the quality of the water. Another note is the complete tone contrast of the brook willows against the dark green eucalypti, the magic of whose foliage Miss Hills has learned so well to paint.

Catalina, Miss Hills has covered with success. Her "Rocks, Catalina," a transparent mosaic effect vibrating all the glories of a hot, sunny day, is a delight. Miss Hills says "The sun simply cooked you." You feel this element

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in the atmosphere she has painted into this canvas. Another showing the road leading to Banning's Beach has like characteristic touches though painted in a lower key. Most of these canvases were completed out of doors. Miss Hills delights to work in the open, hence her splendid understanding of nature and its changeableness.

In the composition of her earlier work, painted while abroad, Miss Hills shows the influence of the old world, but in her landscapes chosen hereabouts there is more originality of expression. These conceptions show a fine eye for the planes of value in constructive arrangements. Of these latter mentioned canvases "Drifting Clouds," "July Sunshine" and "Wind Bent Olives" are interesting.

True in feeling are all of Miss Hills' pictures painted while abroad. As I have said, they sense a fine understanding of the technique which has made old world masters famous. "Primrose Valley, Cornwall," our other representation, is an excellent example. The bare elm branches are wreathed in a filmy dress of ivy. Thirty varieties of this plant grow in Cornwall and help to beautify the woods. Their brilliant, shiny green leaves are much like the poplars; the elms stand perched on an old rolling meadow and reflect shadow lights in the pond of the foreground. There is depth of quality in the painting of this bit

of water. "Frosty Morning" almost the same spot painted several days later when the first frost had blanketed the greensward, is my favorite of the two. This Cornish Valley bit is illuminated with a misty sky through which break innumerable lights, which cast their shadows on blackberry bramble and shrubbery, and make the frost glisten. A pool, a remnant of the storm, is a note of the foreground and it too senses the strength of this young artist.

One canvas which I trust Miss Hills will one day paint on a larger scale is her "Wind Bent Trees, Cornwall." This picture is one of her most characteristic developments. The color contrasts of the fresh green grass carpet, and the soft gray green of the olive branches, bent to the melody of swaying winds, are skillfully handled, and show extreme understanding of the quality of air elements. As to other pictures there are several from Bruges, a number from Laen, Holland, the place Antone Mauve delighted to paint in, in fact Miss Hills has reproduced some of his favorite haunts, and numberless studies of scenes in Cornwall. Miss Hills has employed both oils and water colors in the development of these pictures. Go and see these very splendid canvases. Many of them will make fine home collection pieces.

Jon de Lack.



There is a Pauline platitude to the effect that on arriving at man's estate we should put away childish things. Stephen Szymanowski might have used it as the prelude to his remarkable book, "The Evolution of a Theologian."

This new work by a local writer, author also of "The Searchers," is a brilliant analysis of the intellectual process by which a man, an anglican priest wedded to orthodoxy, reaches the conviction that he has been "suckled on a creed outworn," and, that the church, with her

age-old dogmas and pagan pageantry, is a plaything that the world has outgrown.

It is not a dramatic story, it is not even emotional. In the opening chapter we find the Reverend William Stuart, D. D., in the library of his Episcopal Rectory on Flower street, Los Angeles. Other characters, other scenes are introduced, but they are wholly subsidiary. The shoemaker, for once, has stuck to his last. True to its title, the book concerns itself only with Dr. Stuart's evolution as a Theologian.

From his youth up the Rector had accepted



STEPHEN K. SZYMANOWSKI
Author of "The Evolution of a Theologian."

the Bible as the express revelation of the mind of God—the Truth that is absolute. In this cheerful faith he might have ended his days had his bookshelves held only the conventional Theological library. From somewhere had come a copy of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" with its clarion cry, "There is nothing absolute—all is conditional." The Doctor read the words and rejected them instantly; re-read them and pondered deeply; meditated upon

them and plunged headlong into an intellectual chaos. Quite an orthodox proceeding since chaos is the biblical beginning of all things. Tolstoy's denial of the absolute was a challenge to review the rock whence he had been hewn—to test the whole fabric of his faith from its very foundations. Unflinchingly the Rector accepted the challenge. But the mental habits of a lifetime cannot be changed in a day. A mind attuned to the intellectual attitude of the Fathers has a rough road to travel ere it finds itself in harmony with Tolstoy. How Dr. Stuart solved the problems that confronted him on the journey, Mr. Szymanowski has told us with a minuteness that should be of infinite value to all who must travel the same road.

"The Evolution of a Theologian" is a veritable mine of philosophy. It is written with the distinction that is the hall-mark of the scholar.

The Evolution of a Theologian, Sherman French and Company, Boston.

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What the People's audiences need is music they *can* appreciate. It is this need of popular music that the People's Orchestra can supply and thereby justify its existence.

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THE GRAND OPERA SEASON

The performance of *Madame Butterfly* on Monday evening at the Auditorium, by the

Western Grand Opera Company will inaugurate the most remarkable season of grand opera in the history of Los Angeles.

The enthusiasm aroused by the visit of the Chicago Grand Opera company last season did not escape Manager Behymer. With characteristic courage and enterprise he has secured for us this year a series of operatic feasts that would delight the jaded musical taste of a metropolitan.

The Western Metropolitan company marks a new departure in operatic efficiency. The principals have been brought from the four corners of the earth and will contribute that exotic flavor peculiar to grand opera, but the chorus is recruited from our western shores. This is cheerful news. In the past the chorus has frequently been an infliction that could not be avoided if we were to have opera at all. With an efficient chorus it is not difficult to predict the success of this western organization. The principals come to us with the highest credentials. Ruggiero Leoncavallo, well known as the composer of one of the most successful modern operas, "*I Pagliacci*," is to direct his own works and those of Verdi. The repertoire of this company is extensive.

Not the least interesting feature of the announcement is the promise of two Wagnerian productions, "*Thannhauser*" and "*Lohengrin*."

Manager Behymer has given the music lovers of Los Angeles an opportunity which should meet with a hearty response. And his enterprise merits the support of every public spirited citizen whether or not he be a lover of grand opera.

Belford Forrest.

PSALMODY AND FOLK MUSIC IN
AMERICA

BY NANNIE CLAYTON

(Read before the Harmonia Club, Los Angeles.)

"Musical culture of America is today a tree of native growth."

Our thoughts go back to the landing of the Puritans on that bare New England coast. The eternal question, Why, confronts us; then, Whence? Whither? History tells us from homes of the days that were not "filled with music," when even in the churches were found organs destroyed, choirs and musicians driven out, the government in the hands of those who looked upon music and art as "traps set by the evil one to ensnare the souls of men."

The scene changes. A strange land, a hostile people, to be subdued or won. Old ocean chants a requiem or thunders peans of victory, as time and tide decree. The Stars sing together in their courses. The Puritans, with eyes blinded by the dire necessities of the days, heard not the music. With heated arguments and doubtless many prayers for guidance, they finally reached the conclusion that the singing of Psalms was a divine institution. Secular music of every description was interdicted as a menace to the salvation of souls.

The singing of Psalms was the outgrowth of religious, rather than art, impulses. Prejudice against instrumental music drove all musical instruments out of use. Singing of Psalms in unison and unaccompanied, was permitted as an act of worship.

John Cotton said, "We also grant that any private Christian who hath a gift to frame a spiritual song, may both frame it and sing it privately for his own comfort, and for remembrance of some special benefit or deliverance. Nor do we forbid the use of an instrument there withal, so that the attention to the instrument does not divert the heart from attention to the song."

The Pilgrims were more liberal in their ideas. Their continental residence had given them greater breadth and culture. With them came many skilled musicians, making melody in their hearts and homes and singing praises in their churches. The death of those skilled, the absence of teachers and musical books,

and the daily struggle for existence brought them to as great musical barrenness as the Puritans. Up to the time of the publication of the "Bay Psalm Book," 1640, (which was the second work printed in British America), very few tunes were used, about five being in common use. All Psalms were set to these tunes, and it was urged that the same tune be used with the same words continuously, as this "greatly simplified the learning of them by the congregation." All songs were lined by the leader, who was a most important personage in the congregation. This custom seems to have been a necessary evil with the dearth of books.

Even at this crude state certain tunes were recognized as having distinct coloring. "Consolatory Psalms" were set to "Oxford," "Litchfield" or "Low Dutch." Confessions and funerals, "York Windsor" or "Cambridge;" Psalms of Praise, "St. Davids" or "Martyrs." This was strongly advised. With no instrument to serve as guide to time or pitch, one's imagination can readily supply the picture time does not permit me to paint.

The "Bay Psalm Book" was slow in winning favor outside of Boston and in a few other churches in New England. Yet in the next eighty years it passed through about thirty editions. Complaints were made that too much time was taken up in learning new tunes; then, too, they were hard to learn. How often have the wheels of progress dragged because of new and hard obstacles. Ignorance and laziness then, as now, dragged fingers and voices—as well as souls downward.

In the early part of the 18th century there was a perceptible growth of dissatisfaction with musical conditions. Arguments hot and bitter were indulged in. More tunes, better tunes, no lining of lines, leaders trained to assist by sitting together in the front seats and assisting in the singing, were the chief demands.

"At this time great achievements were being made in Europe. Opera in Italy, in Germany, Haydn and Mozart were building upon the foundations of Bach and Handel." America had no foundations upon which to build. The day of the telegraph, cable and telephone was in the future. She was carving out her own future, through barren soil and rough rocks, making stepping stones of her failures for reaching greater heights.

The earliest specimen extant of words with music appended was printed in Boston in 1698. "It was without bars, save to divide the lines, and under each note was the initial of the syllable of the tune to be used." In 1742 the first American organ was built by Edward Bronfield of Boston. A few organs were in use, having been brought from England. In 1761 "Urania," a Collection of Psalm Tunes and Anthems," in two, three and four parts, for use in churches and private families," by James Lyon, A. B., of Philadelphia, was published. (We catch a glimpse of the growth of music in the home.)

In 1753, one hundred and twenty-one years after the first publication of the "Bay Psalm Book," Mr. Luckey, a New York schoolmaster, taught singing to the pupils of his district. He was paid \$75 for the music at the opening of St. Paul's church. Many were adding their little to the growth of Psalmody. One of the most conspicuous of these was William Billings, a tanner, who wrote many of his tunes on the hides of the tannery with chalk. The preface to his first work contains these words: "I have read several authors on rules and composition and the strictest make some exceptions. In a fugue, for instance, dry study is required, and art very requisite; but even there, art is subservient to genius, for fancy goes first and strikes out the work roughly and art comes after and polishes it over. So I think it is best for every composer to be his own learner." In the preface to a later work he says: "Many of my tunes were not worth the printing, nor the people learning. He had learned to some purpose at least, whoever his teacher.

The Revolutionary war brought with it a hatred of things English, tunes with the rest. Liberty was the cry. The pent-up emotions of the people burst forth in patriotic song. Some authorities claim that now American Folk-song was born. I believe the first American

folk-song was that of the Indians, depicting bravery and valor in the hunt, victories in war, or the mournful chant of defeat and death. Like the negro folk-song, they can not be transplanted without an indescribable loss. Harmonizing and accompanying them with our modern instruments, their real flavor is impaired and sometimes destroyed.

It is said of their songs: "The tremolo is an important feature used to convey intensity of feeling, and coupled with an imitation rich in imagery of thought and objects, gives that peculiar rhythm so often misleading as to notation and time." This same thing is also found in negro folk-songs—perhaps in lesser degree. "Chariot" in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," is a familiar example. Most of their songs, words and music were made up as they sang, and handed down to those who "had not the gift to frame a song," and who were more apt to be religious than secular. "Nobody Knows but Jesus, What Troubles I've Had," "Oh, My Lord," "Weeping Mary," and countless others with which you are familiar, at least by names. They were also "their own learners."

The Creole folk-songs are as different from the real negro song as the French ancestry differs from the African. The men who wrote in imitation of these songs contributed largely to our folk-songs. Stephen Foster is perhaps the best known. "Old Susannah" was written when he was just a boy. 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' "Old Folks at Home," "Nelly Bly," "Nelly Was a Lady" and many more come crowding in your memory. We are just beginning to realize there is a wealth of song among the mountain folk, less emotional than the negro songs, as the mountaineers are more reserved and repressed in their thoughts and life.

Some writers class "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and similar songs as folk-songs. In the future some digger after truth may class our Rag as folk-song. As an indication of life, they will surely say "If such there be, the flight of song was downward. As long as life is lived in simple joy—or in suppressed tragedy — souls shall reveal their real selves in song; their loves and hates; joys and sorrows. Comedies and tragedies will be told in meter and rhythm, in major and minor strains as they reflect the lights and shadows of human experience.

Somewhere Folk-song shall abide.



*And he that can rear up a pig in his house
Hath cheaper his bacon and sweeter his souse.*

TUSSER.

NUT BREAD

Mrs. J. H. Barbour

- 1 egg
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 level teaspoon salt
 - 4 cups white flour
 - 4 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1 heaping cup English walnuts chopped fine
- Bake by a slow fire for one hour.

BAKED BANANAS

Mrs. J. H. Barbour

Split bananas, unpeeled, lengthwise. On the sections place pieces of butter, sprinkle with sugar, juice of one lemon and four table-spoons cold water.

Bake in a very hot oven for twenty minutes and serve at once.

MOLASSES CAKE

Mrs. Albert L. Stetson

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 eggs
- 3 scant cups flour, sifted

Dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in molasses and 1 in the sour milk. Add spices if you like, cinnamon and nutmeg, also raisins. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

CAMP RECIPES

SPANISH RICE


Charles Farwell Edson

Fry $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice in olive oil until brown; add 1 can of stewed, strained tomatoes; season with salt, pepper and garlic. Cook until thick and serve hot.

POTATO MUSH

Charles Farwell Edson

Slice half a dozen raw potatoes and cook in a little oil with enough water to cover until they become a thick paste; season with salt and pepper. Add sufficient oil and fry, turning frequently until thoroughly brown. Season with salt and pepper.



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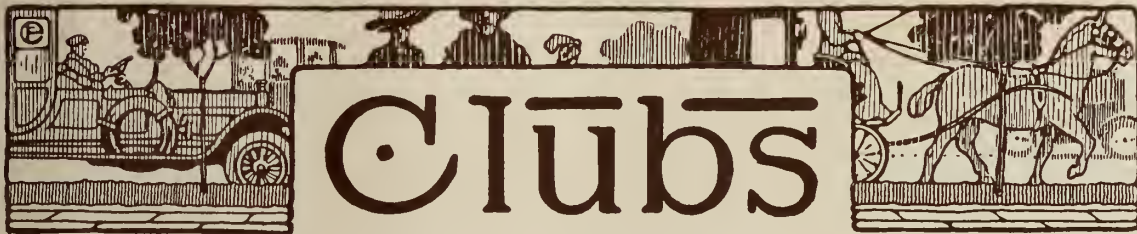
- 1 dozen tortillas
- 1/4 pound large red sweet peppers
- 1 pound fat pork
- 1/2 pound soft Mexican cheese
- 1 large onion
- 1 clove of garlic

Remove seeds and fibres from peppers, wash well and grind with garlic. Put into frying

pan with sufficient hot lard, adding a little water.

Fry the tortillas in another pan in which lard has become very hot. Dip them one by one in the pepper sauce and roll filled with the chopped pork, onions and cheese. Pour over them the remainder of the pepper sauce and chopped ingredients.

The pork must be cut into small pieces, salted and well fried.



GUISEPPI VERDI

BY ROLAND PAUL

(Delivered at the Ebell Club, Los Angeles, October 20, 1913)

(CONTINUED)

umped in and sang both the contralto and tenor parts, the lines alternating in this duet. At the close of the act, instead of dropping in a supposedly semi-conscious condition, she addressed the audience in a most confidential manner, saying, "Now, wasn't that rotten?" The howl that went up from that audience can more easily be imagined than described, and needless to say the opera finished at that point.

It was only some five weeks later when "La Traviata" was produced at Venice. This opera, however, fell flat, and was another failure. Verdi, who rated this work very highly, was in despair. The fault was not with the score, however, but with the singers, especially with the prima donna who sang and acted Violetta. She was an enormously fat woman, and when the Doctor, in the third act, announced that she, as the heroine, was maciated with consumption, and had only a few hours to live, the audience simply howled and rocked with laughter. This damned the opera for Venice. Nevertheless, elsewhere it

received a better fate and met with an enthusiastic reception. You all, of course, know that "La Traviata" is founded on Dumas' "Camille," and, of course, you all know the story of the opera. These three operas, "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," may be pronounced the best, as well as the last of the Italian opera school, as developed along the lines of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti.

Verdi's next work was "Les Vespres Siciliennes," written for the Paris Grand Opera, and given there for the first time in 1855. It is a brilliant work, but made no advance on its predecessors from the same source. Then came "Simon Boccanegra," for Venice, produced in 1857. It was an irretrievable failure. This was followed by "Un Ballo Maschera," brought out in Rome in 1859. There was again trouble with the police, who objected to the original title, "Gustavo Third," a monarch, who was assassinated. The text was also deemed objectionable, and the composer was commanded to use other words for his music. Verdi indignantly refused, and the manager

of San Carlo at Naples, for whom the work was written, brought an action against Verdi for damages, to the extent of two hundred thousand francs. This affair almost excited a revolution in Naples. The populace assembled outside of Verdi's house and cheered him, shouting "Viva Verdi." However, the title was changed, a "Governor of Boston" replaced the "Gustavo Third," and the opera was one of Verdi's most popular successes, and is still given a great deal in the big opera houses of Europe, the tenor part being one of Bonci's most favored roles.

Verdi's next opera was produced for St. Petersburg, and was "La Forza del Destino." It had only a mild success. Then succeeded "Don Carlos," produced March 11th, 1867, and enthusiastically received, but which added little to Verdi's fame. He was now fifty-four years old, and had produced twenty-six operas. His fame was world-wide, and he was the greatest living Italian composer. Wealth and honor had followed glory, and the son of the poor Inkeeper of Roncole, was now one whom his native land was proud to honor.

In the meantime, Verdi was elected a foreign member of the Academy of Beaux Arts in Paris, to take the place vacated by the death of Meyerbeer. He was also elected to the first legislative assembly from the District of Busseto. He became a member of the Italian Parliament, but at the end of two or three years sent in his resignation. This, however, did not prevent King Victor Immanuel from making him a Senator in 1865. The honors that were showered on him did not turn his head, and he was never more pleased than when he was with his friends, forgetting titles and being addressed as Signor Verdi, or Maestro.

In 1862 he composed a cantata expressly for the inauguration of the World's Fair in London. Four great musicians had been called upon to represent their countries, musically, at this exposition. They were Auber of France, Meyerbeer for Germany, Verdi for Italy and Sterndale Bennett for England.

After "Don Carlos," Verdi did not produce a new opera for four years, and then appeared "Aida." The history of the genesis of "Aida" is a curious one. It was written in response to a special request from the Khedive of Egypt, who wished to enhance the glory of his theater by producing an opera dealing with an Egyptian subject. The question of terms was very soon settled, for Verdi at once fell in love with

the idea of an Egyptian opera, with its magnificent opportunities for local color and novel dramatic effects. "Aida" is founded upon an incident in Egyptian history, and the original scheme of the plot is due to Marriette Bey, the distinguished French Egyptologist. It was translated into Italian verse by Ghislanzoni. As a matter of fact, Verdi's share in the construction of the libretto was, by no means, an insignificant one. The idea of the last scene, with its two stages, one above the other, was entirely due to him. When the score was finished, Verdi received a very pressing invitation to go to Cairo and produce his own work, but he had a holy terror of the sea, and refused to leave Italy.

The production of "Aida" was delayed by many unforeseen circumstances. All the scenery and costumes had been designed in Paris, but owing to the siege, though finished and packed ready for shipment, had to wait until the capitulation released them, so "Aida" was not produced until 1871. The opera house in Cairo was crowded by one of the most distinguished audiences ever packed between four walls. Side by side with journalists from Paris and Milan and all the cities of Europe, sat Arabians, Turks, Greeks, English pleasureseekers, etc. The Khedive honored the performance with his presence, and three boxes on the second tier, thickly veiled in white muslin, contained the ladies of his Harem.

In "Aida" Verdi had the advantage of one of the best libretti ever written. The magnificent use he made of it, all the world knows. At first the general opinion was that he had come under the influence of Wagner. However, in the early Seventies, everything that was not a mere string of couplets and cavatinas, was put down as Wagnerian. To men, who knew, however, Verdi's new style, was only the logical development of what had gone before. The subject of "Aida," so remote from the ordinary operatic groove, no doubt tempted him to a fresher and more vivid realism, and the possibilities of Egyptian local color must have opened a new world to so consummate a master of orchestration. The path of musical progress is strewn with the corpses of Oriental operas, but where all the world had failed, Verdi scored his most brilliant success.

The Temple scene in the first act of "Aida" is, perhaps, the finest example of local color judiciously applied, that the history of opera has ever known. Another noble scene is the

judgment of Rhadames in the last act. The third act shows the lyrical side of Verdi's genius in its most voluptuous aspect.

The scene of "Aida" is laid in Memphis, in the time of the Pharaohs. Aida is the daughter of Amonasro of Ethiopia, who has risen unsuccessfully against Pharaoh. This young girl is taken captive by the Egyptians and is given as a slave to Pharaoh's daughter, Amneris. Rhadames, a young general, is loved by Amneris. The High Priest Ramphis announces the approach of the Ethiopians against Pharaoh and hints that already a General has been chosen to march against them. Rhadames, in the wonderful aria "Celeste Aida," and the recitative preceding it, displays his ambition to become the leader, which he afterwards does. (This aria is considered one of the finest that has ever been written for the tenor voice, but is the "bete noir" of all opera tenors, because it comes at the very first of the opera and has to be sung while the dear public is strolling in and falling into their seats, and removing wraps and hatpins with as much noise as possible.) Rhadames returns in triumph with King Amonasro of Ethiopia, disguised as an officer, chained to his chariot wheels. It may be added that Rhadames is ignorant of the fact that Aida is the daughter of Amonasro. Amneris is suspicious that there is an attachment between Rhadames and Aida, so during his absence she has announced in Aida's presence that Rhadames has fallen in battle, and the girl's misery gives ample evidence of the love existing between them. Pharaoh was so pleased with the military prowess of Rhadames that he plans to recompense him with the hand of his royal daughter. Naturally, the joy of Rhadames is not over great. In the meantime, Aida, fearing for the fate of her father, whose identity to the Egyptians is unknown, pleads that the captives may be released. Rhadames adds his prayers to hers, so Pharaoh pardons all save Amonasro, whom he retains at the palace, and thus father and daughter are brought into communication. At Amonasro's suggestion, Aida begs from her lover the military plans which shall lead to the recovery of the Ethiopian Kingdom. The lovers have a secret meeting near the Temple of Isis, and Rhadames yields the plans and consents to fly from Egypt with the captive King and his daughter. The interview is over-

heard, however, by Amneris and the High Priest, and Rhadames is denounced as a traitor. Aida and her father escape, but Rhadames is tried and sentenced to be buried alive. He is, however, offered the hand of Amneris as an alternative, but refuses to accept it. When he descends into the vault, he finds Aida waiting to share his death. The priests seal the tomb with a rock, while Amneris kneels in prayer above their living sepulchre, her jealousy proving stronger than her anguish, even at the last.

In 1868, after the death of Rossini, Verdi had conceived the idea of honoring the memory of the great composer by a "Requiem Mass," which should be written in concert by the leading musicians of Italy. The text of the mass was divided into thirteen portions, which were distributed among thirteen composers. Verdi reserved the last movement, the "Libera Me," for himself. The thirteen Maestri all came up to time with their movements, but the result was such an indescribable "hotchpotch" that the idea of performing the Requiem was at once felt to be out of the question.

Some years afterwards Manzoni, the famous poet and novelist, a great friend of Verdi's, died at Milan. Verdi at once offered to compose a Requiem which should be performed in one of the churches of Milan on the anniversary of the great poet's death. This is the Mass that was performed at the Auditorium in Los Angeles on October 12th last, and repeated again on the 19th. One week after its first performance in Milan it was produced at the Opera Comique in Paris. Here, too, as in Milan, its success was something prodigious, and since then it has been repeatedly performed in every quarter of the globe.

After writing this Requiem, Verdi retired to his property at Santa Agata, and there, for many years, lived the quiet life of an ordinary country gentleman. It seemed as though music had been finally banished from his thoughts, and as time went on, the world thought his career as a composer had closed once and for all. In 1865 he had written to a friend, "At Santa Agata we never make music, nor talk about it, and you will run the risk of finding a piano, not only out of tune, but without strings."

(To be Continued.)

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FASHION, AFTER A FASHION

BY J. WALDRON BARNES

May a mere man attempt to understand the mode feminine? A male person, of the East eastern, on satire bent, without malice or prejudice, defies your pretty frowns, ladies! Hear me out, fair ones—I would swing from the ordinary lightly and pleasantly.

To begin, abruptly, the consideration of a much meted issue, it seems the trend of the times, or the habit of the day, as it were, is to discover in the "Modes" a pornographic pulchritude, at least on the part of those who do not easily or naturally assimilate them, be they "Worth" or worthless.

Verily, "Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice do *not* steal in and out." But, I say now, why should they, that is if they are regular feet? Heaven alone knows, dear ones, Heaven alone knows why, but Deacon Darnation and Aunt Betsy Barebones "callate" 'tis immodest for woman to allow man to be aware of the anatomy divine! Not even by way of birds-eye view! Ergo; prejudice against light clothing, and an hermetically sealed effect.

Diaphanous drapery, a well-aired ankle, the holey, holey, holey shirtwaist, how soul destroying! I vow, if Church kept seven days a week, there would perhaps not be the numberless curious Christians—God save the mark!—at large; that corn-fed purity squad who never fail to risk a pious eye in peeping. And 'tis usually the Peeping Toms who throw the mud.

Oh, ye supermodest graduates of the Prairies, ye senile sightseers! take notice on the next damp day; 'tis she with the largest pedals who is most chastely modest in stepping from the curb!

I hold no brief for Style a la Speedway, but oh, would that we might adopt a sane, twentieth century view of the situation sartorial

as it exists on the Best Boulevard. For, honestly now, is it a sensible Respectability that so decries this really desirable revulsion from a long-enough conventional profusion of skirts, this evolved discardment of a "Torrid Zone" of whalebone, belts, steels and bands? And, alas, 'tis yet a far cry from the "Glory that was Greece"!

For all that, frail woman hasn't found what freedom of movement really is, even at most undressed moment of Fashion's fleeting hour. Even in most up-to-date disarrangement, how many women of marriageable age are entirely unaffected by Custom's sop to modesty, conventional dress? The "Pure Nude Law" indeed doth develop a multitude of sinful surmising, tho very useful in covering divers physical shortcomings!

Oh, well, Stephanie, everything is good or bad, according to the number of votes it gains. But, 'tis lamentable that economic conditions are not such that Mrs. Judy O'Grady and Milady could alike familiarize themselves with what is best and most appropriate in clothes. 'Twould tend to relieve this vicious vale of much of its drabness. For I hold that much that is primitive in custom and thought would be materially affected, and immeasurably higher standards of living ensue, if the Age would but produce a Shakespeare of Fashion!

A fairly wide observation of "Life as it is did" has convinced me that little thought is expended on the Psychology of Dress.

"What," spouteth the Proletariat, "is a mere covering of the body of sufficient moment to demand serious study?"

"I never saw a dwelling too fine to house the human head," answereth old Doctor Holmes. May we not extend the latter idea, or adapt it, to housing the human form divine in superior garb? Who can give a regular

reason why the person should not receive the greatest of care and thought in its arrayal?

If we would but consider our dressmakers as being literally the Architects of Apparel, the feminine world might get together in somewhat standardizing dress.

Surely woman can be true to best ideals and yet give, to her advantage, time and artistic consideration—cultivated if necessary—to very highest sartorial attainment. But, of truth, sisters, 'twould at first be considered by the Unprogressive Party as frivolously unessential to the best in Life. And if at times the Season's offerings, or the popular offsprings thereof give offense must we worry? Are there not always others?

If we could but reconcile ourselves to such terms as "Fashion," "Adornment," and "Art in Dress"! If we could but derive therefrom desirable meaning, rather than the idea of uneductive, "undesirable," or "vanity," I would see the "whole world gay with colors I can't even imagine." But we still have with us, ladies and gentlemen, that insulating conviction and unwritten mandate that time or thought given to dress is somehow wrongly spent. In meditating, 'tis really difficult to see the whyfor, or the logic of this. For, really, one can't believe that even the most rudish would desire Fair Woman to discard her flowery furore, her garb of varied hue which now and then in some of its adaptations suggests far softer curves than ever man possessed.

The "Masses," tho' incapable of original thought, must perforce adopt something in way of covering for the body. And their imagination being practically nil, they throw something on, artistic fitting and harmony being unessential. For the love of Michelina, why not give as much thought to individuality of person as to garden, frescoed wall or realty improvement?

True, it is to the advantage of the most valiant votaress of fashion to question a prevailing craze till she finds if it holds any reason for herself. If every decision were made from calm personal study of one's own need, many of the most extreme styles could be worn without the offensive features that are so commented on, this unpleasant comment being usually because they are inappropriate, rather than really immodest.

I can see no virtue in being stolidly, even

stupidly, insensible to the prevailing enthusiasm, and prejudice against beautiful raiment. Methinks all manner of dress may be divided into two classes—harmonious, or discordant, rather than "right" or "wrong," as Curious Colonists are wont to deem it.

Take a little Imagination, add a particle of Human Extravagance, suggested by Fancy rather than Eternal Consideration of the Materialistic, and if properly flavored with Good Taste, the World and his other Wife are given a Treat.

Among my acquaintances I number two orders of judges: the one, who takes pleasure in discovering defects, or looks for indecencies; the other, a Regular Person, who appreciates beauty. The Deacon oftentimes, I fear, gazes too, too eagerly upon the maid when she is fair. But, verily, he loses his power of unprejudiced judgment by seeing too closely. Long live the Purity Squad, and back to the Blanket! Heaven forbid!

And where stands "Our California" in the matter of Dress? In trepidation does the non-investor touch critically upon feminine garb, in Los Angeles. Oh, well, not being a dear friend of the Railroad, or the Realty Bandit, we'll just continue without fear or favor. At any rate, we're original in that we're writing of something besides Climate and Prices, the Principal Products of the Great Southwest, and one easily could learn to like California!

Here's a state that's had a great work-a-day Past, enjoys a rather fanciful Present, and seems really making for readiness to dress in a dressed-up Future. But as far as a Native Art in Dress goes, notwithstanding brave and creditable attempts at arrayal by the Upper Few, the West in general has been too engrossed in practical preparations, and mate-

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rial building-up, to allow the tempering touch of Time to inspire refined taste and desire for the ideal; and work-a-day prejudice has stayed Fashion's advance to a great extent.

Los Angeles does not take easily and naturally to real dressing. Harmony of completeness in detail is lacking. One does note awful attempts at arrayal among those in the passing parade. Western independence, much vaunted and from most points of view quite sound, tends to cause the Lady of The West, when she does attempt to dress, to see herself in just the way she wants to see herself. And, by the virtue of the Vestals, the mirror is indeed spiteful to some! For verily it is not given to all to get the best of Fashion.

Again, California in general is too young as yet to have attained that refinement and natural taste that results alone from continued cultivation thro' successive generations; and blindness, to, or refuting of this fact does not make for nicety or harmony of raiment. Ergo, we hear from the "rank outsider," "They don't know how to dress out here." Answer: "Oh,

well, why don't you return whence you came if you don't like our ways?"

Many women I've met since leaving the United States, are inclined to make a fad of novelty, or else dress with an ambitious showing of whatever is believed adapted to win admiration or praise. (And then comes Peeping Tom, who throws the mud.) They don't stop to reason that it's the general effect, not the width or layers of skirts, or length of coat that is so important.

But, verily, the Human Family is pretty much the same here as "there." Certain and too numerous members ever are inclined to swear by their gods of mock-modesty, and their Prophets of Prudery. They take it that our X-ray Venuses can be no more or less than the vanguard of the Scarlet Sisterhood,—the same inane individuals are shocked by the sight of a beautiful picture, if it possess gentle curves unknown to their own drab selves. To the appreciative normal, a beautiful gown is like a beautiful picture; it may startle by its exquisiteness, but it never shocks.

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"SOCIETY"

We are warned that woman shall not free her limbs from durance vile, via the slit skirt, for, as a universal custom, this would be real embarrassing to that large percentage of humans who are rather undershafted, or undeveloped physically and mentally. Their nature and instinctive desire is to keep their nether angularities, and other shortcomings, to themselves. Ergo, a lean frame for a long face!

Not to indulge in an anatomical treatise, one notes that as a rule, physical or mental drabness inevitably finds natural expression in lack of taste and resentment toward a really well dressed class. This resentment is an admission of inadequacy, of inability to wear easily and attractively anything individual, or daring in mode. Comes a style of revealing or accentuating type, one that makes for comfort,—well-aired comfort and freedom of movement, then ensues the uproar and shocked modesty of the Proletariat, the puerile pulpit, and the pious police.

In nearing what is doubtless a welcome conclusion, my imagination draws the naughty

little split skirt, the under-slung corset, the well-ventilated shirt-waist, etc., etc., as a very womanly Declaration of Independence. Woman, with infinite wisdom and courage, has cast off the narrowing responsibility of the damning antiquated "fascination of form," and has become a Regular Human. Now let men become just as wisely accustomed to seeing her dress, or not dress, comfortably and naturally, even "airily."

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The West

by

•Charles Farwell Edson•

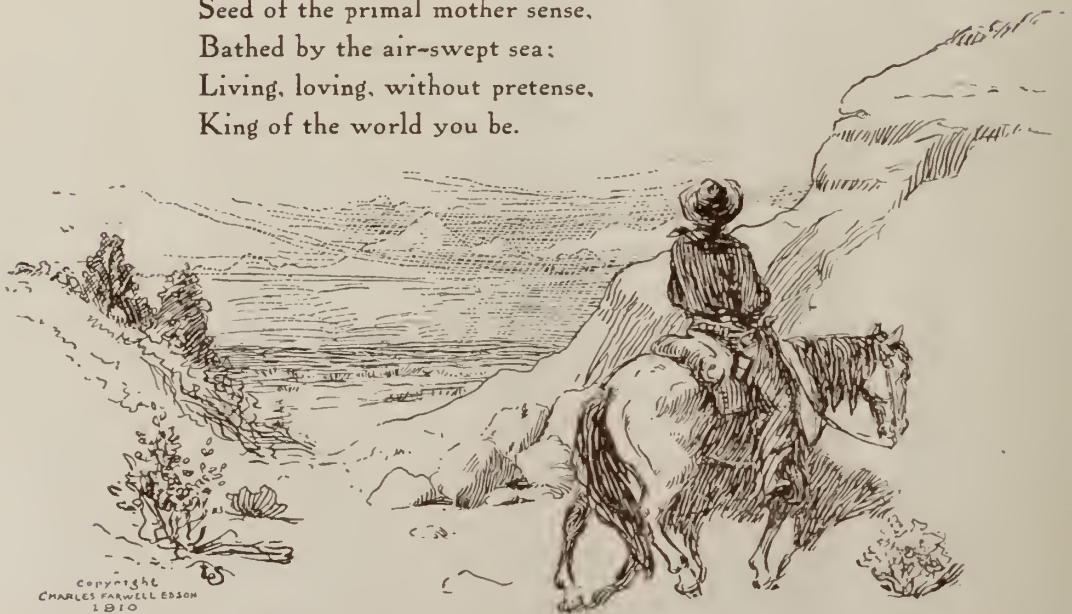


Oh, boundless, beautiful, lonely west,
Wind-swept, sea-kissed, sun-burned;
Spirit, soul and body at rest,
You who have lived and learned.

Infinite, mighty, young-old, free,
Tawney and rough, profound;
Full of silence, of mystery,
Careless, strong-willed, unbound.

Built by a Master, crafty, keen,
Cradled in finite joy,
Young you are, as you e'er have been,
Man-like and strong, you boy.

Seed of the primal mother sense,
Bathed by the air-swept sea;
Living, loving, without pretense,
King of the world you be.



Gaiety

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Society

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"TALOSOPHY"

Are you a Talosoph? A man out in Cleveland, Ohio, believes that to be one and belong to the Appreciation League of the United States spells ultimate and complete joy of living, for "Talosophy is the art of making happy-

ness epidemic." So he has incorporated his society and the only requirement for membership is an expressed desire to spread the doctrine. This you do by reporting to the League's headquarters on blanks furnished for the purpose, the names of all those who have been courteous to you—the street car conductor who accepts your lowly nickel smilingly, without snatching; the young woman who refrains from looking bored when you ask her earnestly if the candy is fresh; the postman who replies pleasantly that he doesn't really know just what time next week your letter will reach Ishpeming, Michigan; the iceman whose self-control while tearing your ticket prevents him from slaying you where you stand as the ninety-seventh person that day who has said "That looks like an awfully small fifty pounds."

And after three such reports are received about the girl, the conductor, the mail carrier

and the iceman the fortunate employer of such human paragon gets a letter about it from the League and the girl, the conductor, et al. receive, each, a badge. Simple, isn't it. But the troublesome question arises, "Who is any happier for all this fuss?" Further, deponent saith not; and it is far too subtle a thing for us to determine.

But the idea is great, isn't it?—"The art of making happiness epidemic."

Emmeline Pankhurst has sailed away for England with \$20,000 as a result of her lecture tour on this side.

Twenty thousand dollars is not to be scorned as beneath one's notice in these perilous days of financial uncertainty, but as part of the fund requisite to the making of J. Bull into a suffragette it sounds pathetically useless, "most extr'ord'nary, don't you know."

The Pennsylvania Railway Company reports that, in its opinion, nearly all of the injuries sustained by women passengers are due to the style of dress now in vogue. These injuries, naturally, regardless of their cause, precipitate much annoyance in the matter of damage claims, which if allowed, deplete the exchequer of the P. R. Co. and are therefore the source of infinite grief. This grief also is natural and most sincere.

It is recalled, quite irrelevantly, that a few years ago during the so-called panic, this railway company issued queer checks, mysterious looking near-money, which it distributed among its employes. They were designed to appease the greed of such mercenary wretches as grocers, milk men, landlords and the like, to whom these employes might owe real money. All were suspicious of this indefinite, unreal medium of exchange and hastily rid themselves of it, saying, "Of

course it's perfectly good, but——"

During these troublous times the following story became current.

It chanced that a number of Chicago newspaper men were talking about this peculiar method of paying bills, and how the railway company seemed to be the only satisfied participant in it. The discussion led to a pooling of funds, one dollar and a half being the amount raised,—which is quite a lot, if you know newspaper men. This they spent recklessly in persuading a simple foreigner with unpronounceable name who made an X instead of writing it, to lend them one of these fearsome documents which stated in as few words as possible that the said railway company owed the gentleman whose name appeared thereon, a certain sum of money for driving spikes. This sum he was permitted to collect if he could, from some party other than the one issuing the check.

Having acquired the check these crafty journalists offered it at the railway ticket office in payment of transportation for one of their number, to a nearby town and back. It was refused. The Pennsylvania Railway Company shook its head and said it could accept only true coin of the realm. All of which is apropos of nothing unless it be that we may say of the Pennsylvania's opinion of present feminine styles of dress what every one said of the Pennsylvania's near-money,—"It is perfectly good of course, but——"

As Chesterton remarks of Bernard Shaw, "He is like the Venus de Milo, admirable as far as he goes." And there seems little to encourage the belief that the Pennsylvania's recommendation of change in the present style will go any farther than the scribe went on the Pennsylvania train.



Society

FIVE

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Hazel Constance Peterson and F. Romaine Inman of Vancouver, B. C.
Miss Hazel Dean Sparling and George Albert Kilton, Jr.
Miss Josephine Lacy and James Edwin Higgins of Alameda.
Miss Lucile Hellman and Alvin Frank.
Miss Marguerite Heater of Toledo, Ohio, and William Dexter Fox.
Miss Carrie Hoffman and Willis Nance.
Miss Augusta Lillian Gold and Johnathan Friedlander.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss Kathryn Pendleton and Carroll Brayton Reynolds.
Miss Gladys Katherine McLachlan and Gardner Towne.
Miss Margaret Miller and Everett Edward Bennett.
Miss Anne Caswell and Jack Mellon.
Miss Mary Richardson and Dr. Lloyd Mills of New York.
Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.
Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.
Miss Clara La Fetra and Reed H. Darling.
Miss Jessie Bryant and Gordon Grant Hair.
Miss Elsie Thomas and Milton Burgess.
Miss Eileen Canfield and Alden Karl Martin.
Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.

Miss Isabelle Lynds and Horace Thomson Major.
Miss May Rhodes to Richard W. Hanna.
Miss Olive Berryman to De Witt Brady.
Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.
Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
Miss Gwinn and Robert Leroy Bower.
Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.
Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.
Miss Elizabeth Baker to Arthur Letts, Jr.
Miss Gladys Lindsay to Frank Splane.
Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.
Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.
Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.
Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.
Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.
Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.
Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.
Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.

Society

Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.
 Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.
 Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.
 Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.
 Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.
 Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.
 Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.
 Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.
 Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.
 Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.
 Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.
 Miss Irene McCulloch, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Edward Swift.
 Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.
 Miss Eunice Seavers and Charles R. Welch.
 Miss Gratia Guy to Arthur Kidderman Wilson.
 Miss Mary Boone SoRelle to Samuel Albert Kendig.

WEDDINGS

Miss Olive Mae Horn to Frank Barrett Hanawalt, Jr.
 Miss Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Dr. John F. Curran.
 Miss Miriam Cook to Joseph Alexander Herron.
 Miss Cecile Hoffman of San Francisco and Patrick J. McGarry.
 Miss Ethel Swann Joyce and Arthur H. Darling.
 Miss Miriam Cook and Joseph Alexander Herron, Jr.
 Miss Ruth Summerfield and Victor Marks.
 Miss Rosaline Barrett and George Bowron.
 Miss Mabel Tarr of London and Robert M. Barrett of Pasadena.

CLUB DATES

December 1—Covina Monday Afternoon Club will entertain members of the Los Angeles District Federation board.
 December 1—Woman's City Club; "The Railroad Commission of California," Commissioner E. O. Egerton.
 December 1—Ebell Club; illustrated lecture, "Educational and Social Phases of Life in Brazil," Professor P. A. Martin, of Stanford University.
 December 2—Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R., Ebell Clubhouse; address "El Camino Real," Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes.
 December 3—Badger Club; Ebell Clubhouse; Charity bazaar.
 December 3—Ruskin Art Club; "The Spirit of the Renaissance," Miss Marie Crow and Mrs. J. A. Reckard.

December 3—The Wednesday Morning Club will be entertained at her studio by Julia Bracken Wendt; lecture "Art," Mrs. Burdette Walker.
 December 8—Woman's City Club; "The Red Light Abatement Act," Mrs. Hester Griffith and Dr. G. Mellenthin.
 December 8—Ebell Club; illustrated lecture "Christmas in Art," Miss Stella Skinner of the University of Illinois.
 December 10—Friday Morning Club; "The Christ Child in Art," Dr. William Horace Day.
 December 10—Ruskin Art Club; "The Spirit of the Renaissance," Mrs. W. H. Housh and Mrs. A. R. Griffith.
 December 13—Galpin Shakespeare Club; all day meeting; hostess, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Wilshire Boulevard.
 December 15—"Fifty-six Promises Kept," Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover.
 December 15—Ebell Club; lecture, Mrs. George Goldsmith.
 December 17—Ruskin Art Club; French History; Civil and Religious Wars; Miss A. M. Donovan and Mrs. Donald Skeel.

EVENTS TO COME

November 29—Mrs. Horace Edward Montague, Alhambra; Woman's Clubhouse; children's Colonial costume party; one hundred and seventy-five invitations.
 December 3rd—Mrs. John Milner, West Adams street, and Mrs. David Edgar Llewellyn, South Figueroa street; tea at Ebell Club house.
 December 3—Mrs. H. K. Van Horn, Dorchester avenue; bridge luncheon at Bullock's Tea Room.
 December 5th—Woman's Orchestra; Temple Auditorium; Mme. Theresa Carreno, Pianist.
 December 6—Mrs. George J. Denis and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner; breakfast at the California Club for Mrs. Allan C. Balch.
 December 6—Mrs. Frank Harbert and Mrs. Edward Butterworth; bridge luncheon.
 December 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, Andrews boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stanton; dance.
 December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.
 December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Johnstone Whitley, Hotel Hollywood; afternoon reception in January to be followed in the evening by a ball; to introduce Miss Grace Virginia Whitley.
 Mrs. George J. Denis, Westlake avenue; reception in January for Miss Daphne Drake.
 Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet; dance in December for Miss Daphne Drake.

WEDDING INVITATIONS



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IT IS INTIMATED THAT:

- Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt have purchased a residence in Berkeley Square and will be at home there after January first.
- Mr. Fred Greenway of San Francisco has been a guest at the Alexandria during the past week.
- Dr. and Mrs. John Franklin Curran, nee Mary Franzhein of Wheeling, West Virginia, will be at home in Los Angeles after December first; they have taken a house in Juliet street.
- Ex-Senator and Mrs. Julian Hearn of Wheeling, West Virginia, will arrive shortly, to spend the winter at their Hollywood place.
- Hans Linne, musical composer, and family will spend the winter in Los Angeles; Herr Linne is at work on an opera to be offered in the \$10,000 American Opera Contest.
- Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Emmett Ryan of Chicago, formerly of Los Angeles, will spend the winter here.
- Mr. Charles Melville Brown of Tennessee, now living in Panama, will remain at the Athletic Club as the guest of Mr. George Ennis for about ten days.

DINNERS

- Miss Georgia Off; at Las Rosas; for Mr. and Mrs. S. Bartley Cannell, of Pasadena.
- Mr. and Mrs. Anthony E. Halsey, South Oxford avenue; covers for fourteen; bridge.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Hollywood; for Mr. and Mrs. Philo Judson Beveridge; covers for twenty.
- Mr. and Mrs. George F. Beveridge, Third avenue; for Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Lombard; covers for eight.
- Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori; for Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland.

PARTIES

- Mr. and Mrs. William J. Horner, West Santa Barbara avenue; reception to celebrate fiftieth wedding anniversary.
- Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, Hobart Boulevard, assisted by Mrs. Charles Herbert Dick and Miss Sada Johnson; reception for Mrs. Terrence Emmett Ryan, nee Estelle Johnson; four hundred guests.
- Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Chester Place; dinner dance.
- Mrs. Allen D. Butt and daughter, Miss Grace Barker, St. Andrews Place; tea; bridge.
- Mrs. Samuel Kaufman, Sunset Boulevard; musical and dance for Miss Annette Osman of Chicago.
- Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McReynolds, Berkeley Square; dinner dance.
- Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake; coming out reception for Miss Daphne Drake.
- Mr. and Mrs. Willard Stimson, Alexandria Hotel; theatre, supper and dance; sixteen guests.
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Sixth avenue; opera and supper; six guests.
- Mrs. Herbert Parks Barton, South Ardmore Avenue; reception.

Mrs. Henry Temple Newell, Westlake Avenue, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Philip Louis Wilson and Mrs. James Andrew McCuster; musicale at Ebell Clubhouse; two hundred and fifty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Milburn, Hollywood; dance for Miss Martha Collins.

Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, West Twenty-third street; for Miss Harriet Walton of Chicago.

Amateur Players Club at home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood; St. James Park; burlesque and dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows; theatre and supper; ten guests.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. James Henry Ballagh; Bullock's Tea Room; thirty-five guests.

Miss Gertrude Hanna, Western avenue; for Miss May Rhodes; forty guests.

Mrs. George Wilshire, Fourth avenue; for Mrs. Fritz Nave.

Mrs. Alfred Bradley, Harvard Boulevard, for Mrs. W. T. Tolar of El Paso.

Mrs. James Madison Carpenter, Hollywood; cards; fifty-eight guests.

Mrs. Henry O'Melveny, Wilshire Boulevard; for Miss Helen Duque; sixteen guests.

Mrs. Chappell Quinlan Stanton, Andrews Boulevard; for Miss Martha Woolwine and Miss Helen Ives of Shorb; fourteen guests.

Mrs. A. J. Clark, Laclede avenue; eight guests.

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Mrs. O. H. Churchill and Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, Figueroa street; San Gabriel Country Club; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson of Portland.

Miss Josephine Lacy, Wilshire Boulevard and Vermont avenue; for Miss May Rhodes and Katharine Flint; forty-five guests.

Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Ardmore avenue; for Mrs. Nicholas Rice; sixty guests; assisting hostesses: Mrs. Samuel H. Ringe, Mrs. Willitts J. Hole, Mrs. William L. Jones, Mrs. George P. Thresher, Mrs. Charles Toll, Mrs. W. S. Cross, Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. Frank Hutchins, Mrs. Edward C. Dieter, Mrs. Laura Armstrong, Mrs. A. Halsey, Mrs. C. G. Howard, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. G. L. Crenshaw and Mrs. J. B. Millard.

Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle; for Mrs. George W. Walker; sixty guests; assisting hostesses: Mrs. W. K. Williamson, Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mrs. Elmer Cole, Mrs. Matthew Robertson, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Mrs. Henderson Haywood, Mrs. George Bayly, Mrs. Leon Moore, Mrs. George J. Birkel, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mrs. J. Burns, Mrs. F. M. Goddard, Mrs. Stephen L. Rice.

Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, West Seventh street; for Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson; ten guests.

Miss Adeline Kellogg, Wilshire Boulevard; for Miss Marion Parsons and Miss Ruth Pepperday; twenty guests.

TEAS

Mrs. Allen D. Butt and Miss Grace Barker, St. Andrews place; forty guests; bridge.

Mrs. Wesley Clark, Westmoreland Place; benefit for Children's hospital.

Mrs. John R. Grant, Ardmore avenue, assisted by Mrs. Lewis R. Grant, Miss Anna Grant and Miss Annetta MacIntosh; three hundred guests.

Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Severance street; Ebell Clubhouse; for Miss Louise Hunt; sixty-five guests.

HOUSE GUESTS

Mrs. Fritz Nave, with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter; ten guests.

Miss Annette Osman of Chicago; with Mrs. Samuel Kaufman, Sunset Boulevard.

Mrs. W. T. Tolar, of El Paso, Texas; with her son, Mr. William Tolar, Harvard Boulevard.

Miss Martha Collins; with her sister, Mrs. Blow Grover, South Wilton Place.

Miss Harriet Walton of Chicago; with Mrs. Rea Smith.

Miss Marion Parsons and Miss Ruth Pepperday; with Miss Ruth McVay, West Twenty-ninth street.

Miss Rose Osberg of Mt. Vernon, Washington; with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cardell, Manhattan Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Boyle; with Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, West Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Seeley, formerly of Burlington, Iowa; with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coulter, Vermont avenue.

BACK IN TOWN

Mrs. Morris Albee, Juliet street; from eastern trip of a month, visiting in Chicago, Washington, New York, and Wheeling for the Franzheim-Curran wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt; from Europe.

Mrs. James H. Brown, Miss Marjorie and Mr. Edward Terry Brown, Hollywood; from Europe.

Miss Gwendolan Davis, Kingsley Drive; from visit of six weeks in the east.

Miss Agnes Woodward of the California School of Whistling and the Matinee Musical Club; from two months' trip to eastern states, Canada and the Grand Canyon; returning she was joined in the north by Mrs. Woodward, who has been for several weeks in Montana, and they returned to Los Angeles together.

DEPARTURES

Congressman W. D. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens; for Mare Island to visit Lieutenant and Mrs. Randolph T. Zane, nee Barbara Stephens; afterward to Washington for the winter.

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MUSIC



THE WESTERN METROPOLITAN OPERA CO. AT THE AUDITORIUM

Puccini's favorite opera, "Madam Butterfly," has shared the fate of all popular compositions. We have seen performances of it that would have made the composer weep with rage. Had he followed the example of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Ruggiero Leoncavallo, and honored us with his presence in the Auditorium on Monday night he might indeed have been moved to tears—of appreciation.

The Western Metropolitan Opera Company gave us the best performance of "Butterfly" that we have seen in many a long day.

Nobody cares whether John Long and David Belasco have produced an accurate picture of things as they happen in Japan. The story makes an appeal that is sure of response wherever there are hearts that have suffered and know the depths that human sorrow can reach.

In all dramatic literature there is nothing more hopelessly pathetic than the figure of Cho-Cho-San standing at her window awaiting the return of her lover. Only a Puccini could hope to add anything to such anguish, and it drew from his pen the best music he has written.

The performance on Monday evening left little to be desired. There were rough places, inevitable, doubtless, on an opening night, and curious inconsistencies in the stage management that seem unavoidable in grand opera as it is given in America.

The work of the principals gave unbounded delight to an audience that filled the theatre. Carmen Melis made her bow to Los Angeles in the role of the ill-fated Butterfly and was accorded a welcome that she will surely remember. She is an artist of the first rank, possessed of a beautiful voice under perfect con-

trol and, moreover, she is an actress of unusual ability.

Luca Botta, in the role of Pinkerton, made an excellent impression. He has a powerful voice capable of great beauty of tone. His manner on the stage is easy and natural.

Nini Belucci directed the orchestra with the skill of a master-musician and shared with the principals ovations that the audience could hardly wait for the end of the acts to bestow.

In "Madam Butterfly" the Western Metropolitan Opera Company made good all that they promised us. It was the best possible bid for the support that they deserve.

Belford Forrest.

THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

At last! For thirty-nine Sunday afternoons I have led the *claque* and beaten my hands raw to make believe everything was all right, that the People's Orchestra was doing a noble work and doing it as it should be done. And all the time I knew in my heart there was something wrong.

Last Sunday we all discovered the mistake. Even Eduardo Lebegott, with his laudable ambition to direct only the best music, must have been convinced that the way to win the people is to give them what they want.

Last Sunday's program was the people's choice. No Debussy, no Wagner, no ultramarine tone-poems, just plain "Poet and Peasant," Chopin's "Funeral March," a Strauss waltz, Herold's "Zampa" and the eternal sextette from "Lucia," the musical rock of ages. And the people, you should have heard them! For the first time since the concerts were inaugurated the applause was absolutely

spontaneous and would have justified an encore to every number on the program.

The soloists, Miss Maybelle Clarke and Joseph Dupuy, sang the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and swelled the tide of enthusiasm. They deserved the inevitable encore.

Manager Edson, obviously enthused by the success of his policy to give the people what they want, made an unusually stirring appeal to all interested in the work of the orchestra to help in securing from the city and county the financial support necessary to place the organization on a sound business basis.

It has just been announced that the Supervisors of the county have made the grant recommended by the Chamber of Commerce of \$2,500 per annum for the maintenance of the People's Orchestra, and there is every hope of a similar contribution from the city.

To simplify matters the Music Teachers' Association has withdrawn from the management of the Orchestra and Charles Edson, for the time being, has shouldered the responsibility of keeping the concerts going until the committee to be appointed by the Supervisors is ready to relieve him.

It is a big educational movement, designed to furnish the people with music just as the city and county libraries give them literature.

It is not, and cannot be, a one-man affair. Edson's association with it is prompted only by a desire to make the movement a success. He is convinced that the People's Orchestra, rightly handled, will prove a sound, self-supporting business proposition. His only purpose in the matter is to hand over the organization to the city and county, let them continue the work begun by the Music Teachers' Association, and thus ensure the success of the most remarkable movement in the history of musical America.

WHAT IS A CONCERT MASTER?

"What is a concert master, anyway?"

"He's the fellow that sits in the first chair on the left of the Conductor."

"I don't care where he sits, I'm asking you what he is."

Nobody knew.

"Gentlemen,"—I could restrain myself no longer,—“pardon the intrusion, but why don't you ask *me*? I don't know what a Concert

Master is, but I'd love to be asked the question. You think you're in an old bookshop 'browsing' but if you spent your days here, as I do, you'd know it's an information bureau. All day I'm asked questions I'm glad I can't answer, but if you really want to know what a Concert Master is I'll find out and tell you within an hour."

Foolish boast!

It was Saturday afternoon. If you feel like being in a hurry and it happens to be Saturday afternoon take an overdose of *manana* and stay young. To begin with, the phones gurgled the busy signal like motorcycles gasping for breath on a steep hill. Birkel's is a busy place.

"Give me Mr. Toye of The Symphony."

"The Toy Symphony. Just a moment, hold the line—sheet music department."

"Lachrymae, etc., etc.,"—signifying "it was to weep."

An interlude for merriment and ultimately Manager Toye's voice giving me Sigmund Beel's telephone number. So far so good.

Mr. Beel was at home. Over the phone came a ripple of arpeggios from a violin that I was sorry to interrupt. He was giving a lesson but could see me for a few minutes at four o'clock. It was a quarter to four.

A hat—a notebook—a pencil—a Seventh street car—a strap—a hideous jam of nerve-racked humans—ribs in peril from packages—eyes dodging hat pins—feet stood upon

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firmly, relentlessly, by other feet—the smell of spearmint—noisome clouds of smoke—at every block a fierce clanging of the register and the human pack congealed a little closer.

"Hartford!" yelled the conductor and I fought my way out, staggered to the sidewalk and inhaled deeply of the climate. They say it justifies anything.

The quiet of Hartford avenue was very soothing. Sigmund Beel finds it so. It attracted him when he was looking for a studio.

"I'm very comfortable here," he said, as he bade farewell to his pupil and took me into what he calls his workroom. "I dislike studios in buildings. I prefer to work where one can feel at home. I'm hardly settled here yet. As you see, I'm without my books and pictures and other household goods, but when I get my things——"

One thing he had, and it reminded me of my mission,—an admirable portrait of Adolph Tandler.

"Mr. Beel, what is a Concert Master?"

I wished the "browsers" could have heard the reply. The substance of it can be set down but it is impossible to convey the enthusiasm with which it was given. It left one convinced that not to be a Concert Master is to have missed the fullness of life, that there is a kind of disgrace attached to being anything else in this world or the next.

In a first-class symphony orchestra the functions of the Concert Master are very clearly defined. And by the way, you have barely to make the acquaintance of Mr. Beel to know that he would be a Concert Master in any other class of orchestra only as long as it took him to resign.

A Concert Master is, in the first instance, the assistant conductor. He assists the conductor in the organization and direction of the orchestra. If the conductor is indisposed physically or temperamentally the Concert Master conducts rehearsals and performances. It may be taken that the conductor is prostrate in the latter instance. The Concert Master is responsible for the assembling of the men at rehearsal. This simple feat accomplished he proceeds to get them in tune instrumentally and intellectually. Aided by a huge tuning fork he begins with the woodwind, oboes, clarionettes, flutes and bassoons. When they can all produce a tone that vibrates 438 times in a

second similar to that of the tuning-fork, he pronounces them tuned and moves on to the horns, trumpets, trombones and tuba and persuades them to do likewise. Then he turns his attention to the strings, double-basses, cellos and violins, and thus, like the prodigal in the parable, he comes to himself and there is nothing left to tune. With a rap on the desk, the signal for silence, he takes his seat. The orchestra is ready for the conductor. Woe to the man who breaks that silence!

When the Conductor, with his usual salutation, "Good morning, gentlemen," lifts his arm, the intelligence and attention of the whole orchestra must be focused on the point of his baton.

The Concert Master has much to look after in his own section of the orchestra—the first violins. The bowing and fingering of particular passages must be uniform and the right quality of tone used. Moreover, the men look to him for guidance in matters of tempo and attack.

These things Sigmund Beel told me. They are the obvious duties of the Concert Master. There are other facts connected with the position that he did not mention. I knew them instinctively as soon as I met him.

A successful Concert Master must be more than a capable violinist and an intelligent musician. He must be a man acceptable to his fellow men, capable of gaining and keeping their sympathy and respect.

In nothing has Adolph Tandler more reason to rejoice than his good fortune in securing Mr. Beel for the first chair in his orchestra. He is an acquisition of which the whole musical community may well be proud.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Mr. Beel is a native of California who, after many years abroad, has come back to give us the benefit of his remarkable career.

San Francisco was swift to show its appreciation of his return. The Beel quartette organized shortly after his arrival from Europe was an instantaneous success. It is safe to say that the success will be repeated in Los Angeles. Mr. Beel admits that he has already consented to conduct a similar organization here. Julius Bierlich, R. Kopp and Axel Simonsen are to complete the quartette. They

will play the best chamber music. Their first appearance will be something to look forward to.

My ten minutes with Mr. Beel lasted two hours by the block. But we talked of London and Dublin and Paris and Berlin—and in all those places he knew intimately men and women that the most of us have only heard of.

Mr. Beel is the type of cosmopolitan that it is a joy to meet.

For my own part I could have listened indefinitely.

Belford Forrest.



The idea of the painter and the sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect and excellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined form all things are represented which fall under human sight.

Gio. Pietro Bellori (1664).

In consideration of the craftsmanship exhibited in the canvases shown by our local artists at the Art Gallery at Exposition Park one readily accedes first place to Helena Dunlap. One cannot help but admire the daring technique of this clever woman. It scintillates with such vital force, that, though in this instance, both her pictures are skyed and inconspicuously hung, they are the first to attract on entering the gallery. "Bacchante," of the two is the more representative. This leads because of the cleverness of her handling of flesh tones. The modelling of the figure, in its abandon, though a trifle out of drawing, here and there, is also distinctive. The wonder of her lights and shadows is what I most marvel at in

viewing one of her compositions. This quality in her work is possibly her greatest accomplishment. Again we have the blue hair and other features, which owe their origin to her clever brain and brush.

"The Sun Bath" is also alive with these effects. Their spontaneity of treatment is most observed in the squatted figure, shadowed and lighted with the reflections created by the spreading boughs. In the interpretation of texture Miss Dunlap also has her own individual mode of expression. The blue kimono, worn so gracefully; the brilliant Chinese slippers, though badly drawn, are notes of her keen understanding of pigments and their values.

Next in line of value is William Silva's "On the California Coast." Though this artist is a New York man we may take pride in his present success. He has been working along California's Coast for the past year, spending most of his time at Carmel. This canvas, a representation of Catalina's shore, is painted with soft impressionistic subtlety. The effect is created by broad, juicily placed strokes of wholesome color, interpreting fine lines of drawing. The sandhills overrun with growing brush form a splendid background and have in exquisite contrast the blue of that ever-changing sea. This latter element has been depicted with strength and telling effect. The longer one views this canvas the better one likes it. "Winter Sunset, Maryland," also has poetic inspiration. It hangs well together, while his "Twilight, Georgia," is a poem expression in a gray key.

Esther Hunt's excellent portrait of William Mulholland is a most forceful character study of the man behind the Aqueduct. In technical handling it has the strength one looks for in the canvas of a powerful masculine hand, and one must stretch one's imagination considerably to believe that a woman can paint so strongly. It is the best canvas that has come from her brush. Other portrait studies are the two of John W. Clauson, the well known San Francisco delineator of human character. Both these canvases lack freedom of pose. That of Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, though well modelled, has not the poetic feeling one looks for in a representation of womanly characteristics. The other, exhibits a finer understanding of the characteristics of his sitter, and I like it better.

This same terseness of pose is noted in Hamilton A. Wolf's "Portrait of a Japanese." The natural abandon of the figure is entirely lost, otherwise the modelling has its good points. Technically this canvas is too finished in its effect; there should have been a broader and more painter-like handling of the pigments. Dry canvases lose much of their atmospherical quality. He has worked in a happier vein in his "Pastel Portrait Sketch," however. Here he has caught the animation of his sitter and the only point of argument is the fact of a sternness in the development of the line about the mouth.

Lillian Drain's "Portrait of Miss C." is a disappointment. The muddy colors and lack of vibrating animation in the modelling of the figure are most noticeable. Another canvas which lacks art qualities is Newell Kenneth Avery's "Portrait." It is entirely too theatrical.

Fortunate indeed may we consider the fact that Mrs. J. Allan Harvey has seen fit to donate that very splendid example of William Mounsey's "Tongueland Church." That is a rare canvas and one of the Museum's finest possessions. Two other canvases are also gifts. One, Julian Onderdonk's "On the Guadalupe," presented by Mr. Ray Skelton; and the other Rustom Vicaji's "Barges, Bruges," a donation from the artist himself.

The two canvases of Elmer Wachtel and two sketches of Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel share next in the honors for technique. Few artists can claim distinction for finer understanding of this first essential in picture painting. Elmer Wachtel's chief charm lies in the quality he gives the aerial perspective of his compositions. In his "Radiant Sierras," which I like the better, he has painted with direct feeling an atmosphere alive with splendid tone effects. The snow covered peaks silhouette against a softly vibrating late afternoon sky. The elements cast their shadows before them and envelope brush, bush and pebbled road in harmonious contrasts. The distant sea forms a background for a peaceful valley in "Evening, Montecito." This canvas is not nearly so alive in inspiration.

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Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel's medium, as usual, is water color. Why this artist, who lays in all her sketches in oil, has never attempted their reproduction on a larger scale has always puzzled me. "Santa Paula Valley" is most pleasing. There is finished detail and fine feeling in the atmosphere of this picture, while in "Sierra Nevada" much of the spontaneity is lacking.

Simple and forceful are the direct spot strokes of Clark Hobart's "Spring Song." This modern art expression gives a most pleasing impression. Its values are evenly painted. The soft tone lights blend harmoniously and give it its chief charm. His "Near Midway Point, Monterey," is not so representative of the artcraft of this man.

Benjamin C. Brown is showing a fine canvas in "A Valley in the Ojai." There are fine planes of value, both as to mass of color and line of drawing in this interpretation of this valley landscape. One notes the quality of the barren places and their modelling. I question, however, the perspective of the foreground road. The artist has used fresh brilliant colors in the execution of this canvas with excellent result. I like it fully as well as any I have seen from his brush. In "Breezy Weather, Tahoe," he has failed in the inspiration of his subject. It is unevenly painted and has little color value.

Landscape views are generally admirable when treated with the inspiration of the rising or setting sun's glow, and that perhaps, is why so many artists select these hours for their inspiration. George Innes, William Keith and so many of the men who have passed on, delighted in this form of canvas expression. One is keenly reminded of their workmanship when viewing Eugene C. Frank's canvases. His "Early Settlers," with herded buffaloes as a foreground for the rising sun, is my favorite. "Close of Day" has the same fine technical treatment in the handling of colors and modelling and is alive with the detail this artist knows so well how to depict.

Another field bit is Joseph Greenbaum's "Evening Glow." This is interpreted in the more modern manner Mr. Greenbaum adopts in painting most of his landscapes. His "Les Bretones" is much admired and is as I have previously said, the best canvas this artist has painted.

Detlef Sammann's "Afterglow, Cypress Point," I spoke of in connection with the California Art Club's review, I cannot help reiterating my assertion that it is one of his very excellent canvases. Its colors are strongly influenced by the German school after which method this artist paints, but in this instance they bring added value to both colors and development. The fresh spring element is in the atmosphere and the glory of that season's lights enhance the setting. John Gamble has given us a surprise in his "Flowers of the Mist." His lupin is real and the vibrating element in which it has been interpreted lends much to the value of atmosphere in this canvas. His "Wild Mustard," loaned by Mr. Henry O'Melveny, is not so interesting. It lacks the quality and spontaneity so readily discernible in the former picture.

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A fair representation of Helen Balfour's work is "Near San Bernardino." It has its good points though it leaves much to be desired. Her "Eucalyptus" is badly drawn and poorly modelled. The chiffon sea of James E. McBurney entitled "Sunshine and Clouds" is like a color mass with a horizon line drawn through the center of it. Though the canvas is evenly painted it has little other quality. His "Wild Palms in the Desert" has fine aerial quality; the haze of the mists rising beyond is well interpreted.

Last but not least of the new pictures shown are Ralph Helm Johonnot's two poems of color and atmosphere. Exquisite French colors dominate in the values portrayed. These are really blossoms and plants growing in the back garden of the cottage of "When My Bluebird Sings." The line of drawing and modelling is

perfect. In "Our Neighbor's Wall" this artist has given us a conception rich in blush tones, exquisitely handled. Would that we might have many such presentations. I have mentioned the complete harmony of this man's work, yet must again speak of the simplicity and elegance of his frame effects. Silver strands studded with tonal effects in quartz and semi-precious stones are the arrangement.

A recently added feature in the art gallery is the exhibition of prints which remains until January. These represent the history of prints from early Japanese days to the present period. There are about one hundred and fifty in all, among them the John J. Martin Japanese prints, twenty-seven in number, owned and loaned by the Public Library. These latter are considered most valuable.

KARL YENS—ARTIST.

Some years ago in the quaint town of Altona was born one Karl Yens. He developed artistic tendencies and in the Hamburger Arts and Krafts Schule received his first instruction. But the practicalities of life demanded that his studies develop him for business. After some years came the opportunity for further study. He attended the Konigsliche Kunstgewerbe Museum in Berlin and there received the criticism of Professor Anwalt and Max Koch in figure and historical subjects. With this knowledge he returned to Hamburg to serve his military year. During this year he continued painting, making military sketches during the "Watch Hours." Drummer Boys, Under Officers, and others came in for a share of interpretation.

Next he went to Glasgow. There in the great galleries he copied the masters. But need again demanded attention, and he was compelled to ply his trade of fresco decorator. In this capacity he ornamented many of the homes of the nobility of that section. When fortune again sent him on his way it landed him at the National Gallery, London. This experience over, he returned to his home town and remained there for the next seven years.

Ambition, however, all this time was not

asleep. He labored diligently and soon had a reserve fund which enabled him to go to Paris, his desire, for many moons. There Benjamin Constant instructed him in composition and figure painting. At the Julien Academy he won a prize in the Smith competition and from there he went on to Munich, where he studied for one year that he might be prepared to meet American artistic demands.

His first home in this country was Boston. There he lived for four years doing architectural designing of wall murals. During that time he exhibited at the Boston Art Club where his canvases won much favorable comment. His panels for the Brookline Country Club were the most admired. Lars Anderson, the former Ambassador of Japan, saw these sketches and asked him to come to Washington, D. C., and decorate his new home. This Italian Castle is one of the show places of that city. Mr. Yens executed similar hunting scenes to those at the Country Club for the breakfast room, and prepared panels for the Loggia which leads from Mrs. Andersen's boudoir. These panels were representations from Greek Mythology executed in Italian Renaissance style. One was Helios, the God of Light, and the other Lato, the Mistress of the Night.

These commissions executed, Mr. Yens went on to New York City where he spent much of his time designing stained glass windows and other decorative subjects for the Architectural League. Portraiture also he engaged in. All this time he had to make ends meet and the idea of further study had to be given up, but

hibited in the gallery of Wenneberg Brothers about two years ago, and established himself out the Arroyo Seco way. There by a picturesque by-path you will come upon his studio "Arroyo Verde" nestling in the heart of a woody glen. What more inspiration can an artist desire than this setting! Melodies for



then again came a Sabbatical year and while living as a farmer he sketched and studied.

A Californian chanced his way and so enthused him with our glorious country and the promise of much work that Mr. Yens packed up his belongings and came this way. Pasadena was his first stopping place. There he ex-

ceptions blend with the swaying boughs,—moods come creeping in from the very doorsteps, for nature in her most alluring dress is there beguiling one to come out and work. And in this very outdoor garden spot Mr. Yens found inspiration for the panels of our illustration, "An Artist's Day," which was recent-

ly shown at the fourth annual exhibition of the California Art Club. This decorative tryptic has for its central panel one of the finest sunlight sections it is possible to imagine. It is a representation of Mr. Yen's own doorstep and its picturesque environs. The arched portico, in which the modelling of the woody

terested public who are so eager to look on; and that on the left shows him returning home, sketch box, painter's tools and all.

Another tryptic hung at the Art Gallery at our Museum is "The Simple Life." This also is a portrayal of the home atmosphere of Mr. Yens. The central panel is an exact reproduc-



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texture of the beams is most noticeable, the glittering lights as they cast their shadows and make into vibrating masses the things upon which they reflect, all are genuine bits of artistic expression. The panel to the right though faulty in drawing, emanates the spirit the artist intended to convey—that of the in-

tion of his own kitchen. Another of Mr. Yens' canvases shown at the Art Club was "Yucca," sometimes called "God's Candlestick." This canvas has been executed in tempera, a method and medium which Mr. Yens has described more explicitly in this issue. This unusual composition created much talk and was not

generally appreciated, yet it was a finer artistic expression of mood and temperament than anything shown.

This medium is Mr. Yens' especial delight. He claims more flexibility and interpretive qualities for it than any other oily pigment. One of his eastern compositions, "Early Spring," is a bit of upper New York State. The coming of May is in the air. The first leaves are sprouting on the willows, birds flutter here and there. The early evening clouds decked with a pretty scarf-like drapery rise mountain-like in the sky. In the foreground a splendidly developed pond is alive with silver twilight colors. This influence pervades the entire canvas and makes it a poem. The handling is direct and forceful and shows the spontaneity of his brush to advantage.

Other sketches developed in tempera are colorful bits of San Pedro. One in particular, "The Old Landing Place of the Fisherman," is an excellent representation of the wharf and the ramshackle fishing relics.

Two panels, "Spring" and "Fall," which received much favorable comment at a former exhibit of the California Art Club, are also pleasing. They are floral representations.

A new canvas recently completed has a Catalina background. This canvas is captioned

with Tennyson's "Will Time Stop the Stream's Flow?" A woman's figure seated on a weed grown shore in a pensive mood is the central figure. Beyond play the foam crested waves. Its interpretative quality is most expressive of the poem. This canvas is worked in oils and has good atmospheric qualities.

Many more choice bits adorn the walls of Mr. Yens' sunken studio. He has an individuality which must exert its influence on all paints. Whether his subject be landscapes with figures and without the usual parkings, interiors, still life, or marines they all give expression to his peculiar temperamental mood and make for constructive arrangement which cannot but be appealing.

ART NOTES

Many oils and water colors from the Kanst Gallery have been on exhibition at the Long Beach Public Library. Last Friday at a reception, over four hundred persons viewed these pictures. It is hoped that some of these may become permanent possessions of this gallery.

William Swift Daniell is to continue in his gallery, Parlor E. of the Alexandria, and for the month of December is showing several new Wendt canvases.

A MEDIUM USED BY OLD MASTERS

Karl Yens

Well-known is the fact that the alchemists of the Middle Ages mixed their mineral and organic substances in kitchens rich in the suggestion of mystery. So too have the artists of all times been attracted by the handicraft of the kitchen. N. B.—Read recipes in the Epicurean department of SOCIETY so generously contributed by the craftsmen of our own city.

Allow me to tattle like a real cook and if you are curious try this very old recipe. It is warranted to instruct and be useful should you entertain the muses, whether for practical or pleasurable purpose. However, wear a large apron; also prepare your stomach for a difficult meal.

- 16 teaspoonsful of vinegar
- 16 teaspoonsful of bleached linseed oil
- 2 genuine hen's eggs

Mix these ingredients thoroughly with the aid of an egg beater. When thoroughly beaten pour into a bottle, keeping your tongue straight to prevent mixture running over your hands. The bottle must be a composition of quartz, saltpeter and sand. Use a crystal stopper; not an ordinary cork.

When you have secured the stopper by chaining or other method, paint upon the face of the bottle a skull and cross bones and other indications that poison is within; then add the word "Tempera." Use the gayest green you can for the illumination of this word.

You will have now prepared the favorite medium of many of the old masters, and no as I may have led you to believe, a delectable bit for the palate. It is useable however on another kind of palette—the painter's.

If you paint with "*tempera*" remember Piero della Franciscio, the father of "*plain air*," was the first to discover the *mauvais* odor of this medium. My friend B. F. told me so, and *he* knows. Another caution. Do not permit "looking with the nose"! Nor should "looking with the ears," a method so frequently followed, be allowed. For this is even more detrimental. Should such things happen—the "color," speaking in the abstract, would immediately fade away. This I know from personal experience, and not only as it has occurred to others.

But back to our medium and its uses. According to your thoroughness and your financial standing purchase Oxide of Zinc "chemically pure" or French Zinc—"Green Seal" or White from "Wyoming." To any one of these add as much "*tempera*" as required for the consistency of batter.

Next, steal the best fancy bowl from the china cupboard. Construct a trusty sieve of the daintiest chiffon that milady owns and strain the batter into the bowl. This procedure overcomes the difficulty of that tedious grinding with the stone mortar on the marble or glass plate.

Now soak the powder colors with water only. Should they show signs of disagreement, stimulate them with a drop or two of best whiskey. Should this not be at hand you are permitted to add to the warring ingredients several drops of "alcohol absolute." This will act as a pacifier and the insoluble particles will melt away.

Use only powder colors whose reputation as gone before them. Such as will prove permanent when attacked by light, air and acid.

For your palette use one made either of tin or aluminum with tiny wells for carrying the water moistened colors. At the side have your bottle of "*tempera*." From this pour into a small vessel, should you be working on a fair-sized scale, two ounces of "*tempera*" for increasing the medium.

When painting follow the same method as when working with oils, and be sure not to overlook the necessity of a brush. Glazing is by no means objectionable. No matter what material you paint upon let the surface be non-absorbent. Mix your colors considerably lighter than they actually appear. Note that

during the drying process "*tempera*" darkens. Its condition changes within half an hour, but when thoroughly dry no further changes occur.

When using "*tempera*" as a medium you can complete your entire composition at one sitting. It does not stick or sink in, or result in a disturbing shine. It is recommended for ornamental use, on domes, cupolas, pendentives, semi-circles and other architectural surfaces.

When you paint a canvas you use the same technique, and when you have completed your immortal product invite your audience to view it. Stand them three lengths of its greatest dimension away. At this distance there is no danger of an obnoxious odor reaching them, nor will the picture suffer from lack of proper point of view.

A final word now as to how and what to paint. Stroll to the amateur picture dealer, successful business man, politician, or best of all—the art critic—he will tell you. And after their testimony is all taken don't forget to analyze the success of dead and gone masters, beginning with the primitives beyond Apelles, beyond Reubens, and still further along at last to Picasso, the super-inexplicable. Then if there is a spark of genius in you, the world will soon come to your feet.

Woe unto you if you paint as *you* would like to! For thus you may decorate your entire dwelling from the very cellar to the roof with unsalable gems. And when the brush drops from your inanimate hand, vandalism, fire, water and winds will quickly consume your conceit.

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COMMON AMERICAN COFFEE

Used in "His Neighbor's Wife," by Elmer Harris.

One tablespoonful of coffee, not too fine, for each person and one for the pot.

One egg well beaten for each five cups of coffee; stir egg and coffee and add five cups of cold water. Let come slowly to boiling point but don't let it boil over. Turn fire low and let simmer for 4 or 5 minutes. Settle with a dash of cold water and keep hot until ready to serve.

BREAKFAST EGGS

"His Neighbor's Wife."

Butter well a muffin pan and use as many eggs as there are holes in the pan. Grate over the eggs any kind of cheese, depending upon

your nationality; season with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve on round slices of toast.

PLANTER'S PUNCH.

Charles Melville Brown

Whiskey glass of Jamaica rum, a dash each of gin, orange juice, Jamaica ginger and a little soda water.

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CHICKEN A LA KING

Esther Hunt

Take the white meat of a boiled chicken and cut it into discs and put into a saucepan. Put the saucepan on the stove with enough hot cream to barely cover the chicken, add one pimiento cut into discs, a pinch each of salt and pepper, and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Remove the saucepan from the stove and heat the yolk of an egg and mix it with the cream; let it simmer a little again—but not boil. Add butter the size of a walnut and serve, very hot, over some freshly made toast.

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Esther Hunt

Make a paste of cream cheese, sweet cream, and chopped walnuts. Spread lightly with

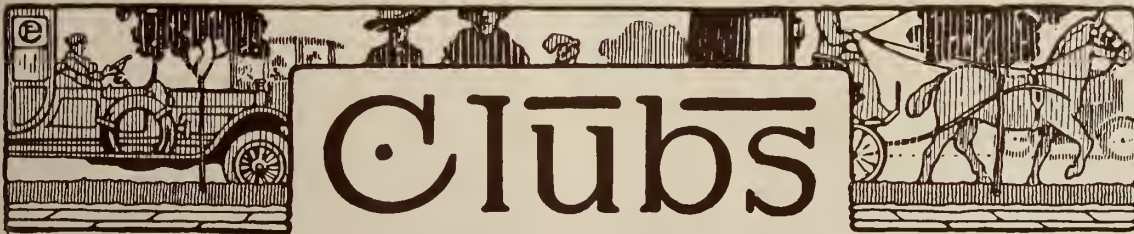
butter two slices(very thin) of white bread and one of brown. Use white bread for lower slice; spread it with the paste and place the brown bread on top of that and spread it with the paste followed by the other slice of white bread. Then with a sharp knife cut crosswise into small sandwiches.

DOCTOR'S DELIGHT

Joseph Greenbaum

Take nice, ripe Bartlett pears; peel and hollow out by removing cores but do not halve them. Make a smooth paste of Rocquefort cheese, butter, paprika, a little Worcestershire sauce and whatever other seasoning you choose. Fill pears and serve after entree.

The name sounds fearsome but it's good.



GUISEPPI VERDI

BY ROLAND PAUL

(Delivered at the Ebell Club, Los Angeles, October 20, 1913)

(Concluded)

Verdi's fecundity, however, was not yet exhausted, for, after a silence of sixteen years, he produced "Othello" at La Scala, in 1887, with a success that can only be described as overwhelming. Critics and musicians had assembled from all parts of the world. "Othello" was a wonderful advance beyond all Verdi's previous work. In all of his operas since "Trigoletto," there is a great deal to admire. "Aida," in particular, is a work of superb power and beauty, but before the days of "Othello," Verdi seemed scarcely to have his genius under perfect control. It is not until we reach "Othello" that we find him in command of that subtle power, which, in half a dozen words, apparently thrown together by accident, is able to reveal the soul of a man as plainly as though the character were discussed on a printed page.

"Othello" is an opera in four acts, with a text arranged by Boito from Shakespeare's well-known drama. The scene is laid in Cypress, at the end of the Fifteenth Century. The story follows closely that of the Shakespearean tragedy. There are really only two important parts in this opera, Othello and Desdemona, Othello's wife. The curtain rises upon the sea front. A storm is raging, and the crowd watches Othello's ship, which is battling with the waves. The landing is safely accomplished and Othello comes ashore to receive an ovation for his victories in warfare against the Turks. Among the spectators are Cassio, Iago and Roderigo. Iago, the villain, who seems to be a villain for villainy's sake alone, makes Cassio drunk and incites him to fight with Montano, who is wounded. Othello appearing at the moment, deprives Cassio of his rank and then returns to the side of his wife, the gentle Des-

demonia. Iago begins to plot and the seeds of jealousy are sown in Othello's breast. He sends Cassio to Desdemona, begging her to intercede with her husband, and then, with many nasty insinuations, draws Othello's attention to the incident of the visit. Desdemona comes to Othello to present the case of Cassio, but her request for clemency is refused with suspicion. Othello's agitation is so evident, that in tender solicitude, Desdemona attempts to tie her handkerchief about his throbbing forehead. He casts it away petulantly. Iago picks it up and later brings news to Othello that he has seen this bit of lace in Cassio's hands, and whispers that he has heard Cassio murmur Desdemona's name in his sleep. Both Iago and Othello take a solemn oath to avenge the latter's honor. Accordingly, Othello feigns a headache and asks for the handkerchief, which the unsuspecting wife confesses she has lost. She still pleads Cassio's cause, and is charged in cruel terms with being unfaithful. Here occurs Othello's big aria. In his rage and jealousy, he seeks counsel of Iago, who advises him to punish the erring wife by strangling her. The last act takes place in Desdemona's apartment. She is filled with foreboding, but at last falls asleep, only to be awakened by Othello's kisses and to be told that she is to die. Deaf to her pathetic assertions of innocence, he stifles her. A waiting maid, hearing the sound of a struggle, comes in. She discloses Iago's villainy, and the remorseful Moor stabs himself.

Othello ranks highly in Verdi's works, and marks a distinct and notable advance in the composer's style. The orchestra is given a more prominent and important role to play than in any of his previous works, while certain phrases are employed frequently in the score, somewhat in the manner of the Wagnerian leading motive.

Verdi's last, and, by a great many, considered his greatest opera, is "Falstaff," an opera in three acts, based upon Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and produced at La Scala, March 12th, 1893. This was written when Verdi was eighty years of age, and shows no signs of falling off in power. On the contrary, musical authorities deem it to be his masterpiece, though the general public has been slow in its acceptance of the great work. It ripples with lustre and true musical humor from beginning to end, although not without occasional moments of exquisite tenderness.

The libretto, arranged by Boito, has been pronounced by critics as probably the best written and planned libretto ever presented to a composer. He has translated Shakespeare with love and respect, and has preserved admirably the spirit of the English flavor. When "Falstaff" was first presented, it was acclaimed one of the greatest works ever heard within these famous walls. You all, of course, know the story of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," so it will not be necessary to give you the plot of "Falstaff." This is the last opera that Verdi ever wrote. From then until his death, which occurred at Hotel Milano, Milan, January 27th, 1901, Verdi led a very quiet life, though, by no means, a secluded one. Scarcely any of the usual symptoms of senility were to be remarked. His last wish, which was never realized, was to write appropriate music to the prayer written by Queen Margharita of Italy, on the death of King Humbert. The greatest monument of this greatest Italian composer, and one that will live always, is the "Casa di Riposo," a home for old and retired singers, which was a gift from Verdi, and to which he contributed always. No work of sculptor in bronze or marble could ever be so lasting or impressive, or show the great loving heart of this grand old man.

For he who loves his fellowmen stands high in the estimation of his God.

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THE HUMOR OF JANE AUSTEN

(Part of an address delivered by the author, Kate Upson Clark, at the Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles, November 28, 1913.)

Various motives impel to authorship. Sometimes the members of a family happen to have fallen into the habit, and propinquity and imitation unite to inspire the one to follow on in the same path. Sometimes great events have occurred in the vicinity, and demand arises for description and comment, revealing hitherto unguessed powers. Sometimes a person may sparkle so brightly in conversation that his friends beseech him to try his talents in the field of literature. Or pressing poverty and the absence of any more convenient means of earning a living may develop a literary bent, especially if a newspaper chance to be at hand in which some romantic penny-liner describes the vast fortunes won by the story-writer and the poet. Or any one of a score of other reasons may account for the adoption of a literary career.

None of these seem to have operated in the case of Jane Austen. She wrote because she could not help it,—as freely and spontaneously as the bird sings or builds its nest. One critic says that her only object seemed to be to impart to others something of that pleasure in life which she evidently felt herself. Beyond her immediate family circle, nobody seems to have been in the secret of her composition, and even they seem to have had no idea that she was a genius. When visitors appeared suddenly, she threw a piece of embroidery, always kept close at hand for the purpose, over her guilty diversions, so singular and almost immodest was it deemed on those days that a gentlewoman should write.

So sincerely did Jane Austen love her work, and so anxious must she have been to justify her passion, that it seems strange she did not make one or more of her heroines a writer, but we are not told that the least important lady in any of her delightful novels ever so much as soiled her finger with an ink-pot. Even the brave, bright spirit of Jane Austen did not quite dare that. The time had not yet come. Twenty years later she might have done it,—but the chime of the woman's hour has not struck even

The wonder of this pure and delicious spring, bubbling up so freely and unaccountably, grows greater as it is contemplated,—for it flowed in what was almost a desert land, so far as "literary material" is concerned. There would have appeared to be in her quiet home town nothing, absolutely nothing, to write about. The modern young person would scarcely be able to cull from it materials for a letter of any general interest,—and yet Jane Austen wrote, in the dull and lifeless village of Steventon, between 1796 and 1799, beginning when she was but twenty-one, the three immortal novels, "Pride and Prejudice," "Northanger Abbey," and "Sense and Sensibility."

"There was," says Prof. Goldwin Smith, "nothing to stimulate, sophisticate or spoil her. No primrose or wild hyacinth on the banks of Steventon ever unfolded more freely or drew its life more entirely from its native sod." And yet the fastidious and learned Macaulay said of her books, which he read over and over again, "There are no compositions which approach nearer to perfection." Macaulay and his sister were so familiar with the various characters in these delightful stories that they talked daily in the dialect of some of their favorite Austen characters.

The purely domestic nature of the novels fitted them peculiarly for this sort of use, and since they were the first of their class, they naturally affected deeply the few discerning critics who detected their value and felt their charm. They form one of the most important object lessons in all literature for driving home that foundation canon of art, "Make use of the material at hand—of that which is dear and familiar." As a rule, one manages nothing else half so well. Even in the most prosaic and restricted life, these magic tales seem to say, may be found that which may enthrall the fancy and illumine the soul forever.

Unconsciously to herself, no doubt, but no less truly, this principle actuated Jane Austen. She may have felt some slight impetus from several motives as she began her work, but chiefly she wrote because she had within her the irresistible stirring of genius. As Walter Scott said of Mary Seaton, when she

danced and sang for her imprisoned queen, she loved to use her gifts simply for the pleasure of using them.

Reading aloud in a certain family circle at one time the reader came to the passage, "There were more dancers than the room could conveniently hold, which is enough to constitute a good ball at any time."

She laid down the book with a laugh.

"Isn't Jane Austen funny!" she exclaimed. "And isn't she modern! These are just the things we say nowadays,—but she puts the most commonplace facts in such a deliciously humorous way!"

A guest who happened to be present looked puzzled and also somewhat scornful.

"I never could see anything funny about Jane Austen," she announced deliberately. "Now just tell me what was funny about that insignificant remark? It is nice to have a good attendance at a ball,—and I don't care what she says to make out it isn't."

There was a moment's silence. Nobody present had quite presumption enough to attempt the dissection of Jane Austen's elusive and delicate humor. Somebody developed the bromidic opinion that it is fortunate for us all that tastes differ in this world, and the reader went on.

This incident reminds one of the critic who says, "Jane Austen's charm is so impalpable that the only homage her vassals can pay her in the face of an enemy is to lose their tempers."

Probably many of us have had a similar experience with other humorists. There were those in the old days who saw nothing funny in the letters of Artemas Ward. A rather bright man once read seriously through Mark Twain's description of his emotions at the tomb of Adam, and then asked, "Do you suppose the man really did feel as badly as that?" There are many who see no point and nothing humorous in Mr. Dooley's scathing but wholly good-natured comments on the passing show,—and it is the same with others not only in the department of humor, but in every field in which the human intellect works. The geniuses are so remote from the common herd of us, that interpreters have to be raised up before we can comprehend them.

By many modern critics, Jane Austen has been thus interpreted,—notably by Macaulay, to his generation, and even in her own time by her friend, Miss Mitford, who said that she, like Miss Martineau, had read all the novels at least three times, and the latter, "Persuasion," eleven times, though she considered "Emma" the best of them all. Still, Miss Mitford's attitude toward this far greater genius than herself was distinctly patronizing, in spite of the fact that she once said she would cut off her right hand if thereby she could gain the ability to write like Jane Austen. Even if, in her soul she recognized the power of this quiet daughter (like herself) of a quiet country parson, she perhaps would not have dared to proclaim it in the face of a doubting world,—most of her contemporaries saw nothing in Jane Austen,—notably Wordsworth and de Stael, and,

later, Charlotte Bronte. None of these had any sense of humor, so what could you expect?

When we reflect that no biography of Jane Austen appeared until fifty-two years after her death, we wonder that we know even as much of her as we do. In the meantime, many of her letters were lost and scores of people had died who might have added facts of importance to the scanty stock which had chanced to be preserved in the memories of her aged surviving nephews and nieces. It is certain that she was born on December 16, 1775, and died on July 18, 1817, that she was a scribbler from childhood, and that she had written three novels before she left Steventon at the age of twenty-five. During the six years when she with her mother and sister were sojourning at Lyme, Bath and various other places, she evidently wrote no books, but during the later years of her life, while they were settled again in the country at Chawton (through the generosity of her brother Edward), she wrote three more beautiful stories.

Jane calls herself the "most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress," though she was evidently a voracious reader and especially fond of serious writers, like Hannah More and the poet Crabbe. Still, there are constant evidences throughout her pages of the superficiality of what might be called her "technical" education. The ordinary grammatical mistakes of the fashionably half-educated, not only of Jane Austen's time, but of ours as well, occur on every page,—such as "those sort of things," "a pity that anyone should not have their powers in exercise," "Everybody knows their own business," "The heaviest of the two," and so on,—but her wonderful choice of words which places her quiet scenes before us with a dramatic truth so startling that we can hardly persuade ourselves that we have not seen them with our own eyes.

As to her personality, and her general impression upon society, we have little to guide us. Miss Mitford declares that she was as stiff as a poker and that nobody ever thought that she had "anything in her" until the appearance of "Pride and Prejudice." Another authority describes her as a mere butterfly, always flirting and seeming unduly anxious to get married. As it is plain from her letters that she had more than one opportunity to enter matrimony if she had really desired to do so, this latter opinion may be at once dismissed as prompted by malice or envy, or almost any motive but the truth; while if Miss Mitford was as patronizing in her manner socially as she was in her literary attitude toward Jane Austen, who must have felt in her soul her infinite superiority to that dear lady from an intellectual point of view, it is no wonder that Jane may have appeared rather stiff. Sir Egerton Brydges in his autobiography says that she was "fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full."

The portraits of Jane Austen are quaint and interesting, but one feels little confidence in their truth to life.

Of her skill in handiwork more substantial proofs remain, in actual specimens of her firm and delicate stitching and embroidery. We are told that she excelled in all games demanding a steady hand and a true eye. No one could like her throw the spillikins (jackstraws) in a perfect circle, and remove them one by one with so sure a touch. She could catch the ball upon the point of the handle in the game of "cup and ball," 10 0times in succession. In these and in the "carpet-work" then and later so much in vogue, she resembled her distinguished poet-contemporary (born eleven years before Jane Austen died), Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who did not scorn to play the innocent game of spillikins or to toil over that now defunct carpet-work.

Jane Austen, in common with an astonishing number of others among famous people, cared nothing for music.

"It is Mr. H.'s firm belief," she writes in a letter, "that a person not musical is fit for every sort of wickedness. I ventured to assert a little on the other side, but wished the cause in abler hands."

"Single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor."

Perhaps it was from having observed this propensity that all her heroines, except Emma, are made out to be what was called in those days "poor," though most of them possessed what in our land and time would constitute a fair dowry.

Miss Maria Ward, though having "only seven thousand pounds," had the luck to fascinate the rich Sir Thomas Bertram. The Dashwood sisters had at least a thousand pounds apiece in their own right, and at their mother's death would have more, while Robert Watson was sure that if his sister Margaret had had only so much as a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds, a certain young man would have offered himself to her. Anne Elliott was "poor," yet she would have upon the death of her father ten thousand pounds. General Tilney treated poor Cath-

erine Morland outrageously upon learning that she was not the great heiress she had been at first described to him,—but she had three thousand pounds, which finally persuaded him to consent to her marriage with his son.

From the letters we learn that she had a greater experience of gay life than her biographer leads us to think, though she was never so much as 200 miles away from her home. Bath and its famous pump-room, she must have known from her girlhood, through her visits to her Cooper cousins. Thus she was able to write with thorough intelligence the charming descriptions of Bath life which we find in "Northanger Abbey," though she came to know it much better some years afterward.

It is a comfort to struggling young authors to know that Miss Austen's first attempts at publication were discouraging. We do not know to how many publishers these immortal works were offered, but certainly no one would take them until "Northanger Abbey" was sold for ten pounds to a publisher in Bath. It lay unopened in his desk until about twelve years later, when "Pride and Prejudice" had proved itself something of a success, when the Austen family bought it back again for the same price. He might not have been so willing to part with it, if he had known that it was by the "lady" who, under that indefinite title alone figured to the world outside as the author of "Pride and Prejudice." This book was published in 1813, while "Sense and Sensibility" had appeared in 1811.

During the three years between 1811 and 1814, "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion" were written. Miss Austen corrected the proof-sheets of the latter as her last literary work on earth in 1817. "Northanger Abbey" did not appear until 1818, a year after her death, and was the first to bear her name.

(To be Continued.)



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THE MOON QUEEN

A CANTATA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
IN TWO PARTS

Text and Lyrics by W. H. Gardner
Music by Louis F. Gottschalk

THE MOON QUEEN

Louis Gottschalk, co-author with William H. Gardner, of the following cantata, "The Moon Queen," is at present working on two plays with L. Frank Baum, whose "Tik Tok Man" and "Wizard of Oz" have sent so many thousands whistling homeward. One of the two plays upon which Mr. Gottschalk is

and are to be produced in the East this winter.

It is a wonderful and a splendid thing to write wholesome, fanciful, sensible child-nonsense—and it must be satisfying,—the knowledge that youngsters everywhere, are made happy, alertly imaginative and wondering, because one has written.

ARGUMENT

PART ONE takes place in the Land of Rosy Dawn, just at sunrise in the summer time. Little summer clouds are floating about in the morning breeze, when they are obliged to scamper away as the Sun begins to show himself over the Eastern sea, and right after him, follow his two children, Prince Sunbeam, and Princess Sunshine. The children tell their father, the Sun, that there is to be a Queen of the Universe, elected that night, as Little Princess Sunshine had it whispered to her by a morning breeze, and they want to know if they cannot stay up, so as to attend the election. Of course, their father explains that it is impossible as they never shine at night, but the little Princess says she is going to ask the Moon and the Evening Star about it, and she believes that they will fix things so they can take part in the election.

The Sun and his children have to run away then quickly for they hear a rustling, pattering sound borne on the breeze, and they know that Summer Shower and her little Family of Rain Drops are coming. Just as Summer Shower and the little Rain Drops were enjoying themselves, to their hearts' content, and had wet everything thoroughly, they, too, had to run away, for Rainbow comes along with a whole bevy of golden Sunbeams. By this time the day is most gone, and the Evening Star comes, and with the Sunset Clouds and Evening Breezes sings a beautiful lullaby.

PART TWO takes place in the Hall of the Milky Way where they are to have the long-

talked of election of a Queen of the Universe. The Moon has graciously given the Sun and his two children the privilege of being present, and while the Moon is waiting for them to come, she sings a new Nonsense Song with the North Star and the Evening Star, that Mother Goose had given them the last time she flew on her broomstick up to Moon Land. engaged is for children; both are near completion. Then all of the Universe gathers for the election, and the Sun and his two children come to see the Moon and pay their respects, after which, the North Star calls the meeting to order.

The Sun feels sure that all of them have agreed that to the Moon belongs the honor of being elected Queen, and in a very gallant manner he proposes that her election be made unanimous, which is greeted with great applause.

The Princess Sunshine, Prince Sunbeam, Rainbow, and Summer Shower are appointed a Committee of Four to escort the newly-elected Queen of the Universe to her Royal Throne, and then all the Universe marches by, to the music of a grand coronation march.

After that, the Sun crowns her Queen of the Universe, and the Queen makes a pretty speech, in which she says she hopes she will prove herself worthy of the honor, and that what she desires most is their love and respect, as those are the best gifts a queen can receive from her subjects. They all cheer loudly and then four o'clock strikes, and they know they must all go, for the Sun has to rise in a very few minutes, so they say Good-Night to the

Moon Queen, and hasten away to their various tasks in running the Universe.

CAST

<i>The Sun</i> <i>The Moon</i> <i>North Star</i> <i>Evening Star</i> <i>Morning Breeze</i> <i>Evening Breeze</i> <i>Summer Cloud</i> <i>Summer Shower</i>	<i>Rainbow</i> <i>Prince Sunbeam</i> <i>Princess Sunshine</i> <i>Chorus of Stars,</i> <i>Clouds, Breezes,</i> <i>Raindrops, and</i> <i>Sunbeams</i>
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PART ONE

In the Land of Rosy Dawn

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS.—CHORUS OF CLOUDS AND BREEZES.

BREEZES.

The world will soon begin to wake,
And from our bag a breeze we'll shake,

CLOUDS.

And if we now may be allowed,
We'll set afloat a little cloud.

TOGETHER.

So blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, blow, blow, blow, blow!

(*Enter THE SUN.*)

THE SUN. Good-morning, everybody, I see you are up before me.

SUMMER CLOUD. Yes, it's the only chance we get to enjoy ourselves. We have to leave as soon as you come.

THE SUN. (Good-naturedly.) Oh, you may be back before the day is over. I don't always have a chance to shine.

(*Exit SUMMER CLOUD and CHORUS OF CLOUDS.*)

No. 2. SOLO.—THE SUN.

Get up, get up, dear little folks,
The morning breeze is here,
The rooster from the barnyard fence
Is calling loud and clear.

REFRAIN.

Cock-a-doodle doo! Cock-a-doodle doo!
I'm calling now to you,
Come out, each little lad, and lass,
And see the dew upon the grass,
And hear the birds a-singing mass
Cock-a-doo, cock-a-doo,
Cock-a-doo-dle, doodle, doodle, doodle, doo,
Cock-a-doo!

Get up, get up, dear little folks,
The Sandman now has gone,
Down in the clover bank I hear,
Boy Blue blow on his horn.

(*Enter PRINCE SUNBEAM and PRINCESS SUNSHINE.*)

(*Running up to THE SUN.*)

PRINCE SUNBEAM and PRINCESS SUNSHINE.

(Together.) Good-morning, father dear.

THE SUN. (Embracing them both.) Why, little folks, you're as quick as a wink. I've just finished calling you.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE. We were all up and dressed, and were looking at our new picture-book, but we didn't dare to come until SUMMER CLOUD, and his comrades went away.

No. 3. DUET.—PRINCE SUNBEAM AND PRINCESS SUNSHINE, WITH DANCE.

PRINCE.

We love to dance and prance away!
We love to laugh and sing all day!

TOGETHER.

Jinglety, Jinglety, Jing!

PRINCESS.

We skip from wave to wave at sea!
Then jump from hill to greenwood tree!

TOGETHER.

Jinklety, Jinglety, Jing!

REFRAIN (TOGETHER.)

Oh, Jinklety, jinglety, jing,
We love to dance and sing,
We're round and we're rosy,
As sweet as a posy,
Jinglety, jinglety, jing.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE. Father, did you hear about the election there is to be of a Queen of the Universe?

THE SUN. No, who told you, dear?

PRINCESS SUNSHINE. A little MORNING BREEZE whispered it to me the other day. It's going to be to-night.

THE SUN. Well, then we can't be there.

PRINCE SUNBEAM. Can't we stay up one night?

THE SUN. (Laughing.) I don't see how, but I'll speak to THE MOON, and THE EVENING STAR, and perhaps they can fix it so we can.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE. I believe we can. I saw THE MOON once just before I went to bed, and she's so lovely, I feel sure she would let us.

(A rustling noise is heard outside.)

THE SUN. That's SUMMER SHOWER, and her little Family of RAINDROPS. Come, children, we'll have to get under cover for a while.

(Exit THE SUN, PRINCESS SUNSHINE, and PRINCE SUNBEAM.)

(Enter CHORUS OF RAINDROPS AND SUMMER SHOWER.)

No. 4. CHORUS OF RAINDROPS.

Patter, patter, patter, on the leaves and on the flowers!

Patter, patter, patter—we're the welcome Summer Showers,

Patter, patter, patter—on the meadow and the hill,

Patter, on the brooklet and the rill.

Yes, patter, patter, patter—on the beetle and the frog,

Patter, patter, patter, on the woodchuck in the log,

Patter, patter, patter, on the pretty butterfly,

And patter, till the sun shines in the sky.

SUMMER SHOWER. Oh, dear—just when we are beginning to thoroughly enjoy ourselves, and everything is just as wet as wet can be, then RAINBOW comes along, and we have to run.

(Exit SUMMER SHOWER and CHORUS OF RAINDROPS.)

(Enter RAINBOW and CHORUS OF SUNBEAMS.)

No. 5. CHORUS OF SUNBEAMS.

Rainbow, rainbow,—bring us good luck we pray!

Rainbow, rainbow—send all bad spirits away!

Fill up our slippers with gold, you know, As in legends of long ago.

Rainbow, rainbow, bring us good luck we pray.

RAINBOW. What made SUMMER SHOWER and the little RAINDROP children patter away so fast? I won't hurt them, and besides I shine my prettiest when they are around.

(Enter EVENING STAR.)

EVENING STAR. I'll tell you. They saw me coming, and they knew you couldn't stay but a minute, otherwise they would have gladly stayed, for dear little RAINBOW, they are very fond of you.

RAINBOW. (As she leaves.) I'm glad of that, anyway. I'll look out for them the next time, and make them stay.

(Exit RAINBOW.)

(Enter CHORUS OF STARS and BREEZES and CLOUDS.)

EVENING STAR. It's time to sing our lullaby for the little folks, but before we start in, please remember that by special arrangement with the MOON—all the rules of Nature are suspended for to-night, and we are to meet in the "Hall of the Milky Way," to elect a Queen of the Universe. Now, dear friends, to our work.

No. 6. LULLABY, EVENING STAR WITH CHORUS.

The sun sets in the golden West,
(Chorus, Come, dearies, off to bed)
The blue-bird sleeps within her nest,
(Chorus, Come, come, each sleepy head!)
The daisy and the sweet white rose,
Are tucked up tight now in the clothes,
And hark the Dream Boat whistle blows,
(Chorus, Come, dearies, all aboard!)

REFRAIN.

Come, all aboard, for By Lo Land,
Each take a fairy by the hand,
Now, lullaby-close tight each eye!
And off to Dreamland we'll fly!
Bye, bye, bye, bye, we'll fly!

The cricket sings, "Come, hurry up,"
(Chorus, Come dearies, off to bed!)
"Sleep sound as little Buttercup!"
(Chorus, Come, come, each sleepy head!)
The pussy cat sleeps in the hay,
She will not wake till break of day,
So now to Dreamland let's away,
(Chorus, Come, dearies, all aboard!)

PART TWO

Hall of the Milky Way

MOONBEAMS.

No. 7. MARCH SONG.—CHORUS OF STARS and
When other folks are sound asleep,
You'll find us wide awake,
A watch o'er all the world we keep,
O'er hill and dale and lake,
We light our lamps and keep them trimmed,
Until Day blows his horn,
Then ere you have a chance to look,
You'll find that we are gone.

(Enter the MOON from the right, she takes her place in the centre of the stage, back. The NORTH STAR and EVENING STAR enter immediately after and take their places respectively on her right and left.)

THE MOON. (To the North Star.) So you met Mother Goose in your wanderings last night?

NORTH STAR. Yes, she had been up to pay a visit to Santa Claus, who is spending his vacation up near the North Pole.

EVENING STAR. Santa Claus doesn't like the warm weather any more than he used to, does he?

NORTH STAR. No, he told Mother Goose if Christmas came in summer—he would have to resign.

THE MOON. (Laughing.) That's just like him. But, tell me, what about this new Nonsense Song Mother Goose gave you?

NORTH STAR. (Taking it out of his pocket.) Here it is. She had it tucked inside of her broomstick.

THE MOON. (Looking it over.) Oh, let's try it over now!

No. 8. Trio, THE MOON, THE NORTH STAR, and THE EVENING STAR.

NONSENSE SONG.

There was a little fish, and he lived down in a well,

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum! tum!

He couldn't read, nor write, and neither could he spell,

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum, tum!

He never lost a chance to scold the whole community,

He sputtered and he croaked at ev'ry opportunity,

Till all the people said, "Poor froggy has gone loonity,"

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum, tum!

There was a little fish, and he lived owdn in a lake,

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum, tum,

He couldn't stitch, nor sew and neither could he bake,

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum, tum!

He got upon the hook of a doctor of divinity, Who happened to be fishing in the same vicinity.

And said, "Oh, little fish, I am glad to take you in-ity,"

Tumtleetum, tleetum, tum, tum!

NORTH STAR. (Laughing.) A little nonsense does us good, doesn't it?

EVENING STAR. Yes, it is relished by the best of men.

THE MOON. (Reprovingly.) Friends, put on your sober faces and prepare to welcome our guests.

NORTH STAR. This night is worth making a

note of. Whoever heard before of the SUN, and the MOON, and RAINBOW, all being out together with all the CLOUDS, BREEZES, SUNBEAMS, MOONBEAMS, and RAINDROPS?

THE EVENING STAR. Such an important event ought to be celebrated by such a gathering. We never had a chance to elect a Queen of the Universe before, and we ought to make the most of it.

(Enter **THE SUN**, with **PRINCE SUNBEAM**, and **PRINCESS SUNSHINE**. They go to the MOON, take hold of hands, and make a low bow.)

THE SUN. Ah, my dear friend, it is many years since we met like this. I fully appreciate your giving up your rights for one night for this gathering.

THE MOON. I am always glad to give up anything to help my friends, and besides, I must confess, I believe I am going to enjoy our meeting the most of all.

(Enter **MORNING BREEZE**, **EVENING BREEZE**, **SUMMER CLOUD**, **SUMMER SHOWER**, and **RAINBOW**. They all go up to the MOON, and bow, and then take their places at L. and R.)

No. 9. SOLO.—THE MOON WITH CHORUS.

WELCOME SONG.

Welcome to Moonland, one and all,

(Chorus, Welcome, friends so dear!)

We're glad that you did on us call,

(Chorus, We're glad that you are here!)

Let us make this a night of right good cheer,

And if to the world we don't appear,

They'll forgive us when once the tale they hear,

(Chorus, Welcome, friends so dear).

THE NORTH STAR. Good friends, of the night, and the day, this is the first time we have ever met together.

THE SUN. (Interrupting him, in a hearty tone.) I hope it won't be the last, but peo-

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ple grumble so when things don't happen as they have it laid down in the almanac, that I suppose we cannot try this very often.

NORTH STAR. (Continuing his speech.) Then there's all the more reason, good friends of the Universe, for us to enjoy ourselves tonight. Now you all know why we have gathered here, and as I first proposed it, I have been selected to take charge of the voting.

THE SUN. Friends, I feel sure that we are all agreed that there is only one real Queen of the Universe, and that there never can be another lovelier (pointing to the MOON, who appears somewhat embarrassed). Indeed, you long ago made up your minds that the MOON was the Queen, and it has been the regret of my life for many years that I am obliged to leave the sky, before I have a chance to see her at her best. Now—I am going to propose that we vote unanimously to elect her Queen of the Universe. What do you say, friends?

(They all cry, yes, yes, and hold up their right hands.)

THE SUN. Then it is a vote.

THE RAINBOW. I move that PRINCESS SUNSHINE, PRINCE SUNBEAM, RAINBOW, and SUMMER SHOWER be appointed a Committee of Four to escort her to the Royal Throne.

(They all clap hands.)

THE SUN. (Smiling.) I am sure it is a vote.
No. 10. CORONATION MARCH.

(The MOON takes her seat in a large arm-chair at back, which is decorated in royal blue and gold. The SUN takes a place at her right, and the EVENING STAR at the left. All the rest on the stage form in pairs, headed by PRINCESS SUNSHINE and PRINCE SUNBEAM, who carry the crown before them, on a royal-blue velvet pillow. They march twice around in time to music, and then form at back on either side, as PRINCESS SUNSHINE and PRINCE SUNBEAM go before the MOON, bow, and then kneel in front of her, holding the crown on the cushion in front of them.)

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No. 11. FULL CHORUS.

All hail, lovely Luna, queen of the sky!
We love thee, we bless thee—we crown thee
our queen,
All hail, all hail, all hail!

(THE SUN *steps forward. The bearers of the crown rise up and hold the crown on cushion before him.*)

THE SUN. (Taking the crown and placing it on the MOON'S head.) In the name of the Universe, I crown thee, Queen!

PRINCESS SUNSHINE. (Stepping up in front of the Queen quickly, and putting a wreath of flowers over the crown, reciting)

May Peace and Goodness bless thy reign,
And always follow in thy train,
May Love be ever at thy side,
And Hope for aye with thee abide,
All through the years to come, O Queen,
Still may thou shine on all, serene.

(*They all cheer heartily.*)

THE MOON. Dear friends, of the Universe, what can I say? You know I love you all. I had not expected such an honor and I fear

I do not deserve it, but it shall be my constant effort from this day to be worthy of the place to which you have chosen me. Let me say, dear friends, that what I want most is your love and respect. Those are the best gifts a Queen can receive from her true subjects.

(*They all cheer again.*)

(*A gong strikes four very loudly outside.*)

THE SUN. What's that? Four o'clock, dear me! how time flies! (Bustling about.) Come, come, everybody! It's time for us to go. Let us all say good-night to our dear Queen and then we'll go back to our various duties in helping the Universe run smoothly. I'm sure it will me many centuries before we will forget this night.

No. 12. FINALE, FULL CHORUS.

Good-night! Good-bye!

We part with sweet regret,

Good-night! good-bye!

This hour we'll ne'er forget,

Good-night, good Queen—good-night, good-night!

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The big hotel has lost its true grand dame,
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The tea room gossip lacks her spirited address,
The music room her easy elegance,
The card saloon will want a skillful hand,
And how uneasily the dinner guests will move along to
fill her vacant place.
And who can dare to touch the simple trifles that she
loved?—

The old engraving and an etching signed,
The woodcut of a thief upon a cross
Caressed by some unknown unlovely wench
Who stands upon an ass's back to reach his lips,
The little clock of ancient bronze,
The likenesses of comrades but a few
The photographs of "animals I have loved and children
that have loved me for myself."

Amy perhaps may touch these relics with a loving hand,
Or yet another that I dare not name,
But he may only take them up and place them gently
back again.

Life heaped its thorns and roses in a tangled mass
Upon the bosom of this dead Pierre;
The Church may claim its little cup of clay,
The world is heir to all her flesh and blood.
"Pierre de Coulevain" has lived.

Everett Carroll Maxwell.

Society

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THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

By Chas. F. Lummis.

A Museum is the full flowering of human culture.

The historian notes in any community its

schools, hygiene, libraries, commerce—but every community has all these in good American fashion and proportion. Much less than a dozen cities in the United States are noted for their schools or libraries above the great and splendid average this country provides for ordinary education. And the serious student looks far beyond and above any average before making a special mark on the long program of some million years. Billions of people have lived and died on this planet, and done their human work; but history concerns itself with only a few thousand of them. It “hits the high places” only. How many Europeans—or Americans—can you name offhand as contemporaries of Napoleon? What pro-

portion of our hundred million people convince the rest that they should be President of the United States.

Not only philosophers but average "mere human beings" recognize this matter of proportion. Americans expend several hundred million dollars annually in Europe. How many of them go to see the schools (which in some countries are fully as good as ours), or the sewer systems, railways, or paving?

People go to Europe to see the Higher Scholarship. This is best expressed by the Museum. There are libraries, and particularly art galleries. But every art gallery and every library is in part a Museum—and every real Museum is also art gallery and library.

What is a Museum? The dictionary says: "A temple of the Muses, a place of study . . . a repository of things that have an immediate relation to literature, art or science."

Let us add to that the western translation: "A Museum is a place where you can Learn the Story of Man."

That's the kind that the Southwest Museum is, and was founded to be. It is "to harmonize Science," the most fascinating thing that man, woman or child ever studied, *when* it is made Possible, and the Greek words are cut

out, and the Story of Man is shown in its simple beauty. Tens of thousands of Los Angeles school boys and girls have already begun to learn this. It is a wonderful beginning.

Many American cities have what they call Museums. The Century Dictionary lists *three*. Its next edition will list the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

In its location, its architecture, its outlook, its lighting, its installations, its scientific and educational activities, it will be unique. Artists and architects, educators and school children, scientists and students, citizens and tourists will find it an inspiration, a helper and a friend. It will be one of the noted "Sights" of the West, and one of the most active and effective centers of the Higher Scholarship—but not *too* high for a child, though scientific enough for the most learned.

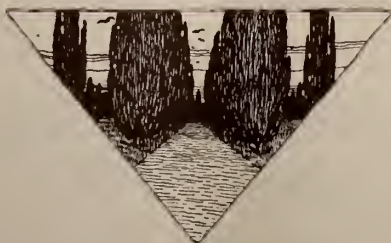
Its foundation is as distinctive as its site and architecture. Other museums owe their birth and maintenance to municipal or State or National appropriations, or to gifts by the wealthy. Into almost all of them has crept the dangerous element of "Politics." So far as I am aware, no other considerable museum in America has been founded in what I deem "the most American Way."

The Southwest Museum is a monument to the *general* public spirit of this community. It has never received a dollar from City or State. Some seven hundred of the men and women of the Southwest have contributed the money which purchased the \$50,000 site of 17 acres, and the quarter of a million dollar collections, and the huge and noble first buildings now rising so rapidly on Museum Hill. This class of citizens will maintain and continue this work—the big-hearted, open-handed, foreseeing people who make Southern California what it is. They will carry out the whole great plan, which will cover that matchless Acropolis with a million dollars worth of buildings, and fill these with exhibits worthy of their setting and of the community whose education they serve.

For 29 years I have known this community. For ten years it has helped us to the realization of this great dream, which is now come true. Its generosity and its scholarship are

unexampled in the whole story of American communities; and I trust it as implicitly as I rely on the Law of Gravitation. We are building a museum that will not fall in ten thousand years, as to its physical part; and for a people that will never let it fall down financially. And we urge everyone who is interested in scholarship, or in the entertainment of our visitors, or in the beauty of this city, or in the education of our children and our children's children, to join in this work which is not by taxation but by individual donation.

The simplest aid is to become a member of the Southwest Society, the "founder and feeder" of the Southwest Museum. There are over 400 members already, including the foremost people in society and affairs. There should be twice as many, after the impressive ceremonies of today, when the work already done can be viewed. There are surely that many people in Los Angeles who *care*.



Society

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

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CLUB DATES

Friday Morning Club; December 3—
 Book Committee Luncheon. The Poets of Today.
 Friday Morning Club; December 5—
 Tales from the "Thousand Nights and a Night,"
 Stephani Schutze.
 Friday Morning Club; Saturday Evening, December 6—
 Guest Program, 8:15. Tales from the "Arabian Nights." Stephani Schutze.
 December 8—Woman's City Club; "The Red Light Abatement Act," Mrs. Hester Griffith and Dr. G. Mellinthin.
 December 8—Ebell Club; illustrated lecture "Christmas in Art," Miss Stella Skinner of the University of Illinois.
 Friday Morning Club; December 9—
 Public Affairs, 2:30. The Conditions of Unemployment in Los Angeles.
 December 10—Friday Morning Club; "The Christ Child in Art," Dr. William Horace Day.
 Friday Morning Club; December 10—
 Art Conference, 2:30. The Christ Child in Art. William Horace Day, D. D.
 December 10—Ruskin Art Club; "The Spirit of the Renaissance," Mrs. W. H. Housh and Mrs. A. R. Griffith.
 Friday Morning Club; December 12—
 Three Centuries of American Art. Illustrated by stereopticon. Hector Alliot, Sc. D.
 December 13—Galpin Shakespeare Club; all day meeting; hostess, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Wilshire Boulevard.
 December 15—Ebell Club; lecture, Mrs. George Goldsmith.
 Friday Morning Club; December 16—
 Dramat Committee, 2:30. "Leibelei," by Schnitzler. Read by Mrs. T. O. Turner.
 December 17—Ruskin Art Club; French History; Civil and Religious Wars; Miss A. M. Donovan and Mrs. Donald Skeel.

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EIGHT

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Friday Morning Club; December 19—
 "The Children's Crusade," by Gabriel Pierné.
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 harp. Under the direction of Archibald Ses-
 sions.

Friday Morning Club; December 26—
 No Program.

EVENTS TO COME

December 6—Mrs. Robert Phillip McReynolds,
 Berkeley Square; luncheon, Midwick Country
 Club.

December 6—Mrs. Charles Monroe, West Twenty-
 eighth Street; tea dance for her sister, Miss
 Emily Hadley of Whittier.

December 6—Mrs. Dean Mason, St. Andrews Place;
 luncheon for Miss Daphne Drake.

December 6—Mrs. George J. Denis and Mrs. Ran-
 dolph Huntington Miner; breakfast at the Cali-
 fornia Club for Mrs. Allan C. Balch.

December 6—Mrs. Frank Harbert and Mrs. Edward
 Butterworth; bridge luncheon.

December 10—Mrs. Joseph Sartori and Miss Juliet
 Boileau, West Twenty-eighth Street; tea; first
 of a series of Second Wednesday at homes.

December 11—Mr. and Mrs. William L. Graves,
 Westmoreland Avenue; dinner for Miss Kate
 Van Nuys.

December 11-12-13—Parish Aid Society of Christ
 Episcopal Church; Christmas Bazaar, Alexan-
 dria Hotel.

December 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, An-
 drews boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stan-
 ton; dance.

December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.

December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Johnstone Whitley, Hotel
 Hollywood; afternoon reception in January to
 be followed in the evening by a ball; to intro-
 duce Miss Grace Virginia Whitley.

Mrs. George J. Denis, Westlake avenue; reception
 in January for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet; dance in December
 for Miss Daphne Drake.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT:

Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green, Ellendale Place, will
 not go to their new home at Beverly Hills in
 January as they had planned; it will be ready
 for occupancy in March.

Miss Emily Hadley of Whittier, sister of Mrs.
 Charles Monroe, West Twenty-eighth Street, is
 at the Darby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Watkins Campbell, nee Marion
 Beveridge, have moved into their new home in
 St. Andrews Place.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Dunham, Berendo Street,
 will spent the winter at the Bryson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, nee Elizabeth Bishop,
 will return next week from a honeymoon trip
 to Honolulu.

Lieutenant John H. Howard, of Douglas, Arizona,
 will come to Los Angeles to spend the holidays
 with Mrs. Howard, who has been for some time
 the guest of her parents, Lieutenant General
 and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Chester Place, will resume
 her first Wednesday at homes in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington will spend the
 winter in Los Angeles, arriving in January.

The Bryson has announced a series of tea dances to
 begin at an early date.

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Mr. and Mrs. William L. Graves, Jr., Westmoreland Avenue; for Mr. and Mrs. Norton Johnson and Lieutenant and Mrs. Toaz of Portland.

PARTIES

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, South Figueroa Street; California Club; dinner dance for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. James Scott Ormsby, Westlake Avenue; for Mrs. K. C. Doris and Mrs. K. Doris of Milwaukee; bridge.

Mrs. Fred Hooker Jones, West Adams Street; literary evening; address by Professor Baumgardt, "Shakespeare's England."

Mrs. John Milner, West Adams Street, and Mrs. David Edgar Llewellyn, South Figueroa; reception, Ebell Clubhouse; five hundred guests.

Mrs. J. Alden West; cards; twenty-three guests.

Mrs. R. W. Shoemaker, Hollywood; theatre; for Mrs. Joy Clark; six guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, West Twenty-eighth Street; debutante reception and dance for Miss Helen Jones; five hundred guests.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. George Goldsmith, Kingsley Drive; fifty guests; bridge; last of series.

Mrs. Emory C. Brace, Hampton Court; five guests.

Mrs. Viola Frederick, South Gramercy Place; Hotel Lankershim; for Miss Jennie Schober of Minneapolis; six guests.

Mrs. Guy Boynton; Sierra Madre Club; for Miss Helen McKevett; cards.

Early interesting. Their romance and ideal. Mrs. R. V. Day, St. James Park; twelve guests; bridge.

Mrs. Phineas W. Bresee, West Adams Street; bridge; fourteen guests.

Mrs. Edward F. Siegmund, Westmoreland Avenue; bridge; eighteen guests.

TEAS

Mrs. Moses N. Avery and Miss Avery; South Vermont Avenue; three hundred guests.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil and Mrs. Bertrand Smith, South Figueroa Street; first of a series at homes.

HOUSE GUESTS

Mrs. Byron Waters of San Bernardino; with Mrs. Curtis C. Colyear, West Twenty-seventh Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller of Jerome, Arizona; with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Miller, Lake Street.

Dr. Thomas H. Rockwell of New York; brother of Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee; with the Chaffees.

BACK IN TOWN

Mrs. Phineas W. Bresee, West Adams Street; from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Dutweiler and Miss Dutweiler, South Manhattan Place; from eastern motor trip of six months.

DEPARTURES

Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., Adna Chaffee III and Mrs. Dodson, mother of Mrs. Chaffee; for Lieutenant Chaffee's station in the Philippines. Captain George F. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton and family accompany them.

Mrs. Frank Robert Johnson, house guest of her daughter, Mrs. Walter Perry Story, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, who came to Los Angeles to join her; for their home in Portland.

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The image which is taken by a painter from several bodies, produces a beauty which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues.—MAXIMUS TYRIUS.

J. HENRY SHARP—PAINTER OF IN-
DIANS

The spirit of the plains country is the constructive theme of most of J. Henry Sharp's canvases. This element has far outdistanced

His inspiration for these canvases is best expressed in his own words. "I was first attracted by the human side of the Indian. The



TAOS, NEW MEXICO, BY J. H. SHARP

his earlier reputation as a portraitist. These canvases have great ethnological value and are also excellent representations of an environment, little touched upon by other depic-
tors of Indian life.

character of the old warriors I found particularly interesting. Their romance and idealism are the most beautiful symbols brought down in the annals of time; their religion, their legends and superstitions all are unique.

Not these alone, however, brought the greatest influence to bear on my work. It was more the humanity of the present, the aspect we can see, know and feel that was my greatest inspiration.

"I was the first artist to carry a paint box into Taos, New Mexico. That was twenty-one years ago. Since then I have returned each summer for several months. These visits made me realize the longevity of the southwestern Indian. I found that his northern prototype would soon become extinct and I decided to put into my canvases representations of their present day and time."

To identify himself thus closely with Indian life Mr. Sharp was compelled to give up his association of over ten years with the faculty of the Cincinnati Art Academy. A cabin and studio at Crow Agency, Montana, the place made famous as the "Custer Battle Field," has since been his winter home.

In that country he painted most of the prominent men of the Plains Indians. These labors accomplished, and finding that the tribes were getting more civilized and scattered, that farms were being deserted for the more enervating climate of the south, Mr. Sharp journeyed to Taos, where he also has a studio and home.

Quaintly located, his painting room there is the private chapel of an old Mission church. For over a hundred and fifty years these ancient walls have stood. It was through the kindness of the Archbishop of Santa Fe, that the artist was permitted the use of these sacred environments as his workshop. Mr. Sharp's home proper adjoins, and he is a neighbor of E. Irving Couse, the New York Indian painter, E. L. Blumenschein, Bert Phillips, Herbert Dunton and O. Berminghaus, who form what is known as the Taos colony.

An interesting representation of this quaint place is our smaller illustration, "Pueblo of Taos, New Mexico." In this canvas Mr. Sharp shows us practically the same city as Coronado discovered it many centuries ago. Atmospherically the artist has treated this composition with great truth. He has also suggested in his drawing and modeling the spirit of the history back of this place. Against an illumined, emotional sky, he has massed tottering

walls, and vessels in quaint outline. The distant sea, the brush and the wild run field all are treated with broad and subtle strokes. This is one of Mr. Sharp's most masterly canvases. One feels instinctively the love he must have for this place.

This same feature one discovers in all the pictures Mr. Sharp paints, for most of them are canvases of enduring work. Not alone does the artist interpret nature and its characteristics, but he puts into his translations a note one momentarily experiences when viewing his canvases. His color sense is even, and it is harmoniously expressed.

Mr. Sharp has studied with the masters of the world, among whom are Charles Verlat of Antwerp, Carl Marr of Munich, Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant of Paris. One feels their influence considerably, especially in the drawing and modeling of his figures. Another point in favor of Mr. Sharp's delineation of our early western settlers in the fact that this artist gives us the realism of the home atmosphere and its life without the usual uneven trappings of excitement. Such an example is his "The Gamblers" which interprets a tepee interior with a group of three Indians as its central note. Posed in the fire-light's glow they play with stones as their pawns. The strong modeling of this canvas, its direct treatment and the ease and natural pose of the figures are its finest points.

"Grief," another of our illustrations, hung at the Academy of Design last year. The abandon of this figure is splendidly featured. The simplicity of the handling, the mass of

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light and shade in the treatment of the flesh tones are strongly modeled. Another with a similar suggestion has the reclining figure and the watcher. This is also an interior. The desolation of the scene is particularly suggested. Another pathetic and typical canvas is "The Voice of the Great Spirit." This conception was the first to bring Mr. Sharp fame.

"The Malcontents," a canvas full of human and vital interest, depicts an auspicious scene.

portant part in the effect of light and shadow and vitalizes this otherwise somber canvas.

Our other presentation is "The Broken Bow." This canvas was shown at the Spring Academy in New York and created much favorable comment. In technique it leaves little to be desired. It has rare color values; is interesting and happy in its composition. The rapt attention on the boy's face, his desire to see the bow mended, which he so surely knows



GRIEF, BY J. H. SHARP

Seated in squatted Indian fashion are old and young braves. The younger warrior has evidently made a hasty decision. The older Chief is uttering his protest. Here again we have a splendid exhibition of Mr. Sharp's powers as a portraitist. Few have painted into figures the vitality so individually expressed in this composition. Again the firelight plays an im-

his father can do perfectly, all are depicted with force and directness. The purity of its suggestion and the simplicity of its theme,—these are its two chief qualities of distinction.

Many of these canvases belong to local private collections and others are in the galleries of Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mr. E. P. Ripley, E. O. McCormick. Beside this

the University of California has close on to one hundred portraits of Indians from Mr. Sharp's brush, and the Smithsonian Institute of Washington also a goodly number.

"The Malcontents" is the property of Mr. John D. Lacy of New York City, as is also "The Swastika." This latter canvas trans-

has been given this canvas and the modeling and drawing are well in focus.

With Mr. Sharp's poetic tendencies in brush expression it is no wonder that his canvas possess the charm they do. By inspiration and training he has qualities at his command which envelope any subject he chooses to de-



THE BROKEN BOW, BY J. H. SHARP

lates the interior of an Indian hut. The sunshine is streaming in at the window and lights into animation the faces of the story teller and her attentive listener. She is evidently explaining the meaning of this Indian emblem so universally adopted as an omen of happiness. Trinkets ornament the figures and make them more realistic. Direct handling

pict with vibrating energy.

Recently Mr. Sharp has been spending some time at his old home in Ohio and later will hold exhibitions in the east. These over, he will spend some time in Paris, from which place he expects to return to Taos in April, ready for the season's work.

Jon de Lack.

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MUSIC



BY BELFORD FORREST

LEONCAVELLO'S ZAZA.

From the moment Zaza received her niche in the Temple of Fame, and settled down for eternity beside her first cousin the Lady of the Camellias, it became obvious that someone would have to set her to music.

Leoncavallo did it—very sympathetically. He wrote an opera that begins badly and ends somewhere very near perfection, as did Zaza herself.

No one can contemplate the heroic virtues of the reformed Zaza and escape a flow of goodness to the brain; no one can hear Leoncavallo's opera and remain unmoved by the power and beauty of the music. Its production, under the direction of the famous composer at the Auditorium on Monday night, by the Western Metropolitan Opera Co., was a real event.

On the stage, stars of the operatic firmament sang together, and, in the gallery sons of Italy shouted for joy. Society, too, rose from its dinner tables to grace the occasion and out-Zaza-ed Zaza in beauty and elegance. And society was not content to be merely decorative. The enthusiasm that began with the

gods quickly descended. Immaculate white gloves imperilled their young lives to swell the applause and over stiff ramparts of starched shirt fronts and high collars came enthusiastic "bravos." Everyone was happy.

But we began rather sadly.

A few bars by way of prelude from the orchestra, and we were behind the scenes in the Cafe Chantant, where Zaza was engaged to display her ability and affability. "Unconventional episodes" is the official description of what occurred during the next half-hour. To anyone acquainted with stage life they seemed a trifle unconvincing. Journalists (according to the program) disguised as gentlemen in tired looking dress suits flitted about in search of copy and refreshment. Artistes, ballet girls, stage-managers, waiters, lovers young and lovers in various stages of senility came and went in a state of pathetic hilarity. Just who was who or why they were so, was for the most part uncertain. 'Twas ever thus in the first act of Zaza; and not even the genius of Leoncavallo could take the make-believe out of the whole business. It is hardly fair to be dogmatic at the first hearing of

so great a work but on Monday evening the music of the first act was the least effective in the whole opera. Nor was the rendering on the stage or in the orchestra altogether satisfactory.

The radiant Carmen Melis, as Zaza, with her gorgeous voice, seemed to be indulging in the ancient pastime of making bricks without straw. Fanny Anitua, as truly accomplished an artist as there is in the company, could but lend the beauty of her voice to the dismal comedy allotted to Anaide, Zaza's inebriate mother. Luigi Montesanto in the role of Cascart the concert singer, for all his wealth of tone had little opportunity to foreshadow the triumph that awaited him later in the evening. Not till near the end of the first act when Luca Botta, as the lover Dufresne, sang the delightful tenor song and earned the first encore, did the spell of the real Leoncavallo take possession of the house. From that moment the evening resolved itself into a series of triumphs for singers and composer alike.

With the opening of Act II we pass from the Cafe Chantant and its "unconventional episodes" to the home of Zaza, near Paris. Here, if things are not positively conventional they are at least believable. Zaza's happiness with her lover; Dufresne's uneasiness; his lie (very conventional) about going to America, or having to converse with a man about a dog in order to visit his wife and child in Paris; his departure; the arrival of the faithful Cascart; Zaza's awakening to the truth about Dufresne; her decision to go to Paris and see

for herself if her suspicions are true—could anyone hope for more in a second act! It's the stuff that makes you sit up straight on the edge of your seat. No wonder it appealed to the man who wrote "Pagliacci." Leoncavallo has been accused of being too modern in his score of "Zaza." He is modern. His music is modern. He, himself, is here—very much so—in Los Angeles, and there's no likelihood that any opera he writes will be mistaken for a long lost work by Scarlatti. But no composer, ancient or modern, can better interpret the elemental human passions depicted

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in such plays as Pagliacci and Zaza. And on Monday night the audience was quick to recognize his genius in its new setting.

Zaza's redemption by love, her betrayal, her sacrifice—is a story old as the hills, and makes its appeal to the pity that is somewhere within us all. Leoncavallo understands this. If his music is modern it comes from a heart intensely human. It is echoed in the hearts of all that hear it. As we watched Zaza we knew he felt very much as we felt about it all, and expressed it as we never could. It didn't very much matter how he had done it. We were grateful.

To Carmen Melis as Zaza fell the heaviest share of the work, and wonderfully she did it. Youthful aspirants to operatic honors should see her in the role. It will enable them to realize what modera opera demands of its interpreters. To act the part of Zaza is a big undertaking and Carmen Melis really acts; in addition she sings the difficult music with the utmost enthusiasm. She is a truly remarkable artist with a big future. Hear her now. It will cost you more later on.

Luigi Montesanto's impersonation of the lovable concert singer was delightful. He was in splendid voice and his song in the last act was the most successful number in the opera.

Luca Botta is a small man with a big voice—a beautiful tenor voice. He does not act as well as he sings, but he has much to be thankful for—he is a real tenor and he is *not* fat.

The chorus had the time of their lives. They were not seen at all and were heard only at rare intervals in the "offing." They must love Zaza.

On Saturday night the Metropolitan Opera Company will produce Verdi's *Otello* with a splendid cast. Umberto Chiodo will sing the part of the Moor, with which he has become identified. Charming Maria Moscika will appear as Desdemona. Her success at the concert on Sunday last and as Mimi in *La Bohème* has made her one of the most popular members of the company. Luigi Montesanto will sing Iago. It will be worth the price of admission to hear him in the Credo; and besides, he also can act. Nini Bettucci will conduct. It cannot fail to be a great performance.

Just how it is possible to produce opera such as the Western Metropolitan Company is giving us at the prices they charge is a mystery only Mr. Behymer can explain.

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A NEW CONDUCTOR FOR THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

If, a year ago, you had written to your daily paper saying you had seen a Conductor beating time on Mount Wilson, you would have been put in the nature-faker class. Conductors were scarce as peacock's eggs.

The only thing to do if you insisted on having a conductor was to import one—and pay accordingly. The real thing couldn't be had in Los Angeles.

Then, the Symphony needed a conductor and all Europe heard about it. They found him on Fifth street, and couldn't have found a better in London or Paris or Berlin.

And, now, here's another. Marvelous, isn't it?

And this is how he happened:



HANS S. LINNE, CONDUCTOR OF THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Then one fine Sunday afternoon Eduardo Lebegott walked on to the stage at the Auditorium and conducted the Tannhauser overture. The six assorted humans in the balcony stood up like one man, and cheered. Then we (I was one of them) sat down and asked ourselves the question, "Where did they find him?"

ACT I

A Meeting

Charles Farwell Edson and others.

C. F. E. (speaking)—Theodore Thomas of blessed memory, lured the people to his first concerts in Chicago with beer and sandwiches. I cannot serve beer in the Auditorium. Dr. Brougher would object. Sandwiches perhaps, but beer never. The people will attend the

concerts if you give them what they want. What do people love better even than beer? Moving pictures. (Sensation.) I will give them pictures (sensation and murmurs of dissent.) Two or three reels of high class educational pictures during the interval. (Great confusion.)

Above the general hubbub rises a voice of thrilling sadness.

"Feelms! Nevaire! You cannot educate the people so to love music. I RESIGN!"

(Indescribable chaos.)

Quick curtain.

ACT II

Same Meeting

Fifteen minutes later.

Charles Farwell Edson and others.

C. F. E. (still speaking)—Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Hans S. Linne, the new conductor of the People's Orchestra and Chorus. (Great applause.)

Curtain.

And they found *him* here too! Mr. Linne came to Los Angeles with the Tivoli Opera Company of San Francisco. This company entered into rest the 23rd of November, 1913. Mr. Linne remained here. Mrs. Linne, better known as Valleaux Gillespie in the realms of comic opera, refuses to remain anywhere else. She was born here. Which shows her wisdom. It's the best possible reason for being here.

Mr. Linne was less fortunate; he could only succeed in being born in Vienna, and had to go to the Imperial Conservatory for his education.

But they taught him so much about music that he made quite a name for himself as a conductor and concert pianist. For five years he was a conductor in Berlin. On one occasion when he was conducting an opera in Stettin, Germany, a young lady, Gadsby by name, made her debut. No, he didn't realize that she was destined to be the greatest Wagnerian singer of her day. But he's glad he conducted the opera on that particular evening.

Mr. Linne is quite a traveler. He is particularly partial to Northern Africa. He or-

ganized and conducted the first native band in Morocco, Egypt. Arabia he knows well and has written an opera with an Arabian setting which the Tivoli Company would have produced had it but lived long enough.

At present, Mr. Linne is busy with an opera he hopes will win the \$10,000 prize offered by the Music Teachers' Association.

His "Indian Suite," played by the People's Orchestra at a Sunday concert, is a musical composition of very high order.

But, when he takes charge of the Sunday concerts, he will play any good, popular music the people want.

He has unbounded faith in the future of the People's Orchestra and Chorus and considers his appointment the opportunity of a life-time.

His great hope is that the Orchestra and Chorus will be closely associated with the work that is being done to give children in the schools the best possible musical education.

Mr. Linne is a Hajj.

No, it is not a fish.

Hajj is the title bestowed on a man who makes the great pilgrimage to Mecca. Mr. Linne, disguised as an Arab a la Richard Burton, has made the pilgrimage. He should write an opera about the Garden of Allah and conduct it in a Burnoose.

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Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mashed potatoes with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pecan meats, add 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons savory herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs. Butter to soften.

GRILL SAUCE

(For warmed up meat or chicken.)

3 tablespoons cream.
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.
1 teaspoon mustard mixed with water only;
a little Cayenne and salt.
Warm and pour over meat.

REAL INDIAN CURRY

Mrs. Cosmo G. Morgan

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ a large onion; divide it and put into a saucepan with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter. Put sauce-

pan on the fire and shake gently until a rich brown froth forms on the top. Now add your curry, which should be ready, mixed in a bowl as follows:

- 1 tablespoon Curry powder.
- 1 tablespoon water.
- A pinch of salt, unless butter is salted.
- 2 apples and 2 onions chopped fine.
- 1 tablespoon Chutney or lemon sauce.

Let all simmer for 10 minutes, then add your fish, flesh or fowl or eggs (boiled hard) cut into small pieces or joints. Let remain on the fire until thoroughly done, shaking occasionally to prevent burning.

Every piece of meat should be wiped or it will make a moist instead of dry curry. Time for cooking about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours if raw meat. The curry is not so good if you use cooked. A Belgian hare is very good.

BROILED TURKEY

Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips

Select a small turkey of five or six pounds. Split along the back and flatten. Place in covered baking pan, spread thickly with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper and dash of paprika. Cover, place in oven and steam three-quarters of an hour. Remove cover and leave until a light brown.

Serve spiced currants or gooseberries with this.

SALTED WALNUTS

Mrs Lee Allen Phillips

Put one cup English walnut meats into a saucepan; cover with boiling water and let stand for five minutes.

Drain, remove skins with patience and a small vegetable knife.

Put one cup olive oil in a frying pan and when hot, add the nut meats and fry until a delicate brown.

Remove, lay on soft paper to drain and sprinkle lightly with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

By Hector Alliot, Curator

Automobile travelers journeying between Los Angeles and Pasadena have noticed an imposing pile of buildings being erected on Museum Hill at the junction of Avenue 46 and Marmion Way, overlooking Sycamore Grove.

These halls and towers are the fulfillment of a prophecy, when, on November 21, 1903, Dr. Charles F. Lummis invited a number of scientists, great captains of industry and loyal sons of the Southwest to found the Southwest Society. This organization, first undertaken as an affiliation to the Archaeological Institute of America, had for its declared intention the promoting of higher scholarship in the West, to focus upon America much of that important study so long devoted to the classical lands.

Its main purpose, however, was to found and to maintain in Los Angeles a museum wherein could be shown the story of man in California and the Southwest, covering the various fields of ethnology, archaeology, history, art and natural sciences.

The seal adopted at the time of the incorporation of the Southwest Museum was probably the most symbolic that any western institution ever accepted in an optimistic conception of its future activities.

The representation of Montezuma's eagle was adopted as the emblem of that seal, with the motto "Manana Flor de Sus Ayeres." This ancient Spanish motto in all its simplicity and poetry of meaning, the guiding thought of the founders of the Southwest Museum, will reach its first goal of realization on Saturday, December 6, 1913, at 2 o'clock, for at that hour, on that day, the Southwest Museum will have reached the first mile-stone in its existence in exemplifying its aim and purpose. "Tomorrow shall be the flower of all its yesterdays." On that day a large concourse of people interested in the uplifting of Southern California culture will meet on Museum Hill.

Never before have so many distinguished people in various walks of life come together

to add the stamp of their presence and approval to a more worthy educational undertaking.

Elizabeth Benton Fremont, daughter of "The Pathfinder" and first honorary life member of the Southwest Museum; Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles; Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, Bishop of Los Angeles; Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee; Dr. Norman Bridge; Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, Vice Pres. the Southwest Society and Editor the Los Angeles Times; Dr. Chas. F. Lummis, founder Emeritus and donor of the Lummis collection and library; Henry W. O'Melveny, Esq., Chairman Finance Com.; J. S. Torrance, donor of the Torrance Tower; M. A. Hamburger, Pres. the Southwest Society; Prof. J. A. Foshay, Chairman Executive Com. Southwest Society; Dr. J. A. Munk, donor of "Munk Library of Arizoniana"; Clara B. Burdette, Vice Pres.; Sumner P. Hunt, of Hunt & Burns, architects of Southwest Museum; Joseph Scott, Esq., Vice Pres.; Robt. N. Bulla, M. H. Newmark of Board of Directors; Stoddard Jess, Treas. Southwest Museum and Southwest Society; Maj. E. W. Jones, Vice Pres. Southwest Society; Chas. Cassat Davis, Pres. L. A. Society, A. I. A.; Dean Mason, Herbert J. Goudge, Exec. Committee of the Southwest Society; Wm. H. Burnham, donor of Burnham Archaeological Collection; Prof. C. S. Thompson, donor of Thompson Oological Collection and Library; Eva S. Fenyes, donor of Fenyes Collection; Wm. H. Golisch and Ellen Golisch, donors of Golisch Conchological Collection; Prof. John F. Francis, Supt. Public Schools; William Muholland, builder of the Los Angeles Aqueduct.

The most important feature of the Southwest Museum's claim as an institution for the dissemination of knowledge can be resumed in two words: scientific record and educational extension department. That is to say that

the intention is as it was first conceived; to maintain and operate on Museum Hill a museum of record, within whose halls shall be kept historical material dealing with the culture of the past and of the present, that the scientist, the student and the laity may have at hand without any cost whatsoever, the means of becoming acquainted with what the Southwest was and is.

This Museum is different from any other in character, scope and purpose. It has been built by voluntary contributions from those who are in sympathy with its work and purpose. It will be furnished, installed and maintained by friends who appreciate its endeavor.

Being unhampered by any federal, state or municipal influence, its purpose is to devote itself entirely to the gathering together of scientific material worth while, to arrange it according to the best known methods of display and to maintain therewith a department of educational expansion in all the educational institutions of this city, county and part of the state, that the mementos of the past may become a living and working force in the education of the young through all the territory of the Southwest.

The buildings now being erected already reach the height of 60 feet, now 200 feet long, the construction is absolutely fire-proof, and conforms in every way to what is technically known as class A reinforced concrete buildings.

In arrangement and lighting the same thorough care has been displayed in obtaining the very best results that experience was able to furnish. The first set of buildings that will be completed in February next are the Carry M. Jones Memorial Halls, the Caracol Tower, the Torrance Tower.

Since laying of corner stones has become obsolete with the growth of cement construction, the enormous granite block that will be placed in the center of the building on December 6th may be more appropriately known as a memorial stone, which will contain a casket of bronze, within which all those who have been instrumental in the growth of the institution will be invited to deposit a memento representative of their own and special interest. Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. Army, late Chief of Staff, (retired), First Ex-President

of the Southwest Museum, will be the Master of Ceremonies on this occasion. He was the first president of the Southwest Museum during the early period of its existence. It is therefore but a slight recognition of his efforts in behalf of the institution that he should again preside on this momentous occasion. The address will be delivered by Dr. Norman Bridge, President of the Southwest Museum, whose far-sighted, optimistic and yet practical vision of this institution's future has largely made the present result attainable largely through his personal interest and care. Charles F. Lummis, Founder Emeritus, who can best express the full meaning of the day and the deed, will present a silver trowel to President Bridge. The Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles and Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee will lay the corner stone.

The greatest page in the romantic history of California, which has left its indelible seal of culture upon the whole state, is the missionary work of Fra Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, whose faith and heroic deeds engarland the state with the Franciscan missions. The distinguished and beloved head of the Roman Catholic Church in California

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should have a large share in sealing the memorial stone in the Southwest Museum, which in the near future shall largely represent a comprehensive record of the Franciscan era in California.

Since sane and wholesome education in the various phases of the culture of man in the Southwest is to be the most important attainment of the Southwest Museum for the information of the young and the instilling within their hearts an admiration and reverence for the deeds of the past, John F. Francis, Superintendent of the Public Schools of this city, has consented that the voices of the Polytechnic High School Glee Club and the Los Angeles High School Boys' Chorus express in their songs the meaning of this festal day which shall resound through the hills and the vales. "Just California," by John S. McGroarty, the poet of California, set to music by Homer Grunn, one of the best known musicians and notable composers of this city, will appropriately close the ceremonies on Museum Hill.

Early in the spring, the remarkable collections donated by Wilbur Campbell and Dr. F. M. Palmer and the unique collection recently presented by Wm. H. Burnham, will be installed in one of the main halls. This material

is considerable enough to fill the largest hall. The Munk Library of Arizoniana, the pioneer collection of books dealing with the subject whose reputation has already reached the further confines of bibliophilic research, the Charles Fletcher Lummis collection and library of Spanish literature, the Fenyes Library of California, will occupy the majestic Caracol Tower, while the Torrance Tower, will be devoted to the display of the Thompson Oological collection and library and the Golisch collection of conchology, the recent gift of Wm. H. Golisch and Ellen Golisch.

The present plan, representing an expenditure of \$125,000, will include erection and completion of the Carry M. Jones Memorial Halls, the Caracol Tower and the Torrance Tower. In the near future an open-air lecture room in the patio will become the center of activities for the expansion of educative work under a number of specialists in various branches of science and history.

It is expected that from time to time friends of the Museum will add halls and towers to eventually cover the 17-acre park on Museum Hill, fulfilling the promise made ten years ago, with the assurance of a great future.

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM AS A CIVIC ASSET

By Norman Bridge

The Southwest Museum has two great purposes. The first is to preserve the records of man and his environment, of his tools, his progress and changes through the centuries. The second is to bring its vast material to the use of this people for educational purposes.

The more than one hundred and twenty thousand articles of enormous value in temporary quarters, and now waiting to go into permanent ones, testify to the need of an indestructible building to house and protect this collection, and promise a greatly enhanced

value for the collection in the years to come.

And the thousands of teachers and pupils of the public schools who have already had an awakening of thought from this collection, through the labor and genius of Curator Alliot, are a fine index of the greater popular usefulness the Museum is yet to have.

The Corporation (created "not for pecuniary profit") on which rests the burdens of management, is committed unalterably to these two purposes, and there is no likelihood of a change in policy being even suggested.

The Southwest Museum is one of several institutions that stamp this city as having cast off the village qualities of provincialism, and taken on the functions of a metropolis.

It is a voluntary organization; it gets no support from the State, County or City; it is a gift to the community from the people who believe in it—and such people will continue to support it. It asks the aid of all good citizens who believe in it, to assist in any way they

stages that we have. Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have each grown through the village childhood, the crude provincial period of civic adolescence, and have discovered later that they could not avoid the virile force of metropolitan manhood.

The history of Chicago is a good example. Its first reputation was of a pleasant summer town, with fathomless mud in fall and spring. Then it got fame for rapid growth and three



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can, by giving it specimens, money or good wishes—or criticism, for it will profit by all these.

It was high time that an institution of this sort should be started here. The Southwest Society of Archaeology did not move any too soon. Villages do not need or have such things; a frontier community never can have them. Every great and ambitious metropolis in this country has passed through the same

other things: its great lumber yards, its great slaughter houses, and its many big grain elevators. It had early a university, started by a few idealists, but the city was too busy with material things to keep it alive, and so it died. Later, and when the city had three times the present population of Los Angeles, a rich man from a distant city founded for it another university which has flourished. At the same time the "Field Museum" of world fame was

started. The Museum of Art, known as the "Art Institute," was not founded till the town had twice as many people as Los Angeles has now. The University, the Museum and the Art Institute have helped powerfully in getting rid of the basis of fame of an earlier day, and in giving Chicago a reputation that more comports with the ideals of its citizens.

good streets and dustless roads by the hundreds of miles; its lamentations have mostly ceased, and it has half a million people within its metropolitan area. Its people equal, if they do not exceed, in average culture and education, those of any other center of population in the country. They have all the "advantages" of an eastern metropolis, and they will not



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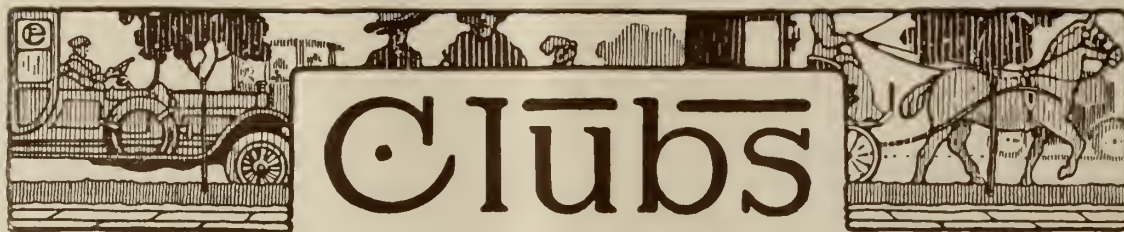
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Los Angeles has outgrown its provincial reputation for climate, for citrus fruits, for dirty streets and dusty roads, its lamentations that it was so far from the centers of culture and refinement and the something called "advantages"; and that if it could only get cheap fuel it would amount to something as a city.

It has attained unto better things; it has

allow their institutions for civic and social betterment to suffer or to fail.

The spirit of civic pride is moving here. It is an ambition to have a wholesomely progressive city, and to have it foster all such works as command the respect of the best part of mankind. Such an ambition among such a people will never recede—it will go forward.



Clubs

THE HUMOR OF JANE AUSTEN

(Conclusion of an address delivered by the author, Kate Upson Clark, at the Friday morning Club, Los Angeles, November 28, 1913.)

One of the most striking features of all these extraordinary novels is the peculiar character of the mothers who play so large a part in them. Emma Woodhouse and Anne Elliot were motherless. Each had been brought up by a wise and loving woman, probably far better fitted for the task, if we may judge from the other mothers of the stories, than their natural guardians as Miss Austen saw them would have been. Still Lady Russell broke up Anne Elliot's beautiful love affair. Perhaps more pages are devoted to the silliness of Mrs. Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice" than to any other one character, while Mrs. Dashwood plays almost as large a part in "Sense and Sensibility," and Lady Bertram and Mrs. Price rival each other in inanity. Mrs. Morland seems to have been a rather sensible woman, but Mrs. Jennings and her daughter, Lady Middleton, though entirely different types and full of devotion to their children, are anything but model mothers.

It is not right to draw personal conclusions from the fictitious characters of an author, but from the almost always slightly ironical, though never disrespectful allusions to the lady whom Jane Austen always nicely refers to as "my mother," or "our mother," never as "mother,"—and quite as much from the absence of panegyrics or even complimentary phrases upon her, such as she often employs with regard to her brothers and many outside friends, we are led to infer that Mrs. George Austen was not distinguished by strong sense, and that the absence of any fine and noble portraits of motherhood from Jane Austen's stories might have been due to that fact.

Of fatherhood, on the contrary, she has given us some very fair specimens. Sir Walter Elliot was an amusing bundle of foolishness and foppery, it is true, but Sir Thomas Bertram, Mr. Bennet, Mr. Weston and several others stand at least for dignity, and for loyalty to their children.

It is in depicting the relationships of brothers

and sisters that Jane Austen is at her best sentimentally, and this bears out our rather unkind inference regarding the inadequate motherhood of Mrs. Austen. Of her brothers and sisters Jane Austen was evidently very fond, and apparently they were trying constantly to further each other's interests. Therefore it is not surprising that in the accounts of the Dashwood and Bennet sisters and in the love of Fanny and William Price and of Henry Tilney and his sister and others, we have some of the most delightful descriptions in all literature of brotherhood and sisterhood. The sisters in "Persuasion" were not so loving, but the sister in nearly every story is the great plot-solvent.

Miss Austen's heroines are considered generally to be more pleasing and satisfying than her heroes, which is perhaps the reason why more men than women are said to admire her books. Dr. Buckham disrespectfully alludes to "the sorority, male and female, that figure in the pages of Jane Austen." But surely there is nothing effeminate about Mr. Darcy, and he is perhaps not less satisfactory because he is not perfect. His pride and arrogance, and his brutal frankness with Elizabeth regarding her certainly most undesirable relatives, give him an additional claim to our respect as a correct observer and a thoroughly human and masculine character. Captain Wentworth, too, is not a Miss Nancy. It is true that his affections wobble a good deal, but who will say that this fact at all invalidates his claim to masculinity? Mr. Knightley ought to be about six or seven years younger, but his quiet, stern and manly courage in every emergency make him a pretty good hero. Henry Tilney is not bad, either, but Edmund Bertram and Edward Ferrars do leave something to be desired. The heroes seem to be likely, all of them, to turn into the excellent men that she usually describes the husbands to be, and even the weakest have the sense to choose fine wives; as one reviewer remarks, nearly all her husbands are portrayed as "self-restrained, sensible and capable."

our hearts untouched,—as indeed do all of Mrs. Ward's men and women.

Marianne Dashwood is even more self-willed and passionate than Emma, but gives us an entirely different impression, while Elinor Dashwood would figure as the most judicious and well-balanced of all the heroines, if she had not persisted in her attachment to weak and priggish Edward Ferrars. Fanny Price is so inanely humble and tearful that if she had not held out so splendidly against the pretensions of Henry Crawford, we could have no sympathy with her whatever. Americans do not, as a rule, approve of the marriage of cousins, and we pardon Miss Austen for so heartily blessing the match between Fanny and Edward only on the ground of the prevailing fashion of the time in England. As for Elizabeth Bennett, to her also must be pardoned something, this time in the line of refinement, on the score of the century in which she lived, when such breadth and rudeness as she allowed herself occasionally were common in good society. But Elizabeth Bennet is considered by most of the admirers of Miss Austen as her most captivating and delightful heroine, and she is surely very spirited and very charming.

Of Anne Elliot, one critic has written: "She is the delicate harebell, the faint, fragrant wild rose of Miss Austen's bouquet. There is no heroine just like her, so far as we know, in the whole field of fiction."

Of this modest young woman, Jane herself wrote to her sister, "She is almost too good for me." She had previously remarked in a letter to her bright niece "Fanny," "Pictures of perfection make me sick and wicked." This was doubtless the reason why various little weaknesses were allowed to speck the sweetness of Anne Elliot. She was surely "progressive," or she could not have said that the reason why the women in fiction had always seemed so inconsequent was because the books had usually

been written by men. One of the most beautiful sentiments in all the books is put into the mouth of this gentle girl when she says: "All the privilege I claim for my own sex is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone"—which again might be interpreted as an allusion to her own experience—for there is a touch of quick feeling in it, as if from the inmost heart.

Not one of these young women, who form a brilliant exception to the general run of heroines, most of whom are insipid and flavorless beauties (perhaps the average man's idea of the right sort of a heroine!) betrays any mercenary motive in her marriage. Three of them marry clergymen—Catherine, Fanny and Elinor. Emma's Mr. Knightley has only a comfortable estate, and Anne's Captain Wentworth, whom she would gladly have taken in his poverty, has risen to independence only through his success in the navy.

Elizabeth Bennet becomes a very rich and great lady through her marriage with Darcy,—but she refuses him positively before she yields. Sir Walter Scott and others intimate that Elizabeth relented only when she saw Darcy's magnificent estate of Pemberley, something which she herself says jokingly at the time that her friends ask her when her feelings toward her rejected lover underwent a change. But we know the heart of Elizabeth Bennet and that she cared very little for wealth or station compared with love. Perhaps in the minds of most Austen-readers she tallies most closely with our ideas of the real character of Jane Austen herself. It is notable that the heroes and heroines usually converse about books,—a topic which Miss Austen seems to feel the most elevating of all.

The villains in the six stories are much alike—Willoughby and Wickham, Frank Churchill and Henry Crawford, John Thorpe and William Elliott are all good looking, well-born and fascinating,



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Shakespeare is thought by many critics to give us better heroes than heroines, and in this respect is sometimes contrasted with Jane Austen, who is so often measured beside him; but most of us will consider these distinctions arbitrary, though surely Jane Austen's heroines are remarkable not only in their individual selves, but in their unlikeness to each other.

Emma Woodhouse is far above the average in looks, ability, manners and wealth,—the only rich heroine among them all. Yet she is brought down to the level of humanity and made one of ourselves by her inexcusable wilfulness, impetuosity and conceit. Mrs. Humphrey Ward in "Marcella" fashioned a heroine somewhat resembling Emma,—but we love Emma, while Marcella leaves though John Thorpe is the most revolting and coarse of them, and Frank Churchill the least blameworthy. Even her villains the tender heart of Miss Austen could not quite shut away into outer darkness, and we have nearly all of them retracting and apologizing before we get through with them. It is ever and always a consideration in their favor that they fall in love with the very sweetest and most innocent girls. "It is to the bad characters in the books," Miss Austen says, "that we are indebted above all for the excitement and the fun."

As for the plots of these simple tales, they are so slight that they may almost be said not to exist at all. "How thick the agony they pile,—Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!" wrote one under the spell of the gloomy modern plot, with its breathless and devious complications,—but no such suspenses and agonizing horrors await us in the pages of Jane Austen. A rainy day is one of her worst calamities,—a sprained ankle or an elopement the most shocking and terrible affliction. A ball is postponed, a friend moves a mile or so away, a girl fails to see her lover when she had expected to, a new gown is torn or spotted, and our emotions soar or fall accordingly, exactly as in real life. Most of the characters are agreeable, or if they are disagreeable, they serve to set off and render more striking the agreeable ones, especially the heroines. As the scenery amid which Miss Austen passed the most of her life was marked by no wild or striking natural features, but was made up of charmingly diversified woods, fields and hills, so her stories seemed to keep within gentle boundaries, forever delighting, and never unduly agitating or exciting. In their gossip, the humor and the petty news, the quiet routine, the stereotyped characters and occupations of the English country village, appear over and over again, as the same bits of glass appear over and over again in the kaleidoscope, ever the same yet ever new. Still,

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simple as were her plots, she seemed to have as much trouble in untangling at the end the crossed and knotted threads as Scott himself said that he did. Especially in "Sense and Sensibility" did the hero and heroine have great trouble in freeing themselves from their various shackles—which they could never have done, if certain absurdities had not been made to happen.

Never would Jane Austen venture to touch upon any sort of life with which she was not herself deeply familiar. She warns her niece not to attempt to describe life in Ireland "for you know nothing of the manners there." So far did she carry her ab-

solute devotion to truth that she is said not to venture in any of her books to describe a conversation between men when women were not present. There is one in "Mansfield Park" (about play),—done doubtless quite unconsciously. She understood the currents of existence in a country village, and to those she confined herself.

And yet running through all her work, as though it were the string upon which her pearls are hung, is a succession of ethical teachings, all the more effective because, unlike those of Wordsworth, as Charles Lamb complained, "they slide into the mind while we are suspecting no such matter."



AQUATIC PLANTS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Among the most appreciative of Jane Austen's present-day critics is our own Mr. Howells, who has perhaps more clearly analyzed and depicted her qualities than has any other. She is, he says, "the greatest of the gifted women, who, beyond any or all other novelist, have fixed the character and behavior of Anglo-Saxon fiction, and who has assembled in her delightful talent all that was best in that of her sisters."

As one shrewd reviewer remarks, she always brings "the bull's-eye of her bright common sense" to bear on all the actions of her various characters, and it might be added that, as one said of Sir Walter Scott, "her sense was even more wonderful than her genius."

Volumes could be filled with the tributes of men and women of the highest literary standing, to the

commanding genius of Jane Austen.

It is noteworthy that a considerable list of prominent people died during the July of 1817,—seven such names have come down to us in the "Monthly Register," but that of Jane Austen is not among them. The author of a book on Great English Novelists, 91 years after her death does not mention her. Even more strange is the story of a visitor of our own time to Winchester Cathedral. When she asked to be shown the tomb of Jane Austen, the aged vergier asked her, "Was there anything particular about that lady, that so many people wish to see where she was buried?"

We have seen that there was indeed something very particular about her,—something which should endear her to us all,—and to generations after us.

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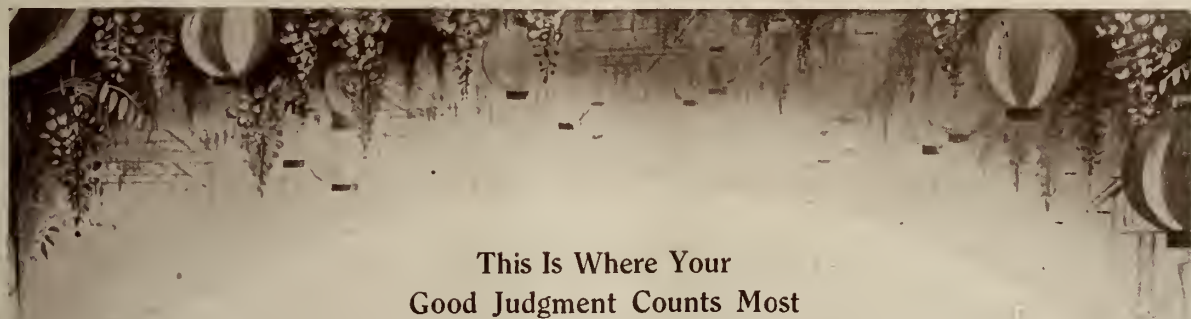
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And pepper, spice and cinnamon
Were there at his desire.

The peacocks scream along the quay,
The slaves toil in the sun,
And in his garden: "Vanity,"
Sighs the soul of Solomon.

—John Presland, in *New York Sun*.

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WHAT CITIZENS CAN DO TO AID THE CHIEF OF POLICE

BY CHARLES EDWARD SEBASTIAN

Women especially can be of great service to
the Police Department. They can through the

medium of their clubs and by means of individual interest influence and help educate the parents. That is where the weakness of our social life lies. Let each woman constitute herself a citizen policewoman and compel enforcement of the curfew ordinance.

How to do this? To advise parents whose children under the age of seventeen are observed on the streets after nine o'clock at night. When this is not possible, that they communicate with the first officer or the nearest police station, informing him or the commander of the station, of the violation of the curfew ordinance.

I am going to ask the police judges to punish parents brought before them for this offense

most severely in future. I will do this chiefly to make an example of them, for I deem this source of evil the keynote of most cases of juvenile delinquency.

Fathers and mothers should enforce the curfew ordinance. They must not permit their children to remain on the streets or in public places after this hour without proper escort or guardianship.

This measure is especially needed in the management of young girls. How many parents know where every moment of their young people's time is passed when absent from home? Few, I can readily answer, without danger of contradiction. I allude in this statement, more generally, to the young people of the high schools in our city.

They are vivacious and full of life. In these co-educational institutions they meet, the boy tells the girl of the good time they can have. Either the boy's parents own a machine, or they have money enough to hire one. They get together and innocently arrange an appointment when they plan to go to one of the beach resorts. The next step in the game is to arrange an excuse for their absence from home.

As a rule, Jane tells her mother that they have a particularly difficult essay or theme to prepare; she wishes to remain for the night with Susan. Jane's mother has perfect confidence in her daughter, she tells everyone she can trust Jane anywhere—and forgets that she has never met Susan—knows nothing of her environment or companions, nor is she acquainted with her parents or guardian. Susan possibly tells a like story at her home. She also is believed.

The young men, judging the average parents, find less difficulty in remaining away. Many parents pay little attention to the comings and goings of their sons; the mere statement that they are going uptown to keep an appointment is sufficient excuse.

When the way for the meeting is cleared, the joy-ride is started. Perhaps these young people come through the first time without danger resulting—they may and they may not. If nothing happens, the first trip calls for another, and it is only a matter of time ere the girls are started on a downward path.

Many such incidents occur—and I would caution parents to inform themselves most accurately of the whereabouts of their young people at all times of the day—and particu-

larly at night. It is during the hours of darkness that the greatest impetus is given this evil. The enforcement of the curfew ordinance will ameliorate this condition considerably, and it is my purpose to see it carried out to the letter.

For the benefit of those non-conversant with this ordinance let me quote you paragraph two. "It shall be unlawful for any parent, guardian or other person having the legal care, custody and control of any minor under the age of seventeen years, to allow or permit such minor to go upon or be upon any street, avenue, alley or be in any public park, or other public place in the City of Los Angeles, unaccompanied by a parent, guardian or other adult person having the legal custody and control of such minor, during the night time after the hour of nine o'clock, unless there exists a reasonable necessity therefor."

This misdemeanor, as many people may not know, is punishable for first offenses by a fine of five dollars, and not exceeding ten dollars in the event of a second violation, when imprisonment in the city jail for a period not exceeding five days may also be included.

Another phase of the joy-riding evil, little noticed by the general public, is the fact of the misuse of automobiles. How many owners of machines can account for their cars at all times? Some, yes. However, frequently when persons believe their cars safely stored in the garage, they are in use by their son, or the chauffeur, who may have invited guests. They are no wiser for it. Citizens must keep track of the coming and going of their machines, else this evil can never be checked.

When you see your friend's machine in use for such purpose, report it at once to the owner, no matter who the occupant may be, and when you see an automobile held in an isolated spot along a country road, slow down and, if necessary, point your searchlight at the car, and make it as unpleasant as you can. Anything to let the offenders know they are detected.

In our monthly reports we average from ten to fifteen cases of young girls charged with joy-riding. The majority of these charges are a result of the "cruising" system. Foppish young men, evidently the sons of wealthy parents, for they ride in handsome cars, drive slowly along the curbs on Broadway, tooting their horns until they attract some thoughtless girls meandering along. When they have

caught their quarry, they ride off so quickly that few on the sidewalks are aware of what has occurred. Watch out for these young men, and if you own a machine, follow and track them down!

Another existing evil finds its reason for being in motorcycle riding. Two-thirds of the young girls who come to the Juvenile Police Civil County Departments first formed evil habits while motorcycle riding. Any parent who will permit a daughter to ride behind a young man on a motorcycle need not be surprised should that daughter come up before the Delinquency Court.

Public dance halls and skating rinks are also channels in which danger lies for our young people. Citizens can help if they will report any misdemeanor witnessed in such public places. It is only by preventive work that we can ever hope to control the situation.

Employers of household help should pay more attention to the moral and social welfare of their servants. Maids are sometimes lonesome. From five to ten cases coming under our jurisdiction in the Delinquency Court each month are traceable to the lonely condition of the lives led by these maids.

A most pathetic case will best illustrate the consequences of this neglect of interest between mistress and maid. It is recalled by the quaint sketch of C—— now hanging on the wall of the Police Department's Juvenile Probation bureau. It represents a lonely child, its head crowned with a halo, seated in a most pious pose. To one side the following has been printed: "Being Good Is a Lonesome Job."

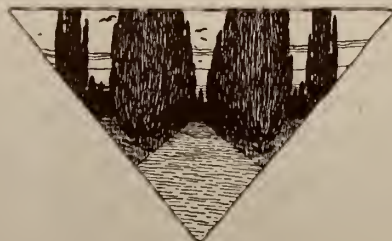
This girl, while employed as a domestic, was left much alone and formed unfortunate friendships which finally resulted in her becoming a ward of the Delinquency Court. Sincè. Since her mistress was informed of the misfortune which had befallen her maid she has given her more attention, and the result of

her labors has been most gratifying, for C—— is now an ardent student of the night classes in the public school and is becoming a most proficient student of art and stenography.

It is the duty of every mistress to constitute herself the voluntary guardian of her maids. From time to time she should have heart-to-heart talks with them, encourage their ambitions and find out who their friends are. When she has visitors, especially men visitors, she must interest herself in finding out who and what they are—in short, she must be as "motherly" as she knows how. I believe all women should "mother" young women under their roof, whether they be relative or servant. Young girls crave a confidant, and not finding one at home, it is possible that the neighbor's chauffeur may take advantage of their isolation and advise them to their detriment. The ice man, baker or butcher are also apt to furnish like consolation. Personal interest is what your maid needs, madam, see that she gets it!

Other ways in which our citizens, especially women, may help to cleanse our city of its evils is by continuing their splendid interest in public affairs; by attending elections and exercising their good judgment, as in the past elections, and selecting the right persons for governing bodies, and by insisting that the appointive bodies select only the best material obtainable. To display also an interest in municipal affairs by attending the meeting of the City Council and Council committees, always open to the public, and to accept whenever possible, even at a personal sacrifice, any position offered on the city boards or commissions. These boards now number eighteen women in various capacities.

The greatest asset in my police work is the interest our citizens, especially women, are displaying in keeping me informed of actions, by them considered suspicious.



Society

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Charlotte Brown and Elliot G. Mulford.
Miss Blenda Olson and H. E. Gillet.
Miss Lucille Willa Siegel and Dr. James Steinberg.
Miss Bernice Foulks and Milton Hollingsworth.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss Lora Woodhead and Lieutenant Thomas I. Steere, U. S. A.
Miss Flavia Sodergren and Don Sheridan Williams.
Mrs. Laura Blair and Hoyt Broughton Hunt.
Miss Salley Polk and Hulett Merritt, Jr.
Miss Janet Smart and Henry Lynn Thomson.
Miss Florence Greaves and Charles Kindness Moore.
Miss Clara La Fetra of Glendora and Reeve H. Darling.
Miss Hazel Constance Peterson and F. Romaine Inman of Vancouver, B. C.
Miss Hazel Dean Sparling and George Albert Kilton, Jr.
Miss Josephine Lacy and James Edwin Higgins of Alameda.
Miss Lucile Hellman and Alvin Frank.
Miss Marguerite Heater of Toledo, Ohio, and William Dexter Fox.
Miss Carrie Hoffman and Willis Nance.
Miss Augusta Lillian Gold and Johnathan Friedlander.
Miss Gladys Katherine McLachlan and Gardner Towne.
Miss Margaret Miller and Everett Edward Bennett.

Miss Anne Caswell and Jack Mellon.
Miss Mary Richardson and Dr. Lloyd Mills of New York.
Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.
Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.
Miss Jessie Bryant and Gordon Grant Hair.
Miss Elsie Thomas and Milton Burgess.
Miss Eileen Canfield and Alden Karl Martin.
Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.
Miss Isabelle Lynds and Horace Thomson Major.
Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.
Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.
Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.
Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.
Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.
Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.
Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.
Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.
Miss Elizabeth Baker to Arthur Letts, Jr.

Miss Gladys Lindsay to Frank Splane.
Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.
Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.
Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.
Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.
Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.
Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.
Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.
Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.
Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.
Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.
Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.
Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.
Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.
Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.
Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswig.
Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.
Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.
Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.
Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.
Miss Gratia Guy to Arthur Kidderman Wilson.

WEDDINGS

Miss May Rhodes to Richard W. Hanna.
Miss Lorain Scott and James Patterson Smart.
Miss Evangeline Gray and Chester W. Judson, San Francisco.
Miss Maude Frances Nicholaides of San Gabriel and Leo J. Murphy.
Miss Regina McPhee and Platt Rogers, Jr.
Miss Marion Stewart and William B. Paris.

CLUB DATES

December 13—Galpin Shakespeare Club; all day meeting; hostess, Mrs. Reuben Shettler, Wilshire Boulevard.
December 15—Ebell Club; lecture, Mrs. George Goldsmith.
Friday Morning Club; December 16—
Dramatic Committee, 2:30. "Leibelei," by Schnitzler. Read by Mrs. T. O. Turner.
December 17—Ruskin Art Club; French History; Civil and Religious Wars; Miss A. M. Donovan and Mrs. Donald Skeel.
December 17—City Teachers' Club; lecture, Polytechnic High School, by Dr. Jessie Peixotto, "The New Philanthropy."
December 18—City Teachers' Club; luncheon, Alexandria Hotel.

Friday Morning Club; December 19—

"The Children's Crusade," by Gabriel Pierné.
For solo, chorus, children's chorus, organ and harp. Under the direction of Archibald Sessions.

Friday Morning Club; December 26—
No Program.

December 27—Wellesley Club of Southern California; Christmas luncheon at Bullock's Tea Room.

EVENTS TO COME

December 11-12-13—Parish Aid Society of Christ Episcopal Church; Christmas Bazaar, Alexandria Hotel.

December 13—Bachelors' Club annual stag dinner, Los Angeles Country Club.

December 16—Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet; dance for Miss Dophne Drake.

December 17—Mrs. Walter J. Hughes; at home.

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EIGHT

Society

December 17—Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, West Adams street; tea dance; forty invitations.

December 19—Invierno Club; Goldberg-Bosley's; annual prom; patronesses, Mrs. E. J. Brent, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. George H. Rector.

December 19—Mrs. William Bonsall, Mrs. Thomas Phillips Newton, Mrs. Samuel Bonsall; reception at the home of Mrs. Newton, West Adams street.

December 19—Mrs. Frederick Orson Johnson, West Twenty-eighth street; reception.

December 20—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Whitley, Hotel Hollywood; afternoon reception to introduce Miss Grace Virginia Whitley; seven hundred cards; dancing at night; three hundred invitations.

December 20—Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt; tea dance at Ebell Clubhouse, to present Miss Louise Hunt.

December 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, Andrews boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stanton; dance.

December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.

December 29—Ex-Senator and Mrs. Eugene S. Ives of Shorb; dinner-dance for Miss Eleanor Banning.

December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.

December 31—Midwick Country Club; subscription dinner dance; hostesses, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and Mrs. John Barnes Miller.

December 31—Miss Eleanor Banning and Mr. William Banning, Hoover street; fancy dress dancing party.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Johnstone Whitley, Hotel Hollywood; afternoon reception in January to be followed in the evening by a ball; to introduce Miss Grace Virginia Whitley.

Mrs. George J. Denis, Westlake avenue; reception in January for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet; dance in December for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Serrano avenue, will entertain in January with two bridge luncheons, for Mrs. Herbert S. Collins of New York and Mrs. James H. Torney of New Jersey.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mrs. J. L. Struve and her daughter, Miss Josephine Struve, have taken an apartment at the Bryson for the winter.

Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Serrano avenue, will have as guests about the middle of January, Mrs. James H. Torney and her daughter Miss Helen Torney of Montclare, New Jersey; the Torneys are old acquaintances of the Craig McClures of Montclare, New Jersey, who have been in Los Angeles for some time and are now occupying a bungalow in Benton way.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Collins of New York have taken a house in Altadena and will remain here indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Larkin will remove to San Francisco, Mr. Larkin having been made editor of The Christian Advocate, published there.

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Mrs. M. C. Burnett, accompanied by Miss Charlotte Winston, her granddaughter, will visit Lieutenant and Mrs. Irving Hall Mayfield at Mare Island after the holidays.

Mr. Sheldon Borden will have quarters at the University Club this winter.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand and Miss Lillian Rand, Wilshire boulevard, are expected in Los Angeles within a few days, returning from an eastern trip of several months' duration, to remain at home throughout the winter.

Mrs. Charles Modini Wood and Miss Elizabeth Wood are planning a trip east, expecting to leave Los Angeles soon after the holidays.

The newly inaugurated tango teas at the Angelus are proving most popular; patronesses: Mrs. Edwin J. Brent; Mrs. H. H. Rose; Mrs. J. J. Jenkins; Mrs. C. C. Loomis; Mrs. L. J. Hill; Mrs. Byron Erkenbrecher; Miss Cora Foy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mauer, who recently sold their home in Kenwood avenue, are at the Bryson for the winter.

Ex-Vice-President Charles A. Fairbanks and family are at the Maryland for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, the Darby, are leaving shortly to spend the winter in Honolulu; returning to Los Angeles, they will leave again almost immediately for a year abroad.

DINNERS

Miss Mary Belle Peyton, Westlake avenue; for Miss Rhodes; covers for eighteen.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. McIntyre, South Alvarado street; Los Angeles Athletic Club; for Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stassforth; covers for ten.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hutchison, New Hampshire street; covers for ten.

Miss Matilda Sonerman, Potter Park avenue; covers for sixteen.

Mr. J. W. Byrne, of San Francisco; Hotel Alexandria; for the Duke and Duchess de Richelieu; covers for nine; theatre.

Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, West Twenty-eighth street; covers for twelve.

Miss Sallie McFarland, West Twenty-third street; for Miss Lucille Hellman and Alvin Frank.

Miss Katherine Johnson, West Twenty-eighth street; for Miss Daphne Drake and Miss Helen Jones; covers for forty; dancing; one hundred guests.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, Santa Monica; covers for twelve.

PARTIES

Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Serrano avenue; bridge luncheon for Mrs. Herbert S. Collins of New York; twelve guests.

Mrs. Horace G. Hamilton, Ingraham street; farewell reception for Mrs. E. Larkin; seventy-five guests.

Mrs. F. H. Bryant, Harvard Boulevard; children's party; for Master Robert Frazier Bryant.

Miss Louise Darmody, Dorchester avenue; cards; fourteen guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, West Adams street; dinner-dance.

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Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis; motor; for the Duke and Duchess de Richelieu.

Mrs. Louis Blankenhorn, Pasadena; tango tea at Valley Hunt Club; to present Miss Barbara Blankenhorn; one hundred and fifty-guests.

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner; motor; for the Duke and Duchess de Richelieu. Amateur Players Club; readings; hostess, Mrs. E. T. Stimson, West Adams street.

Mrs. Philip Forve, Westlake avenue; dance for Miss Helen Weaver of San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank Sherwood Wise, the Bryson; bridge-tea; forty-eight guests.

LUNCHEONS

Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, Berkeley Square; Midwick Country Club; one hundred and twenty-five guests.

Mrs. Luther G. Brown, Glendale; Friday Morning Club; eight guests.

Mrs. George J. Denis and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner; California Club; for the Duke and Duchess de Richelieu.

Mrs. Harry Purdon, Magnolia avenue; eight guests.

HOUSE GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Terrill of Oregon; with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Terrill, Bellevue avenue.

Mrs. E. J. Harris of Houston; with Mrs. H. E. Vreeland, West Thirty-first street.

Miss Helen Weaver of San Francisco; with Miss Mary Forve, Westlake avenue.

BACK IN TOWN

Mrs. J. L. Struve and daughter, Miss Josephine Struve; from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore L. Stassforth, West Ninth street; from a year in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Culver, Menlo avenue; from Venice.

Mrs. O. H. Churchill, South Figueroa street; from Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, West Adams street, and Mrs. Burton E. Green, Ellendale place; from week end at Coronado.

DEPARTURES

Mrs. William John Scholl; for San Diego.

Lieutenant William H. Toaz; for Portsmouth enroute to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Dawson and family, Rampart street; for a year abroad.

The Duke and Duchess de Richelieu; for the Grand Canyon enroute to New York.

Miss Doris Wilshire, house guest of Mrs. George Wilshire, Fourth avenue; for her home in San Francisco.

LEFT BY THE STORK

A daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Armand A. Normandin.

A son; to Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Knecht, nee Mary Lindley of Los Angeles, at their home in San Francisco.

A son; to Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Salisbury.

A son; to Major and Mrs. Andrew James Copp, nee Cora Lloyd.

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For me to paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones, but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea which I have formed to myself in my own fancy.—RAFFAELLE.

ESTHER HUNT, PORTRAITIST

Only in rare instances are the promises of youthful tendencies fulfilled. Time and tide are too arduous. These promises lead off in a mad rush and the most consequential mile-posts along the road of experience are frequently left behind in the running. A time or two, however, when the proper energies have been exercised, the result has been nigh unto perfect. Perfect, in that "dreams have come true." But only when "such stuff as dreams are made of" is not dispelled by a conceit greater than desire. In such instances the ultimate goal has usually been over the hilly path of hard work.

Esther Hunt was one who traveled that road. As a consequence her portraits have received attention both here and abroad. The sterling canvas of William Mulholland, builder of the Aqueduct, now hanging with the

loan collection at Exposition Park, has accorded her our added praise.

This forceful representation has most pertinent carrying qualities. Back of the pigment stroke one senses the mental attitude—the finer qualities of the man. The characteristic handling of the head modeling; the verity of the ruddy flesh tones; the freedom of pose, and the atmospheric background, make it a monumental portrait, essentially fitted for one of our public buildings.

Viewing it, Miss Hunt's definition of a portrait, given in an article in "SOCIETY" some months ago, comes to mind. "A portrait," she writes, "should be more like the sitter than they appear at any one time. It should be like a prolonged acquaintance—with all the moods and possibilities set forth."

Yes, portraiture is just that. It is a translation of the finer personality of the one portrayed, individualized with an accentuation of characteristic traits. These qualities need not be delineated too forcefully, for in their virility they may lose the tender, poetic stretches, so essential in the rendition of a good portrait.

All this soul talk in portraiture, with its

prets the character of her sitters, readily qualify her as competent not only in theory but in practice as well.

This artist's portrait of her sister, Mrs. Barta Hillyer, our other illustration, is keenly illustrative. Here the artist essays to interpret for us a good wholesome type of American womanhood. It is the best canvas which



YOUNG MOTHER, BY ESTHER HUNT

Futurist and Cubist accompaniment, is rot, aimed to disturb and animate into being a triangle of alluring pigment suggestion, through the misconception of whose handling, many have gone astray.

The wholesome light and shade, and the fine delineative power Miss Hunt exhibits in the sensitive understanding with which she inter-

has come from her brush. She has produced a strong, prose illumination of an ideal type. Her constructive arrangement is simple. An old gold Japanese screen of vast proportions, fitfully ornamented with an apple tree and its blossoming branches, serves as a background. The seated figure is posed in a heavily carved ebony Chinese chair. The perfect abandon and

grace of form are modeled with virile and telling strokes, whose technique is splendidly handled. The texture of her silk fabric glistens from out its somber black tones, so skillfully has the lady's dress been painted. But it is for the modeling of the face that the artist will win her greatest plaudits. There she has lost herself and absorbed the sitter's expression completely. Its appealing vitality is the keynote of that canvas. The colors used are refreshing though developed in the low key tones.

Another forte in expression which Miss Hunt has acquired is that of the delineation of types in plastic art. Her "Chinese Boy," which has been so much admired, offers the best testimony to her powers in this direction. She plies this craft more as a diversion than occupation. She claims it seems more real. "One feels essentially the wonder of power," said Miss Hunt. "This quality is frequently lacking when painting. The fact that we have but two dimensions in this form of expression, and three in sculpturing, may be the probable cause."

Our representation of her "Young Mother" is another individual expression. It has academic lines, this conception of young motherhood. There is vitality and strength in the modeling, the babe in arms being especially fine in form. Her accomplishment in this art Miss Hunt accredits to instruction received from Robert Aikins of San Francisco.

As I started out by saying, Miss Hunt was somewhat of an infant prodigy. It appears she was inspired at an early age. Barely five she began to draw and from then on incessantly. None were free to come, unless they graciously submitted to becoming "sitters." Her family were mainly her victims and all but one sister acceded to her wishes—and she has lived to rue the day, for Miss Hunt will not now paint her no matter what the inducement.

Time passed. The number of pictures grew and this young daughter of our Golden State sent a canvas to the Fair in San Diego County. It won a prize. Then the family decided she must have an art career. J. Bond Francisco was her first instructor. As soon as her age warranted it she went on to New York City, where she entered the Chase School and remained for two years under the personal instruction of its supervising director.

The life classes of the Academy Delacluse in Paris, next broadened her viewpoint artistically, and after a short stay there, she decided to study by herself. This she did for the next two and a half years.

It was during this time Miss Hunt says she learned to appreciate to the fullest, the gap between student days and professional work. She speaks feelingly of this period. "Many



MRS. BARTA HILLYER, BY ESTHER HUNT

go down in failing to realize that the first essential of a successful career cannot be acquired by study. It must come from within. Hard work alone can solve this problem."

While in Paris Miss Hunt exhibited at the Salon for three consecutive years. Her first offerings were two portraits; next "The Cardinal" shown not long since at her Friday Morning Club exhibition, and her final year saw "The Tanagra," now hanging in the Sned-

ecor Gallery in New York City, hung on the line. Her color values were especially praised and other good points were favorably commented on.

An excellent likeness of Miss Josephine Best of this city, then visiting in Paris, is now hanging in Miss Hunt's studio. It is admired for the simplicity of its arrangement. An exceedingly clever and striking color scheme of the handsome Spanish-American, Miss Mercedes de Cordeba, and a portrait of Miss May Wills, one of New York's prominent pianists, were also hung during that time, at the American Art Association.

The artist's desire for improvement necessitated many pilgrimages to the unlimited storehouses of the Parisian art world. Energetically she set about searching for and developing one art quality after another, and in her present accomplishment one can readily trace the result of her effort.

Before returning to America Miss Hunt visited in Holland and Belgium. In the latter state she went first to Antwerp, where the Royal Academy was the center of attraction for her. The early Flemish masters made a strong appeal to her sense of character quality, and their influence has ever remained with her.

When the joke is on one's self, it usually gets poor telling. However, Miss Hunt relates the following: During this visit she sought with great ardour for each artist's name. Much over one-third of the canvases bore the following captions, "By an Unknown French Artist—Par Ombekind." Miss Hunt did not then know that it is customary to label each canvas both in French and *Wallon*, the native tongue. The recurrence of the name Ombekind, and the variety of styles he evidently possessed, aroused her suspicions and she ended by consulting the catalogue. There she found to her amusement that Ombekind was "*Wallon*" for unknown.

On her way home Miss Hunt stopped for several years in New York City, where she executed numerous ordered portraits. Coming West, Ohio was another stopping off place, and there she also left several worthy can-

vases, one of which, that of Frederick N. Nichols, we reproduced some time ago.

Since her homecoming about a year ago Miss Hunt has worked diligently, but all work and no play makes "Jill" a dull girl. She therefore decided to throw some time off the resiliance of work, and obtained a Cuban parrot, whose association she believed might have sufficient diverting qualities. However, to er-



WILLIAM MULHOLLAND, BY ESTHER HUNT

ror does the evil of one's way generally run. That parrot has forevermore spoiled Miss Hunt's taste for pets.

To counteract its effects she turned to a more human interest, "Leaning how to cook." This art she has accomplished to the extent of acquiring a limited repertoire; this is testified to in the pages of this very book, in numbers of previous dates.

ART NOTES

Julia Bracken Wendt has come home and many are glad, for more reasons than can be told. She speaks glowingly of her group which is to grace the central place in the rotunda at Exposition Park, when it reaches here some time in January.

While I cannot record in minute detail her description of the diverse method applied to the casting of the massive figures, I believe she will bear me out, in my statement that it is a most arduous and interesting process.

To begin with, in the great bronze works in Brooklyn, N. Y., there are many open spaces which serve as kilns. In these the wax moulds, developed from the plaster cast, are placed, and a brick oven built about them. Then the fire is built and kept burning for several weeks until all the wax has been melted and run off through its crevice channel, and the metal for its construction has formed.

Most tedious, of all the operation, however, was the building of the wax mould. This casting was made in bulk and required much care and precision. In the completed product there are to be no seam lines so frequently showing in monumental groups such as this. To eliminate these each section had to be separately treated and smoothed. Mrs. Wendt herself performed all these details.

* * *

On the walls and in other spaces of the Daniell Gallery in the Hotel Alexandria, may be found choice canvases by some of our best local artists. Many would make choice gifts and others are good enough as additions for home or gallery collections.

William Wendt shows several new landscape views; Jules Pages is well represented by interiors and outdoor views, and several arrangements by Herbert W. Faulkner are well known bits of Venice. The landscapes of Granville Redmond, Hanson Puthoff, Karl Yens, John C. Nicol and Frances Gearhardt are also inviting. The special exhibition of Professor Judson and the miniatures of Miss Packard are calling forth no end of favorable comment.

* * *

A Christmas sale of sketches executed during the past year will take place at the studio

of Francisco Cornejo from December fifteenth to twentieth. His quaint studio, at 1817 South Flower street, will show these fifty odd canvases to advantage. Some of these pictures, described in these pages not long since, are well worth viewing. Mr. Cornejo though young in years and experience, has a decided gift for artistic expression which he exhibits in a most versatile manner.

Jon de Lack.

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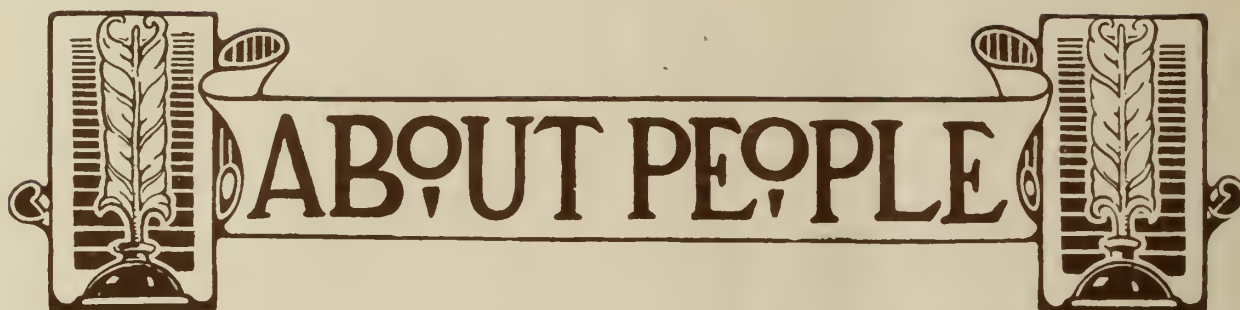
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ABOUT PEOPLE

Shades of Anthony Hope! Did you hear that we had a visitation from Rupert of Hent-sau's arch enemy, Rudolf Rassendyll, several weeks ago? Yes, really. His host then was one of the governors of the Bachelor's Club. The resemblance was striking and caused no end of comment.

However, unlike his prototype, this man was most likeable. He led in all the sports, and was interested in gathering additions for his animal park at home. In this connection he secured several alligators and an ostrich.

At a prominent dance he carried a young alligator in his coat pocket, and, as each introduction was made also presented the animal. It wore round its neck a pink ribbon. But more of this later. This game of hide and seek annoyed the alligator and he evidenced his annoyance by biting the 'hand that fed him.' To prevent further injury, the ribbon was used to tie up his jaws.

During the evening the visitor gave fervid exhibitions of the wild Hungarian Czardas and other lesser dances, among which Johann Strauss' fascinating waltzes played no minor part, and so completely did he win the hearts of his audience that they were loathe to see him go.

Duties called him elsewhere and he departed, taking with him as part of his baggage, aside from the above mentioned freight, three green persimmons from Duarte, one live abalone from Catalina and numerous green

olives. These latter I fear will always remain an unpleasant memory. He claims they ruined his sense of taste forevermore.

All this introduction was necessary that I might inform you of the news current, concerning this gentlemen. It is rumored that he did not leave "heart whole and fancy free." The daughter of a well-known Spanish-American family is said to have ensnared his affections. His attentions appeared most ardent, and since his departure, now several weeks old, each intervening day has brought a touching epistle. The young woman's acceptance or refusal of this homage is awaited with anxiety by her many friends. They do not care to lose another Angeleno favorite.

Soon we are to have a royal guest! Get out your best bibs and tucker. Not the kind for formal occasions, just your fun clothes, for this temporary visitor is one of us in spirit. She cares little for the "stately forms of etiquette." Many of our Angeleno hearts have been gladdened by the "cup that cheers" at her hearthstone, and are looking forward to renewing our acquaintance with her. She sings well, golfs with the ardor of an English-woman, can whet your palette with most delectable morsels, and dances as a divinity. It is in the execution of the latter art that she is most alluring.

Her hostess during her stay here will be a wholesome *camarade*, one who has received like attention from her while enjoying pleasant months abroad. This maiden, though not a native daughter of the Golden West, is much beloved. Each year numerous entertainments are planned when she comes in escort of her mother, whose interests are here centered.

Her adaptation of the popular "*The Dancesant*" steps, pirouetted with royal and other partners are winning her world-wide fame, and her unfagging interest in this diversion, is the talk of many who find these pedal gyrations too enervating.

At a recent debutante function the non-appearance of a lady, prominent in the social life of the Bay City, was much commented on. It was evident that the hostess's disappointment was as great as that of her guests for up to the very last moment she believed her northern friend would arrive.

A belated telegram brought the information that she "was unavoidably detained through slight illness." It now appears that the illness was merely an attack of indisposition to avoid the discomfort of the twelve hour trip.

And yet the hostess and this lady are known to be most intimate!

The recent diversion for the Sabbath day, since terpsichorean steps may not be enjoyed, is the "Fan Dango Tea," a revival of Latin-American days.

For the benefit of those who have not accepted invitations to such functions, permit me to describe the programme of the afternoon. Legends in prose and verse are recited, each guest furnishing a part of the entertainment. These are rendered to pleasant strains, supplied by stringed instruments.

The surprise of the afternoon usually occurs when the guests assemble in the dining-room. There appropriate souvenirs, quaint illustrations of the legends, are found marking each place. They furnish no end of amusement. The menu itself is also unique, in that the edibles are dishes prepared from recipes many centuries old.

If you desire to enliven an otherwise quiet afternoon invite your friends to this form of festivity.

Beatric de Lack-Krombach.



MUSIC



THE SUNDAY CONCERT

By BELFORD FORREST

From start to finish it was a People's concert.

Did the People enjoy it? Emphatically—they *did*.

Mr. Linne, the new director of the People's Orchestra, is obviously no novice at conducting a popular concert.

He began with a commendable innovation. The players were in their places and the concert started at the advertised hour. This was a pleasant surprise to one-half of the audience, educational for the other half, and an intima-

tion to everyone that the concerts in future will *begin* at three o'clock.

Another improvement was the elimination of unnecessary delays. Mr. Linne did not leave the conductor's desk throughout the program, save for the interval—very wisely reduced from fifteen minutes to six.

Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert long ago solved the *encore* problem at popular concerts. Here's the recipe: Play anything you feel like playing, turn 'round and bow briefly. Then, before the audience has time in which to de-

cide whether they will leave the building or remain and ask for more, give them an encore, something they've loved for years and years and years, something that would start a riot played on cigar-boxes at the Orpheum.

It is an excellent recipe. Mr. Linne tried it on Sunday afternoon, with the happiest results. His program was popular but his encores were a riot.

It was a merry little concert. A change of atmosphere. We got clear away from the "Symphony Concert" idea and took things less seriously. People who thought we were going to the musical bow-wows said so cheerfully. If we were being educated the process was painless.

Mr. Linne in action is slightly cubist. He lacks the calisthenic grace of his predecessor. He has a strong beat and is obviously master of his orchestra. He knows what he wants and how to get it. His first appearance was in every way a success.

The opening number, Suppe's "Morning, Noon and Night," was played with a vigor that dispelled the lethargy peculiar to Sunday afternoon. "The Blue Danube," followed by the truly popular "La Paloma," continued the good work.

When Mr. Linne and his orchestra are better acquainted they will give us, doubtless, better performances of such works as the Peer Gynt Suite. The first movement in particular was disappointing. It lacked atmosphere—the mystery and the quiet beauty of the dawn that Grieg understood and expressed so perfectly.

And after Grieg, Sousa. When an audience applauds at the conclusion of a number it may be inferred that they enjoyed it. When they begin to applaud at the third bar and keep it up for ten—one thing is certain, they are getting what they want. That is what happened when Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" followed the "Peer Gynt Suite" on Sunday afternoon. The house went wild with enthusiasm.

Judicious persons in the loges grieved, but a newsboy in the balcony nearly capsized and broke his little neck with joy. I do not care particularly for Sousa, but I loved the newsboy. I hope he'll get all the Sousa his little soul can assimilate on a Sunday afternoon.

In the second half of the program, a paraphrase of Victor Herbert's "Natoma," two descriptive pieces by Gillet with another Sousa encore and Frankenstein's "I Love You California" kept the audience at fever pitch.

Glazounov's joyous "Bacchanale" was the concluding number. What a splendidly pagan thing it is! "Bacchus on the wing, a-conquering!" The world gone glad!

In the language of the people, it was *some* concert.

Manager Edson was almost inarticulate with joy—*almost*.

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OF
SKETCHES

AT • MY
B A R N
S T U D I O

DECEMBER
FIFTEENTH
TO TWENTY
NINE TO FIVE



"LITTLE WOMEN" AT THE MAJESTIC

BY BELFORD FORREST

To turn from the putrescence of the problem play to the wholesomeness of "Little Women" will be a relief for which we should give much thanks.

The atmosphere of our theatres is polluted by the perfumed stink of realistic drama, wherein cleverness is presumed to justify nastiness and we are saved from absolute obscenity only by the censor. The drama of the over-sexed has become a public nuisance.

A few months ago I bought a pathetic little library from a family who were in financial straits. The following day, almost as soon as the bookshop was opened, someone enquired over the phone if the books were sold. I replied that they were not even unpacked.

"Please, please don't sell our 'Little Women.' We want to buy it back."

I promised to hold it. In one of the bundles I found a torn and ragged copy of the beloved book. Its pages were faded and stained, maybe with tears.

An hour later a frail looking girl I remembered seeing when I bought the books came in to redeem her treasure. Had I given her the original Mazarin Bible and a folio Shakespeare of 1623, she could not have been more grateful than when she recovered her old, worn copy of "Little Women."

Since its publication in 1868 three million copies of Louisa M. Alcott's classic have been sold. For forty-five years it has been a "best-seller" and is selling to-day at the rate of thirty thousand copies a year.

"Little Women!" Who has not read the book? Who does not love it? Who can forget the clear, bright humor, the simple pathos of the story, and the truth and tenderness with which it is told! Jo., Beth, Meg and Amy are immortal.

Go to the Majestic next week and spend an hour or two with them. It will help you to keep Christmas in the right spirit. Renew your faith in human nature, and fill your heart with good will towards men—the keynote of all real Christmas joy.

The dramatization of a book so widely read is a delicate task. Everyone knows the story, has a pet devotion for one particular character and a preference for certain scenes. Heaven help the dramatist who offends such predilections! But the task of the dramatist is a mere diversion compared with the problems confronting the man who undertakes to cast such a play. Imagine the scene in the ante-room of Mr. Brady's offices when the news that he was to produce "Little Women" reached the Great White Way. Picture to yourself the troops of "Joan Thursday's" waiting day after day, hour after hour, only to subject their frayed skirts and too, too tired faces to fierce managerial discrimination—only to find themselves once more in the pitiless street with the bitter consciousness that they were not and never could be, Beths, and Jos and Megs of Miss Alcott's "Little Women."

Marta Oatman, the leading lady, is sure of a hearty welcome on Monday evening. It will be something more than the conventional applause bestowed by earnest ushers. It will be a "welcome home" to a most popular young woman whose success has delighted many friends in Los Angeles. Miss Oatman is a daughter of the late Colonel E. J. Oatman. Not content with her histrionic triumphs, Miss Oatman has literary ambitions that are to be gratified ere long by the publication of a book to be called "The Bet." Moreover, Mr. Brady has accepted for production in the spring a four-act modern society drama by Miss Oatman—actress, authoress, playwright! Nothing succeeds like success.

William A. Brady may be as commercial as Shylock, devoid of altruism as Iago, but by the successful casting and production of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" he has earned the gratitude of playgoers the world over.

WHO THEY REALLY WERE

As is well known, the character of Jo, in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," is none other than Miss Alcott herself, and the three other "little women," Beth, Meg and Amy, are her sisters, who in life were Anna, Elizabeth and May. The Mr. and Mrs. March of the story are Bronson Alcott and his wife. Bronson Alcott was a close friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thoreau. The four were neighbors and chums in historic old Concord, Mass., and formed a literary circle the influence of which was manifested in the simplicity and charm of Miss Alcott's style no less than in the truth, humor, pathos and wholesomeness of her literary output.

Although discussion over Laurie's original has raged for nearly half a century the mystery has only recently been cleared up. Dr. Frederick N. L. Willis, of Rochester, N. Y., has documentary evidence, in the form of letters written to him by Miss Alcott, which, without any question, establishes himself as Laurie's original. Dr. Willis in his youth often called at the Alcott home and sometimes took part in the amateur plays Louisa wrote. After his school days young Willis' parents moved to New York and took their son with them. Following young Willis' removal to New York Miss Alcott wrote many letters to him, be-

IDA ST. LEON
"AMY"

HENRIETTA McDANIEL
"BETH"

MARTA OATMAN
"MARIE"

JEAN BRAE
"MEG"

JANE MARBURY
"JO"



tween the years 1858 and 1869, and it is Dr. Willis' intention to include in his memoirs certain extracts from those letters which bear upon "Little Women," and its characters, especially that of Laurie.

But there is another character in "Little Women" whose model is still in doubt. It is that of the pompous, whole-souled Prof. Bhaer, and whom do you suppose his antitype is sup-

In fact, Prof. Bhaer is the only character who is completely in disguise, albeit none the less human and real and living. Miss Alcott frankly admitted that she was Jo, that her sisters were Meg, Beth and Amy, and that all the other characters of "Little Women" were taken from people around about her as she wrote, but there was no one in the neighbor-



MARTA OATMAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH "LITTLE WOMEN".

posed by many to be? None other than Ralph Waldo Emerson! It's somewhat of a far cry from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Prof. Bhaer, to be sure. It is believed Miss Alcott studied the mannerisms of her distinguished neighbor and in making "copy" of him changed his nationality and gave him German idiosyncracies of speech so that the disguise would be all the more complete.

hood who corresponded to the German professor, unless, as some contend, it was Emerson.

At any rate, they are all lovely characters and have been the pets of more readers of American fiction than the characters of any other story. Now they have been released from the covers of the book and allowed to continue their immortal lives upon the stage.



THE EPICUREAN

*I smell the smell of roasting meet
I hear the hissing fry.*

HOLMES.

ENGLISH HASHED MUTTON OR VENISON

Mrs. Cosmo G. Morgan

Fry quite brown in a stew pan with butter, two small onions cut in small pieces. Then put in a teacup full of stock, teaspoonful Worcester sauce, dessert spoonful red currant jelly.

Mix well in a cup with a little cold stock and a dessert spoonful of corn starch; add slowly to above, mixing well. Then put in meat (mutton or venison) cut in thin slices.

Be sure not to let boil. Put in a little Cayenne and salt, and as you serve add a wine glass of Port wine.

REAL IRISH STEW

Mrs. Cosmo G. Morgan

Cut your mutton in small pieces (raw of course) and cut the potatoes and onions into thin slices, as for frying. Put in sauce pan a layer of meat; pepper and salt, then a layer of potatoes and a layer of onions, and pepper and salt. Have good sized sauce pan; add enough water to more than cover it and boil for two hours. The potatoes will be like a thick gravy.

Boil later, potatoes to trim round edge of platter.

PRIESTHOOD PIE

Mrs. Cosmo G. Morgan

Two pounds minced veal without fat; two pounds pork with fat, spiced with grated nutmeg and pulverized cloves; salt and pepper to taste. Mix it well and press in a pot. Place on top $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic separated in small pieces; lay a few bay leaves on the whole. Paste paper round the lid of the pot, so that

it is perfectly air tight. Put in an oven heated as for baking bread and let cook at least an hour. Do not take lid off until it is cold.

CHICKEN MERANGO

Carl Rudolph

Dress and cut up a chicken in pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour and fry, in salt pork fat (saute) until entire surface is browned. Put in a stew pan, cover with merango sauce and let simmer until chicken is tender.

MERANGO SAUCE

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter

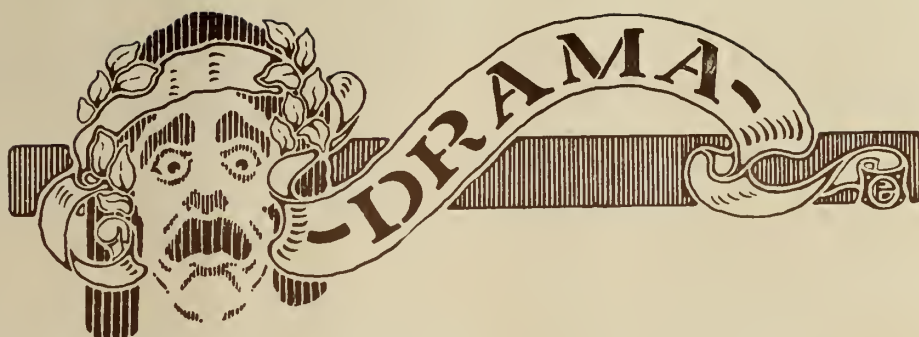
1 tablespoon onion finely chopped with 1 slice carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ slice turnip, also cut fine.

Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour and stir until well browned, then pour on gradually while stirring constantly, 2 cups boiling water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stewed and strained tomatoes; add 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful pepper and a few grains Cayenne pepper. Bring to boiling point and strain.



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"THE COMING OF LADY KITTY"

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

by

Everett C. Maxwell
(Copyrighted 1911)

CHARACTERS

MR. HARRY HOLDEN.
MR. JACK BOLTON, *who masquerades as Lady Kitty*.
PRINCE BOMONGELO, *from India*.
LORD REGINALD FENMORE, *Lady Kitty's son*.
MRS. CLEMENTINA HOLDEN.
LADY KITTY FENMORE.

SCENE

Drawing room of Mr. Harry Holden's house in Boston.

STAGE SETTING

Modern drawing-room, elegant but not elaborate. Entrance at R. S. and L. S. The entrance at L. S. may be a double door, which would add greatly to the general effect. The entrance at back stage should be through French windows. There should be at least three of these windows, showing a garden drop beyond. One or all of the windows may be standing open. Arrange palms or bay trees in large jars or urns just outside windows to give effect of a terrace. A low marble rail running across back would be in keeping with the scene. The walls of the room may be either panelled or covered with dull tapestry. Avoid a Louis Quintz interior. The French windows at back should be curtained in cream net overhung with silk side curtains to match the general color scheme. The doors at R. S. and L. S. should be curtained. Fireplace at R. S. Large davenport at back stage L. Handsomely embroidered three-fold Japanese screen across corner at back R. Oriental rug on floor. Furniture of weathered oak or mahogany. Table to left of C. S. Telephone near door L. S. Several easy chairs well placed about stage. Accessories to suit setting.

(At rise of curtain Mr. Holden enters reading a telegram, advances center and speaks.)

MR. HOLDEN—

Well now, this is awkward. To go back on a fellow at the last minute. (Reads) "Have been detained in New York. Will be up Friday." Bomongelo. I wonder what the devil can be detaining him. I am quite sure he knows no one in the city, and as for business, why that's ab-

surd. The Prince never had such a thing in his life. This leaves me in a deuce of a hole. I can't be foiled like this; I've simply got to produce a Prince before sundown or my life won't be worth while. I have it! I'll be Prince Bomongelo myself. Let's see how I'll manage it. I'll be called suddenly out of town on business, go up to my rooms at the Club, rig myself out in some truck from the costumer, and arrive here in all my royal dignity. (Goes over to telephone.) I wonder what the Prince is like. I haven't seen him for five years and he has been through a couple of colleges in that time. (Looks up number in telephone book.) Hello, Central? Broadway 325, please. Hello, Broadway 325? Is this Madam le Baton, theatrical costumer? Send me down the costumes for a Hindoo Prince. Hindoo, Hindoo, yes, Hindoo Prince, any color. Oh, anything you happen to have, I don't care. Send it right away by special messagener. Where to? Room 14, Saxsonian Club, Mr. H. W. Holden. Good-bye. Here comes Clementina.

CLEMENTINA—

Harry, dear, isn't this just too horrid?

MR. H—

What's the matter?

C—

Why, I have just received a telegram from Lady Kitty. She's been unavoidably detained in New York and isn't quite sure yet when she will be able to come up here. It's something about getting her trunks through the custom house. Just think, Harry, seventeen of them, all full of Paris gowns!

MR. H—

My dear Clementina, can't you let a fellow down a little at a time? The bare fact that you were so much as expecting a visit from a Lady Kitty was enough to stun any man, and then to hurl seventeen trunks full of Paris gowns at one, for full measure, is absolutely the limit!

Mrs. H—

Come dear, don't be stupid. I'm so excited you can't blame me for getting things mixed. But you see, it was this way. Lady Kitty has promised me a visit for more than two years, and about two weeks ago she wrote me she was coming, would reach New York on Monday and be out here to-day. I wasn't going to tell you until she came. I wanted to surprise you. Oh, dear! and now it may be a week before she gets all those precious trunks inspected.

Mr. H—

My love, pray sit down and calm yourself and in the meantime put me next. Do I know Lady Kitty?

Mrs. H—

Of course not. I met her at the baths at Baden Baden, when Aunt Jeanette and I were there the year before we were married. But you have certainly heard me speak of her a thousand times.

Mr. H—

Yes, come to think of it, I have. She's the Lady Fenmore of Fenmore Hall, and so on? Rich?

Mrs. H—

Sinfully rich.

Mr. H—

Pretty?

Mrs. H—

Beautiful, of course.

Mr. H—

Married or single?

Mrs. H—

Mr. Holden, why do you wish to know that?

Mr. H—

Merely a natural curiosity.

Mrs. H—

Well, she's a widow. Lord Henley Fenmore was thrown from his horse and killed while fox hunting.

Mr. H—

Howling old sport, was he?

Mrs. H—

No, he wasn't. He was young and Lady Kitty is young. But I haven't time to sit here and repeat the same things I've told you a hundred times before. I could just cry. I've told all the ladies that she would be here to-day and that I would have her at the Charity Bazaar to-night without fail. And it has been advertised and the tickets have been selling like lightning ever since.

Mr. H—

Indeed!

Mrs. H—

Yes, indeed. And they have reserved the seat of honor for her, and you and I were to sit on either side. Every one in town is green with envy. And now I never can hold my head up in society again. It wouldn't be so bad if she hadn't been advertised.

Mr. H—

Funny, I didn't see the advertisement.

Mrs. H—

No, it isn't. You never do read the papers half.

Mr. H—

Well, dear, since you've 'fessed up your surprise, I suppose I might just as well tell you about mine. Remember when I went to India with Prof. Green to spend my sophomore vacation??

Mrs. H—

Yes.

Mr. H—

I met Prince Bomongelo.

Mrs. H—

Yes, what of it?

Mr. H—

He was due to arrive here for a short visit with us on the very train with Lady Kitty.

Mrs. H—

You don't mean it. Oh, you dear!

Mr. H—

But I just received a telegram from him. He's in New York and can't come before Friday.

Mrs. H—

O, Harry, how dreadful!

Mr. H—

Dreadful, I should say it was. I'm in a deuce of a fix.

Mrs. H—

Why, what's the matter?

Mr. H—

Well, I'm like Hamlet, I see my finish. I'll be the laughing stock of the Club, that's all. I promised to have the Prince at your confounded old Charity Bazaar to-night and have sold all the fellows tickets on the strength of it. I'm in a deuce of a hole.

Mrs. H—

Not quite so deep as the one I'm in, for I advertised.

Mr. H—

Well, haven't I? It's been in for a week.

Mrs. H—

Funny I didn't see the advertisement.

Mr. H—

Well, I'm not going to sit around and cry about it. I'm desperate, and I'm going to have a Prince here to-night if I have to buy one up town.

Mrs. H—

Impossible!

Mr. H—

Nothing of the sort. I'm off for New York and by three o'clock this afternoon Prince Bomongelo will be ushered into this very room, or my name's not Harry Holden.

Mrs. H—

But, Harry, you can't.

Mr. H—

Oh yes, I can and I will. You just wait and see. But in case I don't get home—that is—I mean—if I have to attend to some business in—

Mrs. H—

For instance?

Mr. H—

O, the deuce! Oh—eh, getting the Prince's trunks through the custom house.

Mrs. H—

Oh, of course!

- Mr. H—
And, as I say, if I don't get home you can entertain the Prince until I come and take him to the Bazaar in place of Lady Kitty.
- Mrs. H—
O, you angel. I guess it isn't every day that a little place like Boston has a chance at a real live Hindoo Prince. But now, if Lady Kitty were only here, our social position would be firmly established forever.
- Mr. H—
Maybe she'll come yet. I must chase for that train. Good-bye, and remember to be nice to the Prince for me. Say! tell the fellows I was called to New York on urgent business and that I'll be back to-morrow. Good-bye.
(Exit right.)
(Enter Jack Bolton, left, rushes up to Mrs. Holden and shakes both her hands.)
- JACK BOLTON—
Hello, Clemie, how are you?
- Mrs. H—
Jack Bolton, where in the wide world did you come from? I'm so glad to see you.
- Jack—
Oh, just blew in from the West last night. Our season closed in Denver last week and the company disbanded for the summer, so I pulled for home.
- Jack—
How is everybody and everything? How's Harry, old boy? Where is he? Trot him in.
- Mr. H—
Harry has just left for New York on the ten o'clock train. He was called by telegram on urgent business. But he'll be back to-morrow.
- Jack—
Good. I haven't had a first-class visit with him since we left college two years ago. He got married, the rogue, and I went on the stage.
- Mrs. H—
I wonder if he could. Of course you can. Oh, this will be glorious!
- Jack—
What?
- Mrs. H—
Listen! How many people know you are home?
- Jack—
Mother and yourself. What's up?
- Mrs. H—
This: I want you to be my leading man, or lady, I should say, in a little society farce I'm going to star in at the Charity Bazaar to-night. Don't say "No;" so much depends on it, for me.
- Jack—
I'd love to help you. What must I do?
- Mrs. H—
Well, Lady Kitty Fenmore was coming to make me a visit and I promised to have her at the Bazaar to-night, and it's been adve—
- Jack—
Yes, I know all about it. Mother put me next. Everybody is crazy about it.
- Mrs. H—
Yes, I know, and she can't come.
- Jack—
Can't come?
- Mrs. H—
And you must be Lady Kitty just for to-night.
- Jack—
I? Be Lady Kitty?
- Mrs. H—
Yes, yes. Please do, for my sake. I'll tell you what to do and say and all about it.
- Jack—
People would know me.
- Mrs. H—
Oh, I'm sure they wouldn't. You make up splendidly. Don't you remember the time you played the Princess in your class play and Harry was your lover?
- Jack—
Yes, I remember. Say, it would be sport.
- Mrs. H—
Then you will?
- Jack—
Yes, if it will help you any, I'll try. But you've got to stand by me, come what may.
- Mrs. H—
You're a jewel. Now run up stairs to the second bedroom and there you'll find a trunk full of Aunt Jeanette's new Paris gowns. They'll just about fit you, and she hasn't worn a single one of them yet.
- Jack—
I see my finish. (Exit)
- Mrs. H—
Oh, dear! I'm just a little bit frightened about this. But it's too late now, and, anyway, I needn't worry if he doesn't. But just suppose he does something he shouldn't and people—
(Enter Mr. H.— as Prince B.—)
should find out. Oh, dear! I'd better stop him.
- Mr. H.—
Stop me—she must be onto my gag. What if she recognizes me?
(Mrs. H. turns and sees Mr. H.—)
- Mrs. H.—
The Prince! (Mr. H.— bows very low)
- Mr. H.—
By the sacred snakes of Allahabad I crave your pardon for this intrusion.
- Mrs. H.—
Arise! I am sure you have done nothing to ask pardon for. You merely frightened me a little.
- Mr. H.—
Allah forbid that I should frighten you.
- Mrs. H.—
You are Prince Bomongelo, Mr. Holden's friend, are you not?
- Mr. H.—
(Aside) Good! She doesn't know me. (To Mrs. H.) Yes, I have that honor. In fact, Mr. Holden and myself are very intimate friends.
- Mrs. H.—
Pray be seated and tell me something of your journey. You must be very tired.

Society

- Mr. H.—
Not at all, I enjoy travel. The crossing was a dream. (Aside) That's no lie. (To Mrs. H.—) Where is Mrs. Holden? Is she in?
- Mrs. H.—
Why, I'm Mrs. Holden. I thought you knew.
- Mr. H.—
Impossible! Mr. Holden wrote me he married a homely widow for her money.
- Mrs. H.—
He wrote you that? Why, the wretch.
- Mr. H.— (Quickly)
Where—er is Harry?
- Mrs. H.—
Oh, I forgot. He received your telegram about half past nine, and when he found that you could not be here for the Charity Bazaar tonight, he left post haste for New York, swearing by all the gods that he would have you here by three o'clock.
- Mr. H.—
So sorry I missed him. I found that I could come by the noon train, so here I am. When er—will your husband be home?
- Mrs. H.—
Tomorrow, he said.
(Mr. H.— acts strangely)
Why, what's the matter, are you ill?
- Mr. H.—
Don't be alarmed, fair one. I am going into a trance. I have them twice a day, you know.
- Mrs. H.—
Oh, how dreadful. Are they something like a fit?
- Mr. H.—
Well, yes, something like. (Aside) At least it will fit in well here, I can't think of a blooming thing to say.
- Mrs. H.—
Do you get black in the face and foam?
- Mr. H.—
Oh, not at all. When I am in a trance I commune with the spirit world. I foretell the future. Read your fortune by the lines in your hands. Give advice on all subjects of personal interest, answer any and all questions, clear your life of all doubts, and reunite the separated.
- Mrs. H.—
Oh, how splendid. Boston is just the place for you. You'll be the raging lion in a week's time.
- Mr. H.—
Oh, I'll be a liein' all right.
- Mrs. H.—
Can't you go in a trance at the Bazaar tonight?
- Mr. H.—
I only wish I could.
- Mrs. H.—
What a wonderful man you are. You're just like Prof. Dombranski.
- Mr. H.— (Aside)
Yes, that's his stunt all right.
- Mrs. H.—
Did you speak to me?
- Mr. H.—
No, I was talking to Mr. Holden.
- Mrs. H.—
Impossible. He's in New York.
- Mr. H.—
Of course he is. Let me read your palm. (Takes her hand.) Madam, you are twenty-eight years of age.
- Mrs. H.—
I am not. I was just twenty-seven last month.
- Mr. H.—
Yes, the 14th of last month. You have a long and eventful life before you, much of which will be spent in travel. (Aside.) Same old gags. (To Mrs. H.—) You are vain, fickle, and heartless. Your husband is henpecked.
- Mrs. H.—
That's not true.
- Mr. H.—
Neither is your husband. He is even now in a sumptuous room of an up-town mansion, holding the hand of a married woman.
- Mrs. H.—
Oh, the villain. So this explains much. This accounts for his numerous business trips to New York. Well, I'll put a stop to that. I'll go with him every blessed time. I'll put a detective on his track. I'll have him shadowed day and night.
- Mr. H.— (Aside)
Now I have done it. How am I ever going to get out of this? (To Mrs. H.—) Madam, have you any questions you would like answered?
- Mrs. H.—
Does my husband love me?
- Mr. H.—
Does he? Well, I should—I—eh, he does.
- Mrs. H.—
I don't believe it.
- Mr. H.—
Clementina.
- Mrs. H.—
Mrs. Holden, if you please.
- Mr. H.—
Certainly, excuse me Clem—I—Mrs. Holden.
- Mrs. H.—
Did he marry me for my money?
- Mr. H.—
Not on your tintype. I—er—he had as much as you did.
- Mrs. H.—
I beg your pardon, I had \$90 the most.
- Mr. H.—
You bought me the bull terrier with that the day before—
- Mrs. H.—
Bought you a bull terrier? Why, I never heard of you until long after I was married. I bought Mr. Holden such a dog, though.
- Mr. H.—
Oh, I meant you bought Mr. Holden a bull terrier.
- Mrs. H.—
Yes, but that has nothing to do with the matter in hand. How shall I get even with Mr. Holden?
- Mr. H.—
By marrying me.
- Mrs. H.—
By marrying you?
- Mr. H.—
Yes. I love you and I am a Prince, and Boston

women aspire to Princes. Think how nice it would sound to be called Clementina Princess Ben de Zon Bomongelo of Allahabad and Bezinia. The most beautiful palace in India would be your home. You would have three hundred servants to wait upon you. You could have Tiffany's whole works. Oh,—(much at a loss for words)

Mrs. H.—(Sweetly)

Are you still in a trance

Mr. H.—

Oh, yes, I had forgotten (makes strange passes).

Mrs. H.—

Now, Prince, see here, you're either a most peculiar person, or else you have been drinking. In regard to my husband's insincerity, you will please leave that matter to me, I think I can manage him nicely. As to marrying you, which is entirely out of the question, I will say this much. If you were the last man on earth and I was fat and forty without a chance in sight, I wouldn't marry you, not for a world of palaces, diamonds and principalities. You'll have to excuse me for a while, as I have a date with a man, and he's waiting for me in the library.

Mr. H.—

A man in the library!

Mrs. H.—

Yes, a reporter to get something about the Charity Bazaar and the coming of Lady Kitty. Just make yourself at home. You'll find refreshments behind the screen.

(Exit Mrs. H.— R. S.)

Mr. H.—

Thank heavens, that's over. That was the hardest work I ever did in my life. Hello, who's this coming? It must be Lady Kitty. I'll wait and find out first. (Goes behind screen.)

(Enter Lady Kitty and Lord Reginald)

Lady Kitty—

Well, here we are at last, and I for one am jolly glad to get here. Won't Clementina be surprised to see me after telegraphing her I couldn't come for perhaps a week? Well, it was all the fault of those vulgar custom inspectors. The idea of their accusing me of trying to smuggle in a trousseau or two. Hm, I think I see myself importing trousseaus for others. I'll look to it that the next one I buy will fit yours truly.

Mr. H.— looks over screen and winks)

Lord Reginald—

That's what I say. Why don't you get married and have it over with?

L. K.—

I thought I'd wait a few years and we'd have a double wedding.

L. R.—

Not on your life. I say, mom, you don't shake this chicken that way. I'm going to live at home and help you blow in the old guy's money.

L. K.—

What do you think of Percy Howard as a future papa-in-law?

L. R.—

He'd never die. He's a regular Hercules.

L. K.—

Well, he has the tin.

L. R.—

You had better cut him out. Wait and see what turns up here in Boston.

L. K.—

Isn't Boston a most charming little place?

L. R.—

Well, I say, give me New York. There is something doing there.

L. K.—

Say, Reg, don't you think we are catching onto the American slang a little bit?

L. R.—

A little bit! Why, we're just about the whole works.

L. K.—

That's what comes of my having been engaged to that Harvard man for a whole month last summer.

L. R.—

He was no sport. Why, he didn't know the different hands.

L. K.—

No, he hadn't learned that every girl that wears a sailor hat doesn't own a yacht. But I wonder what's keeping Clementina?

(Exit W. L. to divan)

L. R.—

The lackey said she was being interviewed in the library and would be up directly. Here come your trunks.

L. K.—

Well, run out and see to having them brought in. Don't let them pile anything on my hat boxes.

(Exit Lord Reginald)

Goodness knows I had trouble enough getting them in and the impudence of that beast of an inspector asked me if I was going to open up a millinery shop.

(Mr. Holden comes from behind screen)

Mr. H.—

You are Lady Kitty Fenmore, I believe.

L. K.—

(Aside) A new world to conquer. (To Mr. H.—) Yes, I'm Lady Kitty and who are you, pray tell me?

Mr. H.—

I, I am Prince Bomongelo of India, an old, in fact a life long friend of Mr. Holden.

L. K.—

And you are here for a visit also, are you?

Mr. H.—

Yes, a very short visit.

L. K.—

Oh, that's too bad. But perhaps we can induce you to stay longer, that is, if we're real nice to you. You see, I'm going to stay long enough to repay me for coming over. It hasn't been any joke, let me tell you.

Mr. H.—

Um— Oh, yes! I see.

L. K.—

Are you a married man, Prince?

Mr. H.

Oh, no, that is, not just yet. (Aside) I will be to-morrow.

L. K.—
Oh, you are only engaged then?

Mr. H.—
That's all, only engaged.

L. K.—
That's easy. Why, I've been engaged four times in the last year. I was thinking of marrying the last victim. But that was before I met you.

Mr. H.—
(Aside.) Heavens, she's head over heels in love with me. (To L. K.) And since you have met me?

L. K.—
I think I will wait a week. Come, let's sit down and get acquainted. (L. K. takes Mr. H.'s arm and draws him to the divan. (Pause.)

L. K.—
Why don't you say something?

Mr. H.—
Fine weather we're having. (Much worried.)

L. K.—
I haven't noticed. Of course, if you say so.

Mr. H.—
(Aside.) I wonder where Clementina is. (To L. K.) Were you ever in India?

L. K.—
No, but I am dying to go.

Mr. H.—
Why don't you go then?

L. K.—
(Aside.) He isn't catching on very fast. (To Mr. H.—) Prince, do you know you remind me of Venus de Milo?

Mr. H.—
Of Venus de Milo? Why, she hasn't any arms.

L. K.—
Yes, I know.

Mr. H.—
(Growing bolder.) Do you know you're pretty?

L. K.—
Of course I do. I can't help it, though, it runs in our family.

Mr. H.—
(Aside.) I wish I could go into another trance.

L. K.—
Let us go for a stroll in the garden. I want to pick some roses. Come, give me your arm. (Aside.) I see where I am going to have trouble launching this catch.
(Exit Mr. H. and L. K. through French windows at the back.)
(Enter Jack in feminine costume.)

Jack—
Well, if this isn't a job lot of beauty, you're not talking to me. There's a pin sticking straight into the middle of my back and I'm cinched up three inches too tight. These shoes are killing me and what in Heaven's name am I going to do with my hands? Where's Clementina? I don't know how I am supposed to act. Am I married or single? Am I quiet, dignified, and retiring; or a gummy little creature who flirts? This trail will be the death of me yet. (Business.) I'd give a lot to be well out of this. Hello, who's the kid?
(Enter L. R. from back stage)

L. R.—
My eye, isn't she a peach? I wonder if I can't win a home there. What is it? A Boston heiress or a New York chorus girl? I'll risk it. Ahem! Ahem! Oh, I say, haven't we met before?

Jack—
(Aside.) Something doing, all right.
(To L. R.) Why, yes, come to think of it. I believe we have.

L. R.—
Bully of you to remember me. Most girls wouldn't own up.

Jack—
Well, you see I'm not like most girls.

L. R.—
You're a lot sweller.

Jack—
Oh, thanks, awfully. Where was it you said we had met?

L. R.—
I didn't say. (Aside.) Gee, if I propose to her with all those diamonds on she'll think I'm marrying her for her money. I say, are you married?

Jack—
(Gruffly.) Huh! how's that? (Sweetly.) Oh, no! To be sure, I'm not.

L. R.—
(Aside.) I wonder if she has small feet. (To Jack.) There's a mouse!

Jack—
Where? Show me. (Snatches an ornamental bronze pitcher off the table and looks for mouse.)

L. R.—
Aren't you afraid of mice? Most girls are.

Jack—
Oh, yes, dreadfully. I forgot. (Jumps on divan.)

L. R.—
(Aside, looking at Jack's feet.) No. 9's, I bet a shilling. (To Jack.) Well, it's gone. Come down and I'll tell you something. What do you say to marrying me?

Jack—
(Aside.) My first proposal! (Aloud.) Marrying you? I might adopt you.

L. R.—
Oh, I say, don't be unkind.

Jack—
But this is so sudden. Who are you, anyway?

L. R.—
Lord Reginald Fenmore of Fenmore Hall! Lady Kitty is my mother.

Jack—
The deuce she is. (Aside.) Why didn't Clem tell me that I had a son who was somewhat of a sport. I wonder what theatrical company she hired this actor from and who he is. Say, she must have a troupe masquerading as English nobility. (To L. R.) Come here, son, and kiss your mother.

L. R.—
My what? I don't drop on.

Jack—
Well, I'm Lady Kitty, your doting mamma. So you see the proposal is null and void. Consider-

ing the existing state of affairs, I couldn't very well marry you.

L. R.—

See here, my fire fly, your case needs immediate attention. You had better see a cabinetmaker. (Touches his forehead.) I think you have broken furniture in here. Or else you have been drinking. At any rate, you're no lady.

Jack—

I am a perfect lady.

L. R.—

I'll be back and talk about our approaching marriage when you sleep off some of that jag.

(Exit L. R.)

Jack—

Wouldn't that frost you? (Enter Prince Bomongelo.) (Aside.) Great Heavens! what next?

P. B.—

I beg your pardon, are you Mrs. Holden?

Jack—

No, I am her friend, Lady Kitty Fenmore. Mrs. Holden is busy in the library just now.

P. B.—

I thank you. I am Prince Bomongelo of India, A friend of Harry

Jack—

(Aside.) Another masquerade.
(To Prince.) You'll have to show me.

P. B.—

I don't understand.

Jack—

Well, I hope you will pardon me, but I'm a little bit leary. Things are not what they seem around here, and I want positive proof.

P. B.—

Oh, that's all right. Here's my signet ring. (Shows ring.) Will that be sufficient?

Jack—

(Aside.) He's the genuine article and a jolly good fellow, I'll bet. (To Prince.) Quite sufficient. I hope you'll not think any the worse of me for doubting you.

P. B.—

Oh, I don't wonder you thought I was crazy, wearing this sort of thing around here in America. Harry wanted me to come in my native costume, and it was about showing me off at a bazaar or something of the kind.

Jack—

(Aside.) A fellow victim.

P. B.—

This is the first time I have had this thing on since I took part in the Royal Dunbar. Where is Harry?

Jack—

Went to New York to run you to earth.

P. B.—

Hang it all. I was afraid of that. He got my telegram, then?

Jack—

This morning.

P. B.—

I didn't think of his coming. You see, I thought I might have to run down to Washington and transact some business with our ambassador. But I find it can wait for a few weeks, so I came right up.

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Jack—

Well, Harry will be back to-morrow. I haven't seen him, either. We were room mates at college—I—mean my brother Jack and he were room mates at college.

P. B.—

Oh, yes, I see. I trust we shall be the best of friends. Your husband—

Jack—

I'm not married.

P. B.—

Then how can you be Lady Kitty?

Jack—

I mean my husband is dead.

P. B.—

Oh, yes, I understand. (Enter Mrs. Holden)
(Exit Jack)

Mrs. H.—

Now Prince, if you will come with me I will show you the grounds.

P. B.—

Then you are Mrs. Holden, Harry's wife. I am so glad to know you.

Mrs. H.—

Why, don't you know we've met before this morning, when you first came?

P. B.—

Why, no. I just came, you know.

Mrs. H.—

Oh, yes. (Aside.) He has just come out of that trance and he doesn't remember.

P. B.—

(Aside.) What a strange woman.

Mrs. H.—

I hope you haven't felt lonely. I couldn't get away sooner.

P. B.—

Not at all. Your charming friend, Lady Kitty, has been with me.

Mrs. H.—

Oh, I see. This must be she coming now.
(Enter Lady Kitty)

L. K.—(Gushing)

Clementina, I'm so glad to see you. (To Prince in surprise.) Why, Prince, how did you get in here. (To Mrs. H.—) I just left him this moment in the arbor.

Mrs. H.—

Why no, Kitty, the Prince has been here for some time.

P. B.—

Yes, I was with Lady Kitty. She just left as Mrs. Holden entered.

L. K.—

Left here just now? Why, I haven't been in this room for two hours.

Mrs. H.—(Aside to Lady Kitty.)

Jack, your make-up is fine. But do be careful. Don't say anything to the Prince. He has been in a trance and doesn't remember what has happened. (To Prince B.—) Come, we will walk in the garden awhile.
(Exit Mrs. H. and Prince B.—left)

L. K.—

Jack! My makeup fine! I don't understand. Everyone acts so funny. This must be an insane

asylum. Trance. So that's what made the Prince such a numbskull. This is positively uncanny.

Enter Mr. H.—right. Lady K.— screams and runs out door—left.

Mr. H.—

The deuce. She has gotten frightfully shy all of a sudden.

(Enter Jack from back)

Jack—

Ah, Prince, we meet again.

Mr. H.—

Meet again? Why, I don't remember of even meeting you before. Perhaps if you would tell me your name—

Jack—

Why, my name is Lady Kitty. Don't you remember we were talking together here not fifteen minutes ago?

No, I don't. I haven't been in this room for two hours. I have been out in the park with Lady Kitty. She came in here about ten minutes ago and just as I entered that door, she screamed and ran out.

Jack—

Impossible! Why, I'm—oh, what's the use of trying to argue with a lunatic. He's plumb batty.

Mr. H.—

Say, young lady, I don't know who you are and I don't care, but if you are a friend of my wife—

Jack—

Your wife? I never saw your wife. You led me to believe a short time ago that you were not married.

Mr. H.—

I mean Mrs. —

Jack—

I don't care what you mean, you're about the dippiest proposition I ever ran up against.

Mr. H.—

I can't remain and quarrel with a lady. Good morning.
(Exit Mrs. H.—door R.)
(Enter Prince B.—door L.)

Jack—

Well, great heavens, I believe I'm drunk and seein' double. (To Prince B.—) Didn't I just see you go out through that door?

P. B.—

Why, no, I've been out in the garden with Mrs. Holden.

Jack—

Well, this is too much for me. I need a nerve tonic.
(Exit Jack, R. S.)
(Enter Lady Kitty from back)

P. B.—(Not noticing Jack exit)

Lady Kitty, there is something I want to say to you, something I want to ask you.

L. K.—

(Aside.) It's coming at last. (Aloud.) Now, see here, Prince, if you're going to propose to me I want you to go about it in a straightforward, businesslike way, and I might just as well tell you before you begin, that I shall accept.

P. B.—

This is madness. Madam, I never set eyes on you before in my life. How could you think of my proposing marriage to you? Besides, I was speaking to Lady Kitty.

L. K.—

Now, look here, Prince. I've stood all of this nonsense I'm going to. Your trance gag worked all right the first time, but it's getting to be a chestnut now. Never saw me before! I suppose you have forgotten that we have spent the last two hours together in the garden. Of course I expected a proposal, judging from the things you said to me, what woman wouldn't? Now you'll either marry me or I'll sue you for breach of promise.

P. B.—

Madam, I am pained and grieved more than words can express to see so beautiful a woman as yourself in such a deplorable state of intoxication. Please remain here while I bring assistance. (Exit Prince B.—)

L. K.—

Remain here, indeed. I think I see myself. (Exit Lady K.—) (Enter Lord R.—)

L. R.—

I wonder where my tipsy fairy is? (Enter Mrs. H.—)

Mrs. H.—

Hello, my lad, who are you?

L. R.—

I am Lord Reginald Fenmore. Are you Mrs. Holden?

Mrs. H.—

Yes, of course I am. Can it possibly be that you're Lady Kitty's son? When did you come? Where is your mother?

L. R.—

Oh, we've been here about two hours. Mother's in the conservatory. We've been waiting for you ever so long.

The real Prince enters door right closely pursued by Lady K.—, crosses stage and exits L. Closely following enters Mr. H.— pursued by Jack. Mrs. H.— is horrified. All four re-enter from different directions.)

Chorus of voices—

We demand an explanation.

L. R.—I think one is badly needed.

Mrs. H.—

Oh, this is dreadful. I am so sorry it all happened. (To Lady K.—) Kitty, dear, I'll begin by apologizing to you first. When I found that

you couldn't be here for the Bazaar to-night, I prevailed upon my husband's old friend and college chum, Jack Bolton (Jack bows), to play Lady Kitty. When I saw you this morning I thought of course it must be Jack in excellent makeup. Let me present Mr. Jack Bolton, Lady Kitty Fenmore. (Business.)

L. K.—

Well, if this isn't rich!

Mrs. H.—

Now as to these two Princes I am just as much in the dark as you are and I hope they will be kind enough to enlighten us.

Mr. H.—

I am Mr. Harry Holden.

Chorus—

Harry Holden!

Mr. H.—

When I found the Prince couldn't come up for the blowout to-night, rather than make myself a standing joke at the club, I decided to play the part myself. I beg a thousand pardons, my dear fellow.

P. B.—

Oh, don't mention it. It's been a huge joke.

Mr. H.—

Prince, let me present you to the company.

P. B.—

I think we've all met before.

L. R.—

I say, Bolton, I'll get even with you yet. That was a nice way to use a fellow. I was really beginning to like you famously.

Jack—

Well, so was I beginning to like you. Suppose we keep right on. Let's go fishing to-morrow.

L. R.—

Good! I'll go.

Mrs. H.—

Now, Harry, we'll all excuse you and Jack while you go upstairs and get into your customary wearing apparel.

P. B.—

Can't I change this rig for something in the way of a blue serge?

L. K.—

No, you can't. You and I are the star actors of the Bazaar to-night. Sit down. (Escorts him to divan.)

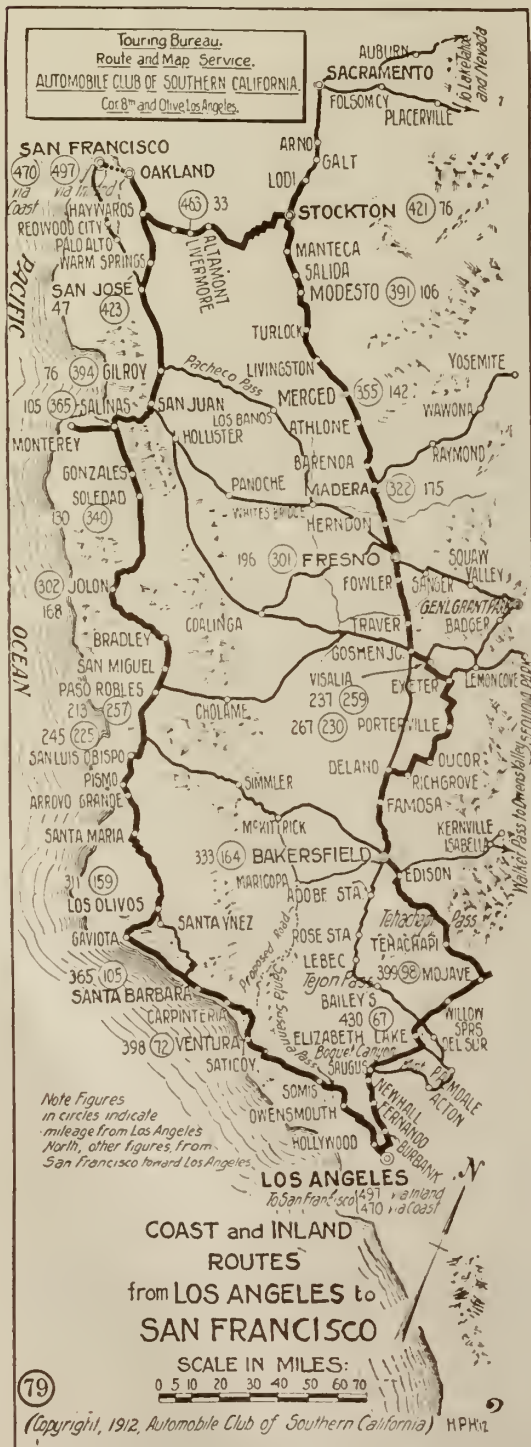
Jack to Harry—

Come to my arms.

Harry to Jack—

"Angelina, I am coming, I am coming."
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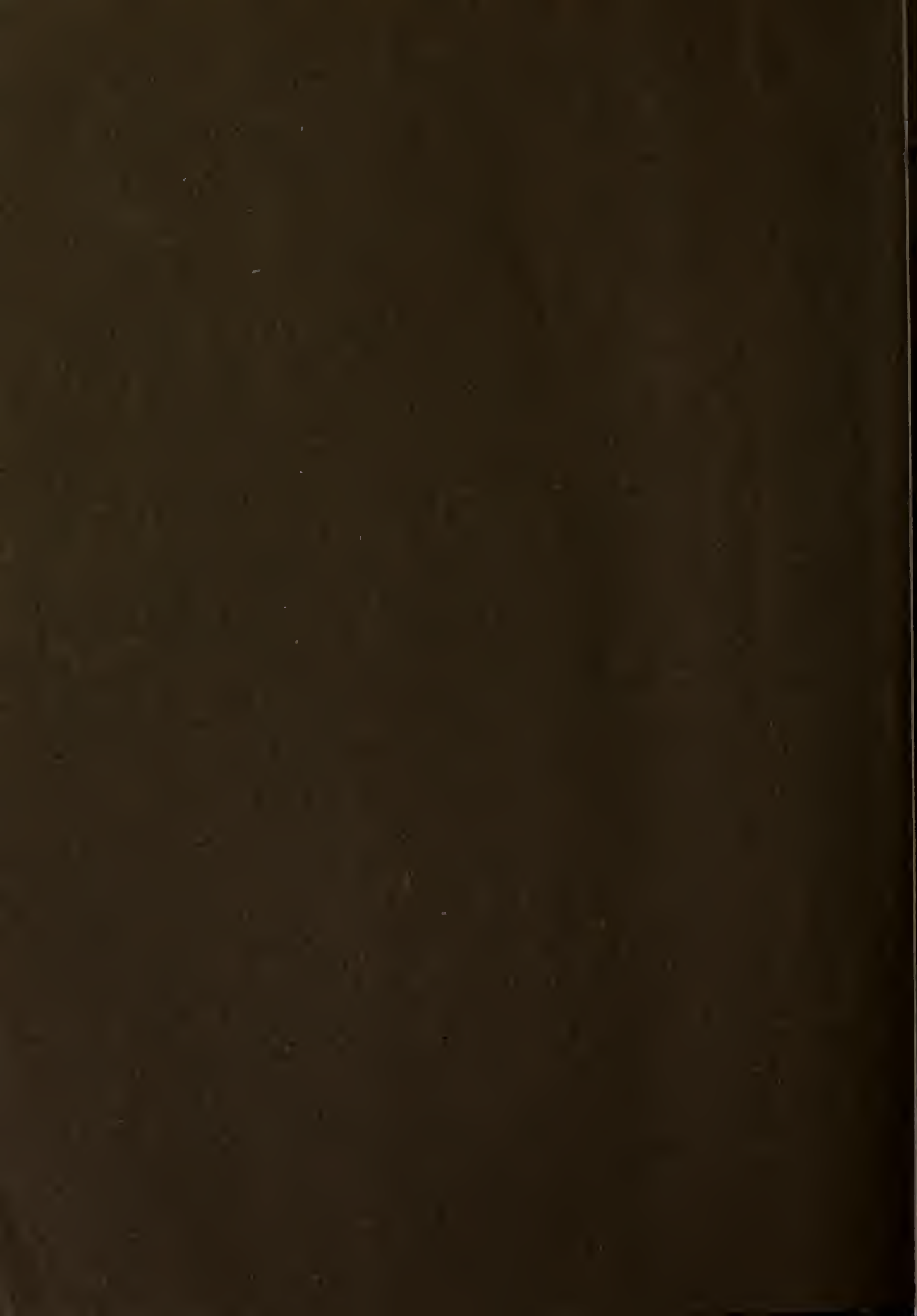
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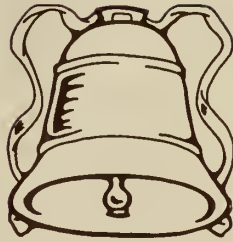


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 LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

For Christ is born of Mary
And, gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.

Where Charity stands watching
And Faith holds wide the door
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks
And Christmas comes once more.

Phillips Brooks.

Society

A JOURNAL
OF SOCIAL
EVENTS

VOL. I. No. 31

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Society

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Editor and Publisher

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SANTA CLAUS

No Santa Claus? Nonsense! Of course there's a Santa Claus. Woe to the iconoclastic wretch who says there isn't, and snatches from the whole world its old, old Christmas dream.

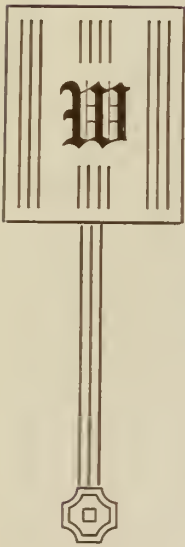
What has become of Santa Claus, we'd like to know. Can the unbeliever tell us that? And what has he to offer in place of what he takes away? Let him but close his eyes and wait—there will come to him, presently, as to all the rest of us, the jingle of sleighbells, a blessed vision of the plump, chuckling, beloved old Saint, with cheeks aglow, long beard, white and shiny against scarlet coat, landing splendidly on his two high-booted feet as he tumbles hugely down the chimney. He will hear swift, soft steps around the fireplace while the stockings hanging there grow fuller and fuller until they finally can't hold another lovely thing.

Then suddenly a scurrying and the old fellow is gone. And after a moment of silence the sound of bells comes again from outside, growing fainter and fainter, and the children come trooping in, shouting and joyous.

No Santa Claus? Nonsense! Of course there is.

My Noel.

BY NELLA BRADLEY



HEN I was just a little boy, and mother worried so,
I said 'Let's play, it's Christmas time, and let the worries go.'
"I think of Christmas too," she said, "an ever pleasant thought;
Your name means Christmas, child, to me, as surely you've been
taught."

My name is Noel all the year; how could it Christmas be?
Was I a Christmas gift you found hung on a Christmas tree?
Oh! I don't care if Christmas is the meaning of my name—
That Christmas comes but once a year I think an awful shame!

Christmas brings lots of work, I know—takes lots of money then,
And I've had just as many trees as birthdays, which are ten.
A childless home on Christmas morn, how could it but be sad!
What charm for you on such a day without a brown-haired lad?

My mother says a home like that would seem but empty now,
And tho' I am such lots of care she loves me anyhow.
On Christmas morn the things are piled all round a lonely tree,
So many things I scarce can count, and all placed here for me."

It seems an awful selfish trick for me to keep them all,
So I go bounding to the door another child to call.
I've found it, as the dear Christ said, "Since freely ye receive,
A double joy it still shall be if freely ye will give."
So let us do what children can, to help the little poor
And make God happy on this day and love us more and more.

Society

FIVE

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss Charlotte Brown and Elliot G. Mulford.
Miss Blenda Olson and H. E. Gillet.
Miss Lucille Willa Siegel and Dr. James Steinberg.
Miss Bernice Foulks and Milton Hollingsworth.
Miss Lora Woodhead and Lieutenant Thomas I. Steere, U. S. A.
Miss Flavia Sodergren and Don Sheridan Williams.
Miss Salley Polk and Hulett Merritt, Jr.
Miss Janet Smart and Henry Lynn Thomson.
Miss Florence Greaves and Charles Kindness Moore.
Miss Clara La Fetra of Glendora and Reeve H. Darling.
Miss Hazel Constance Peterson and F. Romaine Inman of Vancouver, B. C.
Miss Hazel Dean Sparling and George Albert Kilton, Jr.
Miss Josephine Lacy and James Edwin Higgins of Alameda.
Miss Lucile Hellman and Alvin Frank.
Miss Marguerite Heater of Toledo, Ohio, and William Dexter Fox.

Miss Carrie Hoffman and Willis Nance.
Miss Augusta Lillian Gold and Johnathan Friedlander.
Miss Gladys Katherine McLachlan and Gardner Towne.
Miss Margaret Miller and Everett Edward Bennett.
Miss Marjorie McLachlan and Harvey Sutherland Bissell.
Miss Eliazbeth Baker and Arthur Letts, Jr.
Miss Gladys Lindsay and Frank Splane.
Miss Portia Collom, of San Francisco, and Oliver William Young.
Miss Sarah Elinor Taft, Hollywood, and Milton Tompkins, of New York.
Miss Roxanne Adams and Harold J. Meyers.
Miss Bertha Mae Eyrand and Elliott M. House.
Miss Rose Hoffman and Max Fredericks.
Miss Mary A. Marshall of Syracuse, New York, and F. Ray Risdon.
Miss Chloe Phillips and E. L. Rabe.
Miss Anne Caswell and Jack Mellon.
Miss Mary Richardson and Dr. Lloyd Mills of New York.
Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.

Society

Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.

Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.

Miss Jessie Bryant and Gordon Grant Hair.

Miss Elsie Thomas and Milton Burgess.

Miss Eileen Canfield and Alden Karl Martin.

Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.

Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.

Miss Rosa Emily Wood and Leo Donald Haskell.

Miss Helen Ada Stockwell and Robert Ray McElhose.

Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.

Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.

Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.

Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.

Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.

Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.

Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.

Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.

Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.

Miss Cornelia Carpenter and Luis Lefebvre, Montreal.

Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.

Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.

Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.

Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.

Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.

Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.

Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.

Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.

Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.

Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.

Miss Florence Clark and Stanley Woodruff Smith.

Miss Merve Putnam and John C. Miles.

Miss Ruth Anderson and M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois.

Miss Sarah Clark and Walter Brunswick.

Miss Margaret Post and Herbert R. Stoltz.

Miss Norma Henzler and B. J. Lindsay of Spokane, Washington.

Miss Jessie Allen and George C. Pedley.

Miss Ileen M. McCarthy and Walter Scott Kaufer.

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CLUB DATES

December 27—Wellesley Club of Southern California; Christmas luncheon at Bullock's Tea Room.
December 29—Dickens Fellowship Club; musical.
December 24—Los Angeles Woman's Million Club; Holiday Festival Central Park.

December 26—Ebell Club; Children's party; "Christmas Eve at Mother Hubbard's."

The Harmonia Club will hold its meetings hereafter at the home of Mrs. Carrie Stone Freeman, West Sixteenth street.

EVENTS TO COME

December 20—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Whitley, Hotel Hollywood; afternoon reception to introduce Miss Grace Virginia Whitley; seven hundred cards; dancing at night; three hundred invitations.

Receiving with Mrs. Whitley in the afternoon will be Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. Oscar M. Souden, Mrs. Owen Francis Smith, Mrs. Arthur G. Newton, Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott, Mrs. Rollin B. Lane, Mrs. E. H. Barmore, Mrs. Allan Black; Mrs. Edwin Sherer, Mrs. Harmon David Ryus, Mrs. Frances Josephine Holmes, Mrs. Joseph Carlisle Wilson, Mrs. C. J. Heyler, Mrs. John Maurer, Mrs. James H. Adams, Mrs. J. M. Walker, Mrs. Fred Betts, Mrs. Charles R. Paul, Mrs. F. W. Kohler, Mrs. Ross Whitley, Mrs. Lafayette Crenshaw, Mrs. Wayland Trask and Mrs. Henry Clay King and Miss Helen Holmes, Miss Vera Smith, Miss Dorothy Trask, Miss Marcia Hawley and Miss Madelaine Souden.

December 20—Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt; tea dance at Ebell Clubhouse, to present Miss Louise Hunt.

December 26—Mr. and Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, Andrews boulevard, and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Stanton; dance.

December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.

December 27—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., West Twenty-eighth Street; vacation dance for Miss Margaret Johnson.

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December 27—Mrs. Adolph K. Brauer, West Twenty-first Street; dance for Miss Irene Brauer.

December 29—Mrs. George P. Griffith, Orchard Avenue; vacation party for Mr. Richard Griffith and Mr. George Griffith.

December 29—Ex-Senator and Mrs. Eugene S. Ives of Shorb; dinner-dance for Miss Eleanor Banning.

December 30—Mrs. Granville MacGowan, West Adams Street; dance at the California Club for Miss Daphne Drake.

December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.

December 31—Midwick Country Club; subscription dinner dance; hostesses, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and Mrs. John Barnes Miller.

December 31—Miss Eleanor Banning and Mr. William Banning, Hoover street; fancy dress dancing party.

January 1—Mr. and Mrs. John J. Jenkins; at home.

January 1—New Year Ball, the Bryson.

January 2—Miss Dorothy Lindley; dance for Miss Constance Byrne.

January 2—Miss Amy Busch, Portland Street; luncheon for Miss Josephine Lacy and Miss Katherine Flint.

January 6—Mrs. W. D. Newerf, Monterey Road, and Mrs. Robert Gartner of South Pasadena; afternoon bridge at the home of Mrs. Newerf; dinner; covers for forty.

Mrs. George J. Denis, Westlake avenue; reception in January for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Serrano avenue, will entertain in January with two bridge luncheons, for Mrs. Herbert S. Collins of New York and Mrs. James H. Torney of New Jersey.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mrs. Henry W. Simpson and Miss Doria Simpson, formerly at the Alexandria, will spend the winter at the Darby.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Mayer Green of Phoenix will spend the holidays with Mrs. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, South Hoover Street.

Major S. M. H. Byers of the United States Consular Service, and Mrs. Byers, have taken a house in Bonnie Brae Street and will remain in Los Angeles throughout the winter; Mrs. D. B. Lyons, Magnolia Avenue, is Major Byers' sister.

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Mrs. John V. G. Posey of Hoquiam, Washington, will spend some time this winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Coulter, Vermont Avenue; Roland Seeley and Mrs. Seeley, who was Miss Brownie Coulter, are now at the Coulter home.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbee Hook, who were married in Chicago recently, are spending their honeymoon at the Hook ranch in Glendora.

DINNERS

Mrs. J. H. Miles, Westmoreland place; covers for thirty-four.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wailes, West Adams Street; covers for six.

Judge Stephen C. Hubbell and Mrs. Hubbell, Arapahoe Street; birthday for Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys; covers for fourteen.

Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Eversole, Ardmore Avenue; twenty guests.

PARTIES

Mrs. Frederick Orison Johnson, West Twenty-eighth Street; reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Horn, Manhattan Place; for The Revelers' Club; eighteen guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Petty, Glendale; tango; seventy-five guests.

Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, Kingsley Drive; tea; eight guests.

Mrs. I. Brown and Mrs. H. J. Livingston, Hotel Germain; shower for Miss Myrtle M. Monasch.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bradford, Westmoreland Place; dinner-dance, Beverly Hills Hotel.

Miss Elizabeth Wood; week end Craggs Country Club.

Miss Katherine Johnson, West Twenty-eighth Street; dance for Miss Helen Jones and Miss Daphne Drake; one hundred guests.

Mrs. D. B. Lyons, Magnolia Avenue; tea; for Major S. M. H. Byers and Mrs. Byers of Des Moines.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard; dinner-dance, Los Angeles Country Club.

Mrs. A. C. Atkins, Hobart Boulevard; matinee and tea for Miss Helen Baird of British Columbia; seven guests.

Mrs. Lawrence Rolland Sevier, Park View Avenue; breakfast and matinee; six guests.

Mrs. Frank B. Harbert and Mrs. Edward S. Butterworth; bridge-tea at the home of Mrs. Harbert in Gramercy Place; sixty guests.

Mrs. Hoyt Mitchell, Serrano Street; matinee and tea for Miss Ethelwyn Carson; twelve guests.

Mrs. Franklyn Washington Kohler, Hollywood; vaudeville and dance; twenty-four guests.

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LUNCHEONS

- Miss Amy Busch, Portland Street; for Miss Louise Hunt.
 Mrs. Karl Elliott, Elliott Place; twelve guests.
 Mrs. Arthur Letts, Hollywood; for Miss Josephine Lacy; twenty guests.
 Mrs. Harry Wiseman, South Figueroa Street; fourteen guests; music.
 Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Wilshire Boulevard; ten guests.
 Mrs. Robert Flint, Pasadena; Midwick Country Club; for her mother, Mrs. James Gray; thirty-five guests.

HOUSE GUESTS

- Miss Helen Baird of British Columbia; with Mrs. A. C. Atkins, Hobart Boulevard.
 Miss Clara Kernon of Minneapolis; with Mrs. T. E. Burns, Gordon Apartments.
 Miss Mary Sturmer and Miss Mattie Sturmer of New York; with Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Seymour, West Adams Street.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Lettler, of Fort Worth; with Mr. and Mrs. C. Perkins Trantum, Westmoreland Place.
 Mrs. John D. Stocker of Atlanta, Georgia; with Mrs. Z. O. Stocker, Dalton Avenue.

BACK IN TOWN

- Mrs. W. S. Bartlett and Miss Mathilde Bartlett, West Adams Street; from Honolulu.
 Mrs. James Gray, Pasadena; from Europe.
 Mrs. M. E. Bostwick, West Adams Street; from Europe.
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester H. Hibbard, nee Ethel Davenport; from a year's honeymoon abroad.
 Mrs. Walter Leeds and Walter Leeds, Jr., Berkeley Square; from Coronado.
 Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dunham, nee June Eskey; from honeymoon trip to Honolulu.
 Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, nee Elizabeth Bishop; from honeymoon in Honolulu.
 Mr. and Mrs. King C. Gillette, nee Elizabeth Caldwell; from honeymoon in Honolulu.

DEPARTURES

- Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Campbell, of San Francisco; for San Diego.
 Miss Marjorie Metcalf, house guest of Mrs. Jack McNeil, Roosevelt Street; for her home in Detroit, Michigan.
 Mrs. Harry Wiseman, South Figueroa Street; for New York to spend the holidays.
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Duque and Miss Helen Duque, New Hampshire Street; for the West Indies.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Asher Carter, Gramercy Place, accompanied by Miss Annie Caswell; motor trip to Imperial Valley for the holidays.

LEFT BY THE STORK

- A daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Dyke, Pasadena Avenue.

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ABOUT PEOPLE

When the band plays merry melodies at the forthcoming Bachelor's ball watch out! Note carefully the capers of certain young men. They have a hidden purpose in every move they make.

They aren't the governors—so don't worry about them. They belong to the younger element and are going to give you no end of fun. Be sprightly and go them one better by not letting them catch you napping.

What's all this about? Well, you see, it's a secret—and—I promised not to tell! But being forewarned you are forearmed—and a word to the wise should be sufficient.

* * *

Another secret! My, but it's just pouring secrets! This one has a young maid as its chief conspirator. She desired to wed, yet did not wish to forsake her widowed father, whose only solace she was. A dainty widow, who found it difficult to forget her spouse, as her marital life had been close to perfect, was the arch victim of the plot.

Father was interested. Talked much of the fascinating lady's many sterling qualities. She is an excellent hostess, an accomplished musician, drives her own motor car and can put her hand to anything in an emergency. She has been known to trim her own hats and, for the choice few friends who know her intimately, has cooked delicious morsels, the recipes for which are her own invention.

Father is of buoyant spirit, enjoys golf, and his eyes twinkle roguishly when one mentions "bond cutting." Not that he is particularly fond of Mammon's sand, but because it reminds him of the only time he was hoodwinked into buying a cat in the bag. He understands. Ask him!

Daughter not long ago wished to spend the week-end as one of a house party of twenty. The hostess, a kindly soul, has been her scheming associate for some time. She suggested that a neighboring friend extend a like invitation to father, as the widow was to be one of her guests. This was the first time the two had been in such close association. Father re-

marked to a man friend that he believed the widow looked with more favor on his suit.

The man communicated this thought to daughter, and daughter, acting on impulse, invited the male dearest to her, to go and sound father as to his choice of a future son-in-law. Father was not born yesterday. He glimpsed the trend of the young man's mind—and led him a pretty dance.

He stated most exacting requirements. Gave him the impression that nothing short of an Adonis would do, his aesthetic sense would not permit it. Poor lad! what could he do when his share of good looks were below par? He also stated that his daughter's future lord and master must possess sufficient coin of the realm to afford her every luxury. A summer home—preferably at Catalina, where he must own a yacht—she must have plenty of maids—and, as a last word, he expected to make his home with her. Without acceptance of this latter condition a proposal would not even be considered. The lad is a clerk in his father's bank. Father is one of the members of the board. Ahead of him are at least six awaiting promotion. His prospects are therefore dubious.

Much depressed, he returned to daughter and inventoried the result of his quest. She was nearly as badly taken in as the lad—yet she had qualms of misgiving. Father had never talked just that way to her!

Events moved on, the widow was made aware of the daughter's longings and proved a spartan martyr to the cause, inviting father

practically each day. Excuses innumerable were invented, that the young couple might be together, and all the time she pleaded the lad's qualifications as a suitable son. Father enjoyed her appealing manner to the very end—when he capitulated and made full confession.

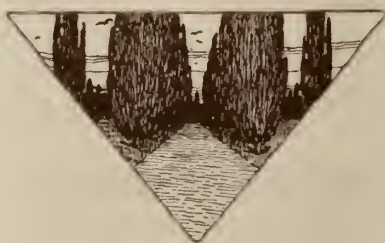
Soon it was noted that the widow left off her dreary raiment. Dainty colors replaced the dull mauves, grays and blacks. Jaunty hats in place of bonnet-like affairs were worn. These innovations aroused much comment—Gossip attributed the change to a sudden acquiring of additional wealth, which really did occur after the demise of a distant relative. And time went on!

This all happened several months ago. From secret sources I am informed that soon we are to receive the announcement of a dual engagement. However, as age must take precedence, the widow will announce her betrothal a week in advance of daughter.

* * *

I can announce more definitely the date of the coming of our royal guest. She is expected to arrive the latter part of this month or early in January. Her hostess is looking forward to planning Yuletide festivities for her along similar lines to those followed in "Merrie England." Her hosts of friends here are pressing her to forsake the eastern metropolis, where she has been some weeks, that they may have the privilege of witnessing this delightful ceremony.

Beatrice de Lack-Krombach.





A

R

T

*The conscious utterance of thought by
speech or action to any end is art.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A madrigal of the beauties of Southern California has been sung by a poet of the brush. His color melodies vibrate an element attune with the wholesome light of our joyous environs. No other artist has painted into their interpretation of our landscape stretches the delicacy John O'Shea has given the sixteen canvasses he is showing at the Friday Morning Club.

Each of these is an individual conception—a mood—an inspiration! His mode of expression, while it closely follows the impressionistic school, as its inceptors put its technique upon canvas, has none of the twirl the more modern followers put forth. He goes a step farther in that he supplements his handling of a canvas by a finer quality of delineation—an ideality depicted with a levelly balanced hand back of the brush.

Mr. O'Shea has earned his gift, if one may call the acquisition of such perfect interpretive powers merely a gift. From boyhood days he has put on paper and canvas an outward ex-

pression of an inward emotion. He began by drawing decorative figures, and everything in turn came in for its share of attention. He wanted to depict the beauties of the world, and he is doing this every day. He studied alone and later in private classes while preparing for the practicalities of life.

On coming to New York City in his very young manhood he developed his talent along decorative lines and associated himself with important firms in that city who carried out individual lines of thought. As a diversion he wandered in favored haunts and put down his impressions of highway and byway.

Of these outings he tells romantic incidents in the pith of whose telling lies the same indescribable charm one senses in his canvases. One particular habitat he frequented was along the Jersey shore. There by rolling stones and other means he attracted first one, and then several forlorn canines. As time went on, the number increased, until he had gathered about him a baker's dozen or so, who

fagged his heels, frolicking their greeting, though there were long lapses in his comings and goings. With these guardians of his peace about him he enjoyed absolute immunity from interruption. To the very step of the car

Who is Peter? Another canine, a bull whose disposition Mr. O'Shea lauds and whose appearance is formidable enough, whereof let the following be witness. Most of the canvases Mr. O'Shea painted in the east were scenes of



LANDSCAPE BY KOEKKOCK

would they accompany their friend, and Mr. O'Shea tells of the spectacle of the whining dogs, an echo of his going.

So much for his stray friends whom he never dared to bring to the city for fear of Peter.

docks or the Palisades along the river's front. At three o'clock on Sabbath mornings he would start out with his painter's tools strapped over his shoulders, to get inspiration from the sun's first rays. He usually found the wharf inhab-

pedestrian. Many times he was warned by dockmasters, and finally, suffering from several annoying mishaps, decided upon Peter as companion for these nocturnal visitations. Sailors no longer disturbed him, and Mr. O'Shea says Peter is only a high-spirited dog, though he did one day bite off the tail of a neighboring pet, whose manner of superiority

Learning of California's inspirational qualities, Mr. O'Shea came to us early last spring. As a result of his coming the dream pictures came true and we are fortunate to be granted this opportunity for viewing these presentations of the ideality of our own land.

That you may be inspired to visit this exhibition let me review several of these can-



HAPPY FAMILY BY HENRIETTE RONNER

annoyed him. Mr. O'Shea will not soon forget the incident, as it cost him some thirty-odd dollars for the services of a veterinary and part balm for the injured nerves of its owner.

The canvases obtained under the above-mentioned pleasures and difficulties are now part of collections in England, Ireland and Scandinavia. Prominent collectors in New York and Washington, D. C., also possess his canvases.

vases for you One you may not readily decipher is painted in strong strokes of dull green blendings. It was sketched on a cold afternoon in the rain. One senses the mists and the cloudy masses, so perfectly have they been interpreted. This is the only canvas painted in the lower key. The others vibrate the light only California can furnish as a background for landscape setting.

The quiet of a summer day influences a large canvas on the south wall. A note I must make here is the fact that Mr. O'Shea understands the value of the proper setting for his picture. His frames show the simplest lines and conform entirely to the requirements of each particular picture. This summer day composition—I cannot name it, for Mr. O'Shea does not believe in labeling his canvases—is daintily mosaic in handling. Patch upon patch of soft, harmonious colors interpret young growing things which overrun a hill beneath which hangs a much worn path. Rich, soft tone strokes affect *en masse* a most beautiful blending. This canvas has fine perspective and its haze hung peaks shadowing the fields below with light, bright phantoms, which make more beautiful the green growing things. The bright red roofs of the houses among the distant trees are introduced with a happy effect.

A study of oaks has also a fine tone sense. Softest blue and greys are used poetically. An illumined sky, the effect of overcast clouds, has this element finely depicted.

The vast desert with keen sunlit stretches of sky has been interpreted happily. The stillness of peace pervades this canvas. The contrast in the modelling of the sandy hill and the plateau fields is most noticeable. In the treatment of this canvas Mr. O'Brien has forgotten his impressionistic tendencies entirely and its quality of value is traceable to the fine technique of its handling.

Eucalyptus trees seem to have interested Mr. O'Shea considerably, for he interprets them with a fine understanding. He has drawn them windswept or sunshine rustling. Sometime they serve with backgrounds of a passive sky and again he has presented them in storm torn elements.

One figure study showing San Pedro fishermen is also splendidly executed. One can count the strokes which compose this canvas so cleverly has it been modelled. Its color sense is unusual, and that perhaps is what makes it so striking.

One, at least, of these pictures belongs with the collection of the Friday Morning Club, and I make so bold as to suggest that another should hang on the walls of our own Museum.

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ANOTHER NEW ART GALLERY.

Not long ago we announced the opening of the new gallery of Ray Skelton and McDonald Maguire at Eighth and Hill streets. The former Skelton gallery has been entirely remodelled and in its present condition comprises a series of five rooms, each properly lighted, suitably and handsomely hung. Housed within its walls are some two hundred and twenty-five pictures, expressions of the art talent of the world, making it the most representative show-room and collection to be viewed this side of Chicago.

This exhibition comprises the canvases of the MacDonald Gallery of New York City and London, in addition to those exhibited by Mr. Skelton. Well known American artists are splendidly represented.

Later I expect to tell you more of these very choice canvases, but at this writing will confine myself to a review of the work of the old masters. The Barbizon School is well represented by two Diaz, one Troyon and a Daubigny. That of Constant Troyon was one of the canvases in the celebrated Oppenheim collection of England, most famous before it was dismantled and sold at Christie's. This interpretation of a pastorate of Southern France is a fine example of this artist's craftsmanship and has been handled in his usual characteristic manner. Of the two Diaz canvases I like best a wooded glen alive with shadowed sunshine, a representation of the Forest of Fontainebleau. This at one time was owned by John Laud of London and was also purchased at Christie's on Mr. MacDonald's recent trip abroad. The other, "Faggot Gathering Women," was disposed of when the Sir Joseph Lawrence collection was recently sold. The Daubigny, "Noon Day Rest," is a bit of old world technique and color expression.

Of a period a trifle later is Barend Cornelis Koekkoek's landscape, an illustration of which we furnish herewith. This canvas was executed during the artist's very best years and is an excellent portrayal of the detailed planes of value of those days. This artist was much honored, for he possessed the Order of the Lion

1839, that of Leopold 1842; was also awarded many gold medals and was a member of the Legion of Honor. His canvases hang in the Rotterdam and Antwerp Museums, in the South Kensington Museum, the Historical Society of New York City, and are owned by William Henry Vanderbilt, John W. Drexel and Morris K. Jessup.

A charming decorative canvas, also painted in the middle of the nineteenth century is Laufant de Metz's "The Marauders," at one time part of the collection of Lord Holden. The culprits are in the jumpots and are making excellent headway. The modelling and color atmosphere are its chief points of interest. This artist, for his portraiture, was made a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold of Belgium.

Our other illustration, Madame Henriette Ronner's "The Happy Family," has much of the feeling so cleverly expressed by this well-known animal painter. Kitty and her family make an excellent composition and are the central note of a superb bit of color expression. This artist has also won innumerable honors, among which was the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Stanhope Forbes' "Story of the Veldt," though of a later period, is also executed in the finished technique of the old school. This artist's pictures sell for from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds sterling, and many are owned by the most famous collectors of Europe. In this canvas he has portrayed the peculiar tone sense of illumination as expressed several decades ago. A soldier just returned from South Africa is telling the tales of war as he sits in a comfortable chair before a glowing fire. The

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figures have fine character representation and this canvas should interest Angeleno collectors.

A fanciful head of Jean Jacques Henner alive with the glowing tints he knew so well how to paint shows his characteristic lines of drawing. Rosa Bonheur is represented by "Does at Rest," a purchase at the government sale in Paris about 1900. This clever artist's sensitive understanding of animal anatomy is finely delineated in this canvas. The muscular development is perfect, the lines of drawing in her usual good form and her color values of excellent quality. Especially is this noted in the texture of the fuzzy coats of the animals.

Of all the marine painters of the Flemish School I like Paul Jean Clay's best. I was interested to find a fine example of his craftsmanship in this collection. It is entitled "Flemish Boats in Calm." There is telling force in the carrying qualities of this canvas. A dull, hazy sky serves as a background for the full masted schooners which ply on the North Sea. There is a crispness in the vibrating colors, though the blend is in the lower key, there is depth and transparency in the water's flow and the shimmering reflections vibrate interesting shadows. All of these pictures are well worth seeing.

* * *

Francisco Cornejo's exhibition which I mentioned last week has had many visitors, who have come, seen and gone away pleased with the possibilities of this young man. During the past year his development in canvas expression has not proceeded with rapid strides, yet there is improvement. It is seen in the direct and telling qualities given his colors. They are more vibrating and the true spirit of California is in their atmosphere. His most pronounced advance is seen in a still life. A skull, perched upon a weighty tome under the glow of a candle, is posed with the background of a darkened room. The phosphores-

cent illumination as it affects the composition is interesting. A bit of a garden is another splendidly executed sketch. There is vitality represented in every stroke and the colors are refreshing.

San Pedro's shore scenes are also good, yet there is a lack of understanding in the modeling, and now and then one feels a bit of misplaced judgment in the matter of perspective.

It is in his decorative development, however, that Mr. Cornejo shows his greatest aptitude for artistic expression. One notes a completeness of thought, rather unusual in one so young. He essays to interpret the Oriental and Aztec lines in these arrangements and succeeds splendidly. There is a directness and vitality of subtle handling in them.

* * *

The exhibition of Max Wiczorek's portraits and landscapes showing at the Steckel Gallery on South Broadway since the first of the month has been extended from December twenty to thirty-first. A review of these canvases will appear in these pages next week.

* * *

Julia Bracken Wendt's attractive study of the Faun has been cast in bronze and is to grace the drawing room of Mrs. Thomas P. Newton's home on West Adams street. That her many friends may view it, she, assisted by Mrs. Samuel Bonsall and Mrs. William Bonsall, arranged a reception, when Mr. and Mrs. Wendt were the guests of honor.

This pedestaled ornament shows the Faun piping his tune. His merry melody attracts and holds the tiny lizard, who perches himself on his shoulder attentively. In the development of this figure Mrs. Wendt has used splendid lines. The characteristic expression of the Faun is especially well modelled and the vitality of its action most pronounced. Mrs. Newton is fortunate in the possession of such an individual example of this clever woman's work.

Jon de Lack.





BY BELFORD FORREST

"LITTLE WOMEN" AT THE MAJESTIC.

What a delightful play!

However fond you may be of the book, you will find nothing to quarrel with in the play.

It is staged with an attention to detail and fidelity to Miss Alcott's classic that Belasco could not have surpassed. The reverence with which Mr. Brady has done his work is rare in these days.

Was there ever such a home in reality? Did so many adorable people ever live under one roof? If we were all as utterly good as Marmee and her "Little Women," should we be as attractive as they are at the Majestic? Who knows!

Never have I seen in one play so many good and lovable people.

If Mr. Brady's company are not all nice and lovable people, they are the best actors and actresses that have ever come to town

They might have the ability of Bernhardt and Coquelins and fail hopelessly in "Little Women" if they were not real nice people inside.

The parts are all as "fat" as parts can be—whole "sides" of velvet—mere child's play for the experienced actor and actress. But, and it's a huge but, there's so little acting required. The essential qualification for a place in the cast of "Little Women" is to be "good and lovable."

Mr. Brady's company were evidently selected in the first place because they resembled

Miss Alcott's characters in being the nicest people possible.

Jo was a dear in the book. We have all loved her for years. Was she really as adorable as Jane Marbury?

Was Meg as sweet as Jean Brae or half as beautiful?

Could Marmee have been more lovable than Marta Oatman or Laurie a more delightful boy than Donald Gallaher with his charming voice and histrionic eyes? Or, Professor Bhaer possessed of a nobler and more simple soul than Robert Fischer?

Perish the thought!

Even Lillian Dixon as Aunt March did the best thing in her power to do—died and left Plumfield to Jo.

The bird, too, was beyond reproach.

From the rise to the fall of the curtain it was a good, clean, wholesome show.

"Little Women" will be a godsend to stock companies. They will be playing it when the last trumpet blows.

Owing to the tremendous success of the play it will remain another week at the Majestic.

There will be a gala Christmas holiday matinee on Thursday, an extra matinee on Friday and the usual Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances.

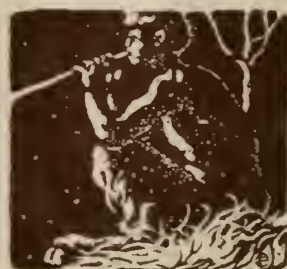
GABY DESLYS COMING TO THE AUDITORIUM.

Gaby Deslys will pay her first visit to Los Angeles on Monday, December 29th, when she comes to the Auditorium for an engagement of three nights. This is Gaby's first American tour, and she is being accompanied by the big Winter Garden Company, which includes, in addition to Gaby, a big chorus and a special orchestra, and such well-known people as Harry Pilcer, Joseph W. Herbert, Forrest Huff, Fritzi Von Busing, Edgar Achison-Ely, Louise Meyers, Arthur Lipsen, Hattie Kneitel, Percy Lyndal and others. Gaby, of course, is too well known to require detailed explanation here. Suffice it to say, she is the highest-priced artist in the world to-day. For example, it is esti-

mated that her tour of the Pacific Coast, which will continue for less than ten weeks, will net her over \$51,000. She travels in state on a special train, and is accompanied by a personal retinue which would do credit to a queen. To Los Angeles she will bring her famous collection of gems, and over 150 complete changes of costumes, and to those who want to know it should be said the vehicle is entitled "The Little Parisienne," a modern three-act musical comedy. In this, Gaby plays the leading feminine role, and the play is not, as some suppose, a musical show, but is a straight-way musical play.



MUSIC



THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

On December 26 and 27 the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will give their second rehearsal and concert at the Auditorium.

Music lovers of Los Angeles should make it their business to attend either the concert or rehearsal—better still, both.

An idea has become ingrained in the public mind that the Symphony Orchestra is a luxury designed for the amusement of a few and seeks neither the support nor the patronage of the ordinary concert goer. It is a huge mistake.

The Symphony Orchestra brought to its

present pitch of efficiency by the genius of Herr Tandler, not only claims but has a right to expect the support of everyone who is interested in the musical welfare of the city.

It is to the Symphony we look for the realization of our musical ideals. Our support of the Symphony is the truest measure of our musical progress.

Herr Tandler has begun well. We are perfectly justified in hoping for even better results in the future—work that will place the orchestra in the very forefront of similar organizations in America.

It is a cold-blooded proposition to expect of him any such results and withhold the support that should be the source of his inspiration and encouragement.



SIGMUND BEEL, SOLOIST; SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

We need the Symphony and the Symphony has need of us. *All of us* who care a rap for the musical future of Los Angeles.

The program arranged for the second concert is excellent.

The Beethoven Symphony No. 5 in C Minor; one of the most wonderful creations of Beethoven's genius.

The Overture "Solenelle" of Glazounow, a brilliant disciple of Brahms. His music has a descriptive quality, exceedingly attractive.

Handel's "Largo," arranged by Herr Tandler as a cello solo with harp, organ and orchestra accompaniment.

The soloist is Sigmund Beel, First Concert Master of the orchestra. He will play Bruch's "Scotch Fantasy" for violin and orchestra.

Mr. Beel has made many friends since his arrival in our midst who are anticipating with the keenest delight his appearance as soloist at the next concert.

THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

A professional prophet is an undesirable person. His business is our foolishness. An amateur prophet is welcome anywhere. He is perfectly content with his own foolishness.

Here's the prophecy—

If Hans S. Linne continues his policy in regard to the programs at the Sunday concerts he will very soon be playing to full houses.

His second concert was even more of a success than his first, and he nearly doubled his audience.

To help dispel the rumor that he is devoting himself to "Cafeteria Music" of the baser sort here are the names of the composers on Sunday's program: Suppe, Wagner, Delibes, Gounod, Bizet and Berlioz. A goodly com-

pany! They are all mentioned in Grove's Dictionary of Music and their works highly esteemed by our leading musicians! It is an humiliating admission that they wrote popular music, but the fact was self-evident on Sunday afternoon.

The program was considerably strengthened by the appearance of the Orpheus Club. Under the direction of Mr. Dupuy, aided by their admirable accompanist, they sang the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser, the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust and several delightful encores.

I have listened to the far-famed male choirs of Yorkshire, Staffordshire and Wales, but I doubt very much if I have heard a sweeter tone than that of the Orpheus Club.

Mr. Dupuy is to be warmly congratulated on his success with the organization. The rendering of the Pilgrim's Chorus was a fine example of choral work. The opening passages were sung with the necessary restraint, without dragging the tempo or loss of fervor, and the climax, in consequence, was really impressive.

The Orpheus Club is an institution of which we may well be proud.

The Sunday Concerts can do no better work than to make known to the people what Los Angeles is doing to justify its claim to be called musical. There were, doubtless, many in the audience on Sunday afternoon who had never heard the Orpheus Club. They are not likely to forget them.

There is a deficit. Manager Edson told us so. The authorities who, it is hoped, will take over the People's Orchestra can see the concerts and their possibilities as an educational factor, clearly enough. But they would see them even more clearly if it were not for the deficit.

Two thousand five hundred dollars is a fair round sum.

Two thousand five hundred music lovers is a mere handful in a population of three hundred thousand—but that is all we need, if they will *loan* a dollar apiece, to be returned when the concerts are a financial success.

Death to the deficit!

Send your dollar to the People's Orchestra, Blanchard Building—check, cash or postage stamps.

Send it any old way.

* * *

MELBA AND KUBELIK

On Friday evening, January 2nd, Melba and Kubelik will return to the Auditorium. The theatre will doubtless be packed, as it was on their recent visit.

There is only one Melba and only one Kubelik.

To hear them together is a delight long to be remembered—an epoch marking event in any concert goer's life.

"MR. ALLEN"

Are you desirous of interviewing Melba, Kubelik or Gaby Deslys? Mr. Allen will lend you his aid. It is the best possible aid in such an emergency.

But, if you wish to interview Mr. Allen your plight is parlous—there is no one to aid you.

"A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye" is an emblem of publicity compared with the modesty of Mr. Allen. It is a modesty characteristic of men who lead busy, unselfish lives—such a man is James Lane Allen, the Assistant General Manager of the Behymer forces.

I coralled Mr. Allen in his office by assuming a thirst for information concerning Gaby Deslys and her hen. It was early in the day and the Behymer offices were less crowded than usual.

"James Lane——"

Mr. Allen came to my rescue.

"Yes, I was named after the author. Very often, when I am on the road, and go to the postoffice for my mail the clerk asks me if he has the honor of addressing the famous novelist and I am obliged to disappoint him by explaining that I am not *the* James Lane Allen."

It must be embarrassing to be labeled William Shakespeare, Jupiter Pluvius or John Keats—the world waxes critical at such presumption. How Shakespeare, Pluvius or Keats would regard their namesakes, there's no saying. But the author of "The Choir Invisible" need have no fears for the good name of James Lane Allen hereabouts. It is in excellent keeping.

"Mr. Allen, how did you become associated with the business of entertaining humanity?" There was no escape, and the general assistant manager capitulated gracefully:

"My interest in the show business began with a violent attack of stage fever in my high school days in Southern Indiana. It is a com-

plaint very prevalent in high schools. I studied law and medicine, but in the end the stage claimed me. I have never regretted my choice."

I hoped to hear of early histrionic triumphs, but Mr. Allen has never been a professional actor. He has contented himself with smoothing the way of ambition for others.

tempting offers to leave Los Angeles—Australia is trying to steal him—but he never wavers in his loyalty and devotion to the Behymer interests and the climate of Southern California.

The climate brought him here and Mr. Behymer sees to it that he does not get away for



JAMES LANE ALLEN

In his managerial capacity Mr. Allen has traveled widely, accumulated a vast deal of knowledge concerning human nature, and met with the infinite variety of experiences that are the common lot of theatrical folk.

His long association with Mr. Behymer has been exceedingly happy. He has had many

more than three months at a time. Those three months he spends every summer on his 160 acre farm in Southern Indiana.

"Every man should have a hobby. Mine is farming."

No one looking at Mr. Allen would suspect his passion for agriculture, but it is quite gen-

uine. He loves his farm and during his absence it is well taken care of. Each year he returns to it and renews his devotion to the soil. Variety is the spice of life and Mr. Allen's existence is in no danger of becoming monotonous.

For all his duties as an assistant impresario and his agricultural activities Mr. Allen still has hopes of entering the medical profession, for which he was destined in early days.

"The alleviation of suffering is the noblest work in the world. The only real happiness is to live for others."

Mr. Allen practices what he preaches. There are many poor families over on the East Side who could testify to his generosity and unselfishness—if he would let them. How he finds time to visit them is a mystery.

Everyone knows that Mr. Allen is genial, popular and tactful. There is no managerial virtue he does not possess.

He is an ideal "servant of the public."

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THE PEOPLES' ORCHESTRA
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*For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked,
Not one of all the thousand but was locked;
At last an hospitable house they found.*

DRYDEN.

Our recipes this week are contributed by the members of the Hospitality Committee of the Friday Morning Club, Mrs. Andrew W. Francisco, Chairman.

PRUNE DESSERT

Mrs. Andrew W. Francisco

Soak 1 lb. prunes over night. Boil, peel and remove pits. Crush pulp and add whites of 4 eggs beaten to stiff froth; sweeten to taste. Put into a well buttered double boiler and cook until kettle is filled. When cool turn out and set in refrigerator until time to serve.

Serve with cream.

SMOTHERED STEAK

Mrs. Emory C. Brace

Sear a piece of round steak about one inch thick in very hot butter or suet; season. In a separate spider brown two large onions, sliced, and spread over steak; cover with half can of tomatoes, set in oven and cook slowly for one hour or more, adding a little water and basting all the while. Served with mashed potatoes, this makes a delicious dish.

MINCE PIE

Mrs. Luther G. Brown

Boil 4 lbs. of lean rump beef until very tender. When cool grind fine.

To 3 pints meat add—

5 pints sour apples.

1 pint suet.

1 pint citron. All finely chopped.

2 pints raisins.

2 pints New Orleans molasses.

4 pints granulated sugar.

1 pint cider vinegar.

Season to taste with ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Add 1 small glass of melted jelly and 1 cup of fruit syrup from pickled peaches. Boil for an hour and use as you need.

SCALLOPED CORN

Mrs. Charles H. Kegley

1 can corn.

Stale bread crumbs ground and roasted. Butter baking dish well and line bottom thinly with crumbs; add layer of corn dotted with bits of butter; season with pepper and salt. Continue layers, finishing with crumbs. Add 1 cupful of rich milk or cream and bake for fifteen minutes. Too many bread crumbs will make this dish pasty. The layers must be thin.

GINGER BREAD

Mrs. Charles Henry Hallock

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar.

1 cup molasses.

1 teaspoon ginger.

1 teaspoon ground cloves.

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

1 teaspoon vanilla.

2 teaspoons soda dissolved in cup of boiling water.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour.

Mix dry ingredients and add slowly the boiling water. Just before baking add 2 well beaten eggs.

Bake for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in moderate oven.

ENGLISH CHRISTMAS FRUIT PUDDING

Mrs. William C. H. Noble

1 small loaf white bread.

3 eggs.

Butter size of an egg.

1 teaspoon each cinnamon, allspice, cloves, nutmeg.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of currants and raisins.

Soak bread in 1 quart of milk and press through collander. Mix well with other ingredients. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful soda in a little hot water and stir in while foaming.

Steam for 3 hours in double boiler and let become partially cooled before turning out.

For the sauce take—

1 cup sugar.

1 egg.

Butter size of walnut.

1 tablespoon flour.

2 tablespoons cold water.

Beat all well together and pour into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water or milk. Flavor to taste with brandy or sherry.

Stir constantly while boiling.



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From the days of the Don

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For banquets, matinee parties, club parties, after-the-theatre parties, the softly-lighted balcony, overlooking the beautiful room, is ideal.

Senora Piedad Yorba Sowl, Mgr.

736 South Spring



OLD CHRISTMAS

or

TWELFTH-NIGHT

(A festival in honor of the three kings commonly
known as the three wise men.)

By

Adina Mitchell

"Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King
Each one his several offering."

Characters Represented

Mother-Mine.

Aunt Ophelia, otherwise Aunt Ophenee.

Fraulein, the governess.

Daphne, first girl child.

Pilgrim, second girl child.

Beth, third girl child.

Margot, fourth girl child.

"Boblink," first boy child.

"Johnny-Jumpup," second boy child.

Wee Willie Winkums, third boy child.

Ephriam, colored butler.

Lucindy, colored cook.

(Twelve visiting children, dressed in character costumes.)

Characters represented by visiting children.

Three children as kings.

Three children as pages.

One child as gift-bearer.

Two children as shepherds.

One child as a clown.

One child as Puck.

One child as Knife.

* * *

A scene in a drawing-room.

(A large round table in centre of the room with a huge cake on it. The room is decorated with holly and mistletoe; in one end of the room is a fireplace; sitting around it are the seven children with Aunt Ophenee in the centre of the group; the girls have wreaths of mistletoe on their heads and the boys have bands of holly around their left arms.)

Pilgrim—Aunt Ophenee, you have no wreath, you must wear mine. (Pilgrim rises quickly, going to

Aunt Ophenee places wreath on her head.)

Aunt Ophenee—No, dear child, you must wear it, I have worn so many twelfth-night wreaths, I can easily forego it this time. (Tries to take wreath off, but Pilgrim holds her hands lovingly, preventing her.)

Daphne—Aunt Ophenee, please keep it on, I will loan mine half of the time to Pilgrim.

Chorus of children. Keep it on Aunt Ophenee.

Boblink—Do Aunt Ophenee, or I'll take off this

gimcrack from my arm; Daph said I had to wear it, if I wanted to be a knight of the twelfth rank. Gee! gum! how a fellow hates to dike up like this, I feel rumpessie, I do, I just wish that——

Lucindy—(Enters room with wreath of holly in her hand.) Hyeah, Miss Pheenie, Miss Fraulein done sont dis wreef ter you; she's comin in by-an-by, when she done finish dem Germany cookies wid armonds in dem; dey shure do tastestes fine; dem Germany folks mos surtinly cook queersome. (Lucindy hands wreath to Miss Ophelia, then goes to table and arranges cake.)

Margot—Now Aunt Ophenee dear, you have your own wreath; I was sure that there was one for you.

Aunt Ophenee—Let us give this one to Lucindy.

Chorus of children—Yes, yes, do let us. (Pilgrim goes toward Lucindy to put it on her head, Lucindy throws her apron over her head and runs around the table, the children arise from their chairs and watch the fun clapping their hands and laughing. Pilgrim finally catches Lucindy and tries to crown her.)

Lucindy—Now Miss Pilgrim, dis am audacious, puttin dat wreef on my woolly haid, I am most surtinly s'prised at yo' all, hits scanlus; land er goodness aint yo' all heahed how yo' don't have no luck when yo'——Enter Ephriam with two lighted candelabra; when he sees that they are trying to crown Lucindy, he puts candelabra on the table, and holds up his hand and calls——

Ephriam—Laudy! laudy! me, ha! ha! he! he! 'umph.

Lucindy—What's de matter wif yo' Ephriam, what yo' got to laugh 'bout? I allow dat——

Ephriam—Hush! 'ooman hush! I was just thinkin' ob dat Krismus night forty years ergo, back yonder in ole Kaintucky, when we all was gwine to der meetin' house ter hyeah de presiden' Eldah preach befo we all went oveah to Colonel Hargreave's place, whar de niggars projected ter gibe er possum suppah, an how, when we's crossin' de ridge whars stannen an ole cottonwood tree dat done loosen all its leaves, but en hits branches was er hangin' big mistletoe jist lookin' laik crows nestes, we all looked down in de pastur, an dar we seed de cows kneelin' like dey was prayin', an' ole Brothah Isreal when he seed 'em hollered and clapped his han's, "Hit sure am truf, eban de cows know hit, hallelujah hallelujah! Jist den outen flew from er' big oak tree (what's jist plum full o' oak apples) er great monstrous big thing wif wings (Colonel Hargreaves allowed hit was only er owl) but howsomever dat ole rascal jist spread hits wings an flew an hollered "sasstamagallen-nipper ha! ha!, ha! ha! an law my people! Lucindy done forgit it

about de cows what am er prayin' an de meetin at de church house, an de possum suppah, an er way she run er cahootin' back home, nevah turnin her haid oncet; she's been er keepin on runnin eber since, me er somebody, (Lucindy looks her scorn of Ephriam.)

Beth—Uncle Ephriam, did the cows really kneel?

Ephriam—Dey mos surtinly did; why chile, at ole Krismus evahthing kneels, evahthing done wide er wake on dat night ef dey sleepen de rest ob de year, yes'em! dats de truf, leastways dey did befo de rebellion, back yonder in Kaintucky; yes'm coursen out hyeah in Californy maybe dey done fogit hit.

Johnny-Jumpup—What is a sasstamagallen-nipper like, Uncle Ephriam?

Ephriam—Ask Lucindy, chile. (Lucindy runs toward Ephriam who scampers out of the room followed by her. Wee Willie goes to the window and pulls the curtains aside and calls.)

Wee Willie—Margot, Margot, Tommy and Tubs are kneeling on the mat outside the door, they must be praying, come and see. (Margot, Bobs, Betty and Johnny run toward the window, Pilgrim and Daphne are standing near Aunt Ophenee with questioning looks upon their faces; Aunt Ophenee smiles.)

Bob—Shall I open the door and let then in Aunt Ophenee?

Aunt Ophenee—If they are kneeling I would not disturb them, dear. (Children come slowly back from the window, crowding near the fire; all seem excited and curious.)

Margot—Aunt Ophenee, will you please tell us a story about Old Christmas?

Pilgrim—Yes, do Aunt Ophenee, while we wait for our twelve guests to come.

Bob—That will be bully fun.

Wee Willie—Aunt Ophenee tell us one about a dog, a christian dog. (The children all laugh and Wee Willie looks shy.)

Aunt Ophenee—Come then children, it must be brief, for our guests are expected to arrive early. (They take their chairs around the fire, Margot and Wee Willie sitting at Aunt Ophenee's feet.)

"Old Christmas" as it is called in Virginia and Kentucky, in fact in the South, used to be a time of great celebrating among the colored folk; that was the time they had their grand suppers and dances; but, it is generally known as the "twelfth day" or the festival of the Epiphany. It comes just twelve days after Christmas, on the sixth of January. In Shakespeare's time it was an occasion of great festivity and revelry; and one of his comedies is called "Twelfth Night." We have invited the clown of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" to be present at our celebration; he will sing his famous song for us.

Margot—Why, Aunt Ophenee, he must be ages old?

Chorus of children— Oh! Margot!

Pilgrim—He is only in the make believe play Margot darlikins.

Aunt Ophenee—The twelfth-night sake was one of the especial features of the festival, we have one tonight as you know, made by an old English recipe. A ring is always in the cake and when the cake is cut on the twelfth-night the lucky one getting the ring is crowned King or Queen of the twelfth-tide.

Wee Willie—I would be too little to be a King, Aunt Ophenee, eh?

Aunt Ophenee—The greatest King the world has ever known was once only a tiny babe. His coming changed the whole calendar and the old world began anew, as it were.

Beth—Fraulein, says, that in Germany, they call the twelfth-night the night of the three Kings, in honor of the three wise men.

Aunt Ophenee—Yes, dear, and in our own dear old New Orleans the "mystic crew," used to hold revel on that night, I presume following after ye olden time of Shakespeare. At any rate it is a beautiful tradition, that even the animals fell on their knees to adore the infant Redeemer, and the angels sang a lullabye as He slept gently, in the stable of the cattle. How glorious the thought that the star of the East blazed the way with radiant light, guiding the three wise men laden with gifts to Bethlehem, to worship the "star and sceptre" the Redeemer of the world. The shepherds left their sheep to come and adore and pay homage to the lamb of God cradled in a manger. The offerings brought to the infant by the three wise kings were symbolic; the gold symbolized his kingly office; the frankincense, that he was indeed the Son of God; the myrrh was a symbol of wisdom, showing that he would rule with love and divine clemency. Tradition has given these three kings many names; one says, that they were "Shem, Ham and Japheth, who had fallen asleep and awoke at the nativity." For that matter we all are asleep until the Christ is born into our consciousness. The blazing star in the East, must have enveloped the three kings with a wondrous light, for it was a symbol, pointing the way to life eternal. There are many days called, "Holy Days" because they serve as landmarks, showing mercies and blessings received from the Father. The twelfth day, it was said, "commemorated the manifestation of the wondrous love of Jesus to the Gentiles." How splendid is the thought of today, wherein the old landmarks are disappearing and Truth revealed is being made manifest. It is good to know my darlings, how the world is growing to understand the teachings of the King of Kings. Ah! I am forgetting about the story.

Margot—I thought Aunt Ophenee dear, that you were telling it.

Johnny—I suspect that the story will begin when the guests come and help to make it.

Aunt Ophenee—That is pretty true; the little story that I shall tell you, happened ages and ages ago, on a twelfth-morn. It might happen on any twelfth-morn however, even now, for alas! and alack! all the creatures have not learned of Love as yet. I will tell you it as near as I can recall, in the language used. The story will introduce a fox, dog, cat, and a cockrel, and a singing bird.

The Story

Cockerel—Cock--oo--dodle-do-oo--!!! My the sun is late in getting up this morning, I heard the maids clattering the milk pans an hour ago, I'll vow me last crow to that.

Cat—Me--muoo--oo--, I smell the fresh milk, but no one comes to give me any, notwithstanding I killed a mouse in the larder yesterday. It is true that I ate him, but even a cat needs a drop to drink, especially as I hear it is a feast day. If I had not killed the rat the chances are the maids would have more darning to do, for as I lay basking in the sun yesterday, I heard the mistress chiding them for not mending a hole in the master's blue hose, that had been nibbled by a mouse. Ah! indeed, the life of a cat is a hard one; why as to sleep, we only get cat naps all day, and at night, we keep ever our eyes full wide watching, ah! me! mew--u-u-mew-u-u.

Dog—Bow! whow! whow! ah, ye sly old puss, you are always talking about yourself, why don't you catch some real game? I know that you have watched the singing birdie in the elm tree for months, hoping to catch him for a feast for yer self. Just suppose yer great-grandfather the tiger came from out the wood this meenite, what would yer do, eh?

Cat—What odds to yer, yer only a dog that licks the master's feet when he cuffs ye, which always serves you jolly well right.

Cockerel—Stop! ye four legged animals just look at me, I have only two legs to walk on, 'tis a fact that I have two wings with which to fly. But I have heard it of ye, me friends, that you live a cat and dog life.

Fox—E! ee! ee! ough! I think I have me breakfast well in sight and fine for me, for this night is the twelfth-tide, when feasties noble for the dames and knights begin and they would gobble up this cockerel, with his haughty mien. Ah! when ere the cat and dog fall to, and fight, then came me chance, I need not wait for night, E! ee! ee! ough!

Dog—Sly puss, heard ye not a footfall, and a familiar voice? I was harkening to the cockerel's reproof. Hark! I know the steps of friend and foe, 'tis the fox I ween. My duty is to guard my Master's property. 'Tis he I love full well. Bow! whow! whow!

Cat—Mew-u-u-mew! old dog, I too both hear and

smell the foe, but look ye, my friend, the sun comes up and lights the world, and foxes hunt their holes—Scat! skit! skir-r-r! rr!

Bird—Cherree! cherree! cherree! the cat I see, but my friend the dog is here, and the sun soars high, cherree! cherree! cherre-ee!

Cockerel—Cock---koo---doodle--do-o-o-o! I am off me perch, the birdie has beaten me, in the race with the sun this morn; while I listened to the gossip of ye dog and cat, 'twas done.

Cat—Look, ye me, fine and haughty cockerel, look! ye silly vain bird, see the fox, slipping and running yonder through the wood, behind him follows fast our true friend the faithful dog. If not for him the master's friend, ye might have made a twelfth-day feast for me Lord Renard, mew-u-u mew-u-u!

Bird—Cherree! cherree! cherree! the sun is in the sky, sky, high high, cherree! cherree!

(Sleigh bells are heard outside. The children rise quickly and start to the door. Aunt Ophenee, opens it; enter clown piping on his pipe, followed by Puck and Knife, who dance and whirl around the room for a minute, then the sound of more sleigh bells and toy horns. The door is opened again; enter the three kings, pages and gift-bearer and shepherds. The clown, Puck and Knife make obeisance to the kings. They all take their places, forming a circle, the children, mingling with them expressing much well bred curiosity. The inner door opens, enter Mother-Mine, and Fraulein, followed by Lucindy with a large basket on her head filled with gifts, tied in parcels. Ephriam comes with a big tray with small glasses containing floating island (a custard with whipped cream or meringue.)

Mother-Mine—Welcome thrice welcome, ye merrie maids and men.

Clown—Good morrow, good Dame, aye, me thinks it is alway good morrow for thee.

Mother-Mine—Thank you friend clown whose merrie pipe is never out of tune.

Puck—'Tis true, fair Dame, come weal or woe, he pipes a cheerie lay.

First King—But the night is meant for sweetest joy—

Second King—And jollity.

Third King—And revelry.

Puck—Let us now make merrie with dance?

Knife—Nay, friend Puck, must bide a wee, until I the cake do cut.

Clown—Art sharp, friend Knife?

Knife—Aye, merrie, I have ground me on your wits, as we meandered here.

Puck—Faith, then thou are indeed sharp enough to cut a stone, since thou hast been whetted on so keen an instrument.

Third King—By thy leave fair Dame, Knife will proceed his sweet duty to perform, for minutes swiftly fly when we are with those we love.

First King—For when the clock doth chime the twelfth hour, 'tis then the mystic crew must vanish from thy sight until another twelfth-tide time.

Aunt Ophenee—First, friends, you must draw a card from out this charm-ed box; in it is a card which will counterpart one fastened to a parcel in the basket which Lucindy holds. (Daphne passes the charm-ed box, all take a card; Mother-Mine calls the numbers in Lucindy's basket and the one having the duplicate number comes forward and receives the packet. When all have been drawn, they open their parcels with great fun and merry making. The Clown then pipes a lay and they go to the table. The cake is cut, the ring falls to Pilgrim. Then the Gift-bearer brings forth a queen's robe and crown; the robe is put on; and then the first King crowns Pilgrim, Queen. The Gift-bearer give Daphne, Beth and Margot robes and they become maids of honor.)

Lucindy—Ephriam, yo old goose, yo, why kaint yo stop rollin yo eyes er round, and gib de guests de floatin' island; yo aint got no gumption.

Ephriam—Laudy, honey, I was jis' er dreamin' 'bout Colonel Hargreaves' and de aignog dat I used ter—

Lucindy—Shucks! dis am no time for dreamin' 'bout aignog; go-long! and serve de queen and kings and de guests, while I gits de hot chocklate.

Fraulein—Shall we now the game make, dear friends?

Puck—(Dancing and whirling about) Aye sweet mistress 'tis high time for revelry, eh, ha! ha, ha!

First Shepherd—Aye, prithe, let us dance to a shepherd tune.

Second Shepherd—Aye, the clown doth pipe a pretty one.

(The Queen and the maids of honor bow to their esquires and the dance begins. Any pretty dance may be introduced, Sir Roger de Coverly is a good one, also the minuet. When the dance is finished they play games such as turn the trencher, hunt the slipper, and blind man's buff, etc. Then the clock strikes twelve; the games stop immediately.)

Mother-Mine—It is the witching hour dear friends, so we must say goodnight and adjourn until next "twelfth-night."

First King—Fair Dame, I homage pay to one so given to hispitality. (Kisses her hand and bends his knee; the others do likewise.)

Third King—A thousand thanks for such good cheer. (They assemble in line, the Clown leading, singing his song.)

Clown—

Song

"When that I was and a little boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the wind it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the wind it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:—
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day."

Curtain.

YE TWEIFTH-NIGHT CAKE

(After an old recipe translated from the early English to suit the modern cook)

One 18K gold ring.
One dozen eggs, whites and yolks beaten together until light.
Four teacups "bar sugar."
Two cups butter.

One cup milk.

Two cups of walnut kernels.

Four pounds seeded raisins.

Two pounds of pressed figs, cut the size of a rasin.

Four teaspoonsful of baking powder.

The grated peel of one orange.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, then add well beaten eggs. Flour the fruit and nuts with one cup of the flour; sift the baking powder with the flour. Add gradually to the sugar, butter, and egg, first a little flour then a little of the fruit, then some of the milk, and so on until all are incorporated. Bake two hours in a moderate oven. The 18K ring may be omitted and used in a bride cake. The cake is best eaten at once. Half the quantity may be used, as this recipe makes a very large cake.

BUTTER AND SUGAR

A wee explanation about butter and sugar to be used in the making of cakes. Butter for cakes, must be melted and strained through damp cheese cloth and allowed to get perfectly cold before being used for cake making. A good plan is to keep two or three pounds of melted butter in a stone jar ready for use. Cake sugar must be "bar sugar." All grocers keep it. It is as fine as pulverized sugar, but much sweeter and purer. A cake can be made in half the time and of extremely fine grain, if this process is followed.

Adina Mitchell.



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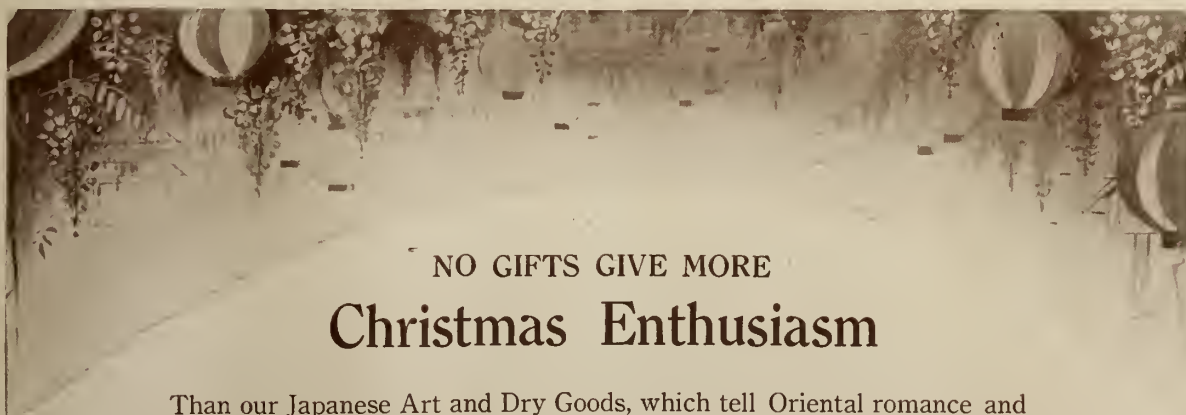
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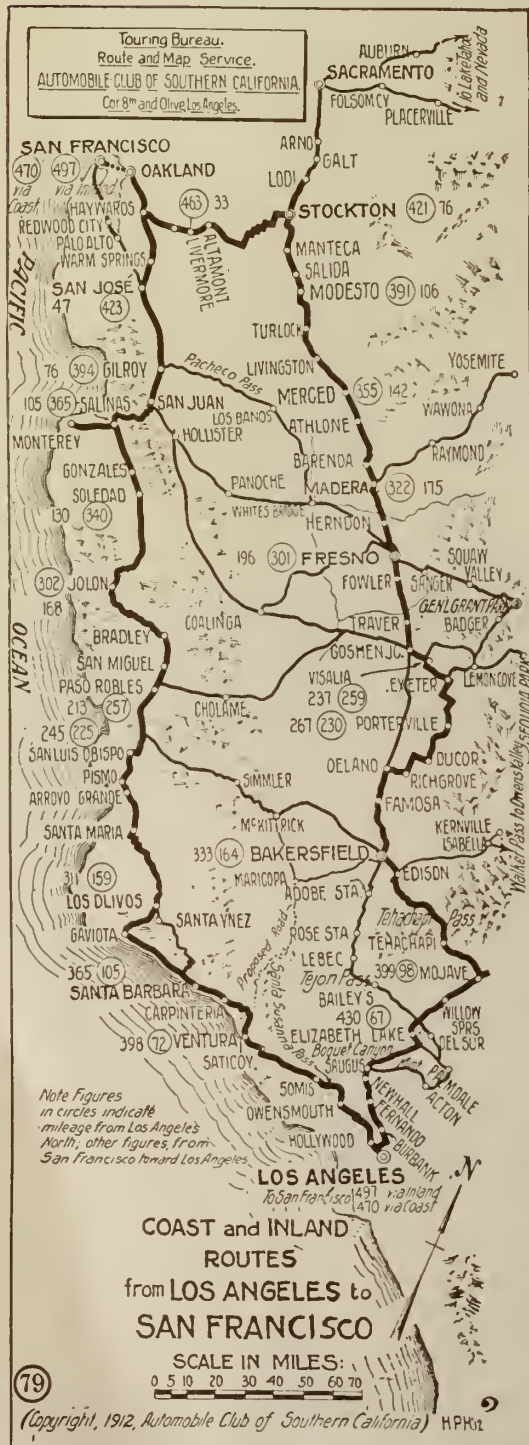
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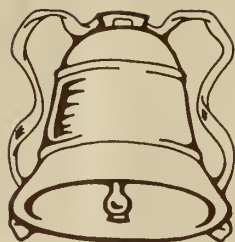
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OD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

Gaiety

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THE PASSING OF THE PICTURESQUE

"Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's stars,
nor his palm, nor his bumps, nor anything that
is his."

Thus saith our soulless City Council. And
thus by a fatal process of elimination are we
losing the picturesque in life—institutions,
landmarks, practices—all are yielding, one by
one, to ruthless administrative indiscrimina-
tion.

Just now it is the professional fortune teller
who is being sacrificed by unappreciative mu-
nicipal powers that be. Surely they know not
what they do, these city fathers who would
condemn us to ignorance of what the future
holds.

For when those whose prowess enables them
to interpret the shadows of coming events
must cease to do so and are compelled to with-
hold their aid—then shall we be reduced to

Society

dismal passivity and the dreary necessity of waiting.

Never again to know beforehand when to buy, and when to sell, never to find on the slate the name of the horse that will surely win, never to learn from the tawny-eyed lady who dips into the future at so much per dip,—of the mysterious document which has been tampered with by the foul fiend who would do you injury, never to know from bump or palm of dangers which threaten, never to be shown in our stars the golden path to success and fame—never to know about things at all until they happen. It is too, too cruel!

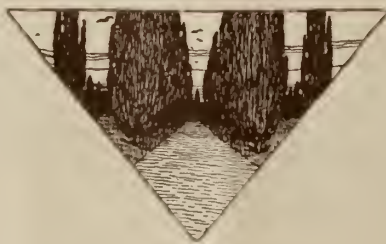
In the recent investigation of methods employed by these messengers between this sor-did world and that Other Place, one of them spoke quite plainly to the honorable investigators, saying, "You don't know a darn thing

about it!" This may be true. We hope it is. For on no other grounds can we find it in our hearts to forgive this snatching from us of another phase of the picturesque—the fascinating joy of spookish speculation.

Be generous, ye who sit in the seats of the mighty. And in your consideration of the industrious if conscienceless person who lives by his trance bound wits, be guided, we pray, by these words of the Immortal Bard who wrote for all time:

Tho I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the mind of others.

Take from us that which is absolute—deny us those things which stolidly admit of no splendidly circuitous indecision; but spare to us, the picturesque and our everlasting right to make utter fools of ourselves.



THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY NANNO WOODS

WHEN should a woman marry? When the parents arrange a suitable match, says the Out-of-Date. Any old time, says the Up-to-Date. When she gets a chance, says the Cynic. But what says the heart of the woman? Ah, that she confesses to no one, sometimes not even to herself. Down deep in the heart of every woman lie thoughts, fancies and dreams hidden, oh so carefully, that their very existence remains unsuspected by her nearest and dearest. Thoughts never uttered, fancies never revealed, dreams whispered to one's soul in the stillness of night,—who can interpret the heart of a woman?

Some men say that women have no hearts. One might as truthfully affirm that a harp has no music. The man who fails to elicit sweet sounds from the instrument, or who finds to his sorrow the strings all jangled, out of tune, declares the harp devoid of music and spurns it. Another hand may draw forth strains of richest beauty where only discord seemed to dwell.

Yet would it be surprising if women were indeed without hearts? Are they not taught from earliest girlhood to keep their hearts sedulously in the background, to repress their emotions, to be ashamed of revealing their inward thoughts? Is not the heart the one subject of all subjects carefully tabooed by well-meaning parents, and discountenanced by discreet teachers? How expect that to develop and flourish which is forever repressed and crushed down? If we wish a rose-tree to grow,

we give it plenty of light and sunshine, plenty of food and water; but we expect that heart to grow which is denied the sunshine of sympathy, we deprive it of the nourishment so necessary to its development. We jeer at terms of endearment, we make fun of affection, we talk lightly of love,—or we say mysteriously that it should not be talked of at all.

And so, as the girl grows older, she grows outwardly colder; she learns to hide her heart, to substitute froth for feeling, to conceal her real self under a cloak of banality. Sometimes she has been taught the lesson so well, that she mistrusts her own heart and listens to its dictates not at all. Often the dawning graces and innermost yearnings have been so effectually checked by the conventionalities of life that her heart becomes choked with artificial needs and worldly weeds. Frequently the girl is taught to believe that the heart is weak and foolish, the head alone should guide and the heart be ignored. In fact, it would seem as though the heart and not the tongue were woman's unruly member; and any woman who wishes to be proper, ladylike, *comme il faut*, must encase her heart in iron, double-lock its doors, and bury it so deep that she may never see it, hear it, or talk to it again. Having thus decently disposed of this troublesome feminine organ, parents and guardians feel they have done their duty, the girl apparently resigns herself to superficial interests and artificial ways, while Society approvingly nods its head and bestows its santimonious blessing.

Society

But the heart of the woman never dies. Way down deep, in spite of everything, it still lives; hidden from every eye it pulsates and throbs. Heredity, moral training, home influence, may combine to fashion the road along which that heart must journey; but no power can predict *how* it will travel, or prophesy where the road shall end. Alluring sounds, entrancing vistas, mental by-ways and high-ways, still waters of despair, seething waves of anguish, tortuous, troubled paths of temptation,—who can tell the way of a woman's heart?

"Home is where the heart is," runs an old proverb. But who may divine the home of the heart's abode? Where, I wonder, is the real home of that woman whose calm eyes, serenely beautiful, convey so much yet tell so little? Where the home of the woman whose merry smiles and pretty ways successfully conceal the seriousness of her inmost thoughts? Home is essentially the place of rest; where the heart rests, there is to be found its true home. But how shall one enter into the joy of rest who has not passed through troubled hours, or value peace who has never known pain? Therein lies the tragedy of many early marriages,—the immature heart bound for life before it realizes its present possibilities or recognizes its future needs.

The very young woman knows nothing of life. Her intellect may be awake, but the heart still sleeps; her vanity may be flattered, but triumphs are short-lived; her fancy pleased, but whims of youth are ephemeral; her passion aroused, but passion lies on the surface. The crying needs of one's individual ex-

istence cannot be gauged by the immature heart. Time alone teaches the true value of life and love. To sound the depths of one's own heart, one must employ the plumb-line of experience.

It is well to know something of the road upon which we are to journey before choosing a life-partner as traveling-companion. The streams which solace and invigorate one thirsty heart may overwhelm and drown a feebler comrade; the hills so alluring to the man may prove mountains most unattractive to the woman. "What matter," says the World, "so long as the road itself be lined with wealth?" "What matter?" says the Modern Philosopher; "you may always go your own way, so long as you appear to travel together." "What matter?" says Society; "should the road prove unbearable you can always find your way to the Divorce Court." "What matter?" says the Cult of Today; "you can take your revenge, the path of lawless liberty is free to all." . . . But what says the heart of the woman? Were every woman to ask herself "Where findest thou thy rest, oh heart of mine, where is thy place of peace?" Were she to listen to its silent answer and abide by its solemn dictate, from how much hidden misery, from what agony of heart hunger might she not be saved?

That is the time a woman should marry,—when her heart has found its place of rest. Then may she despise riches and welcome poverty, sweep aside obstacles and laugh at cynics, unlock the door of her heart and bask in the sunshine of love's radiant glow.

Then only is love true, then only is love pure, when the waiting heart has found its long-sought home, its place of peace and rest.

Society

SEVEN

Society

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(SOCIETY will be glad to receive announcements suitable for this column.—Communications should reach this Office, Room 231 Consolidated Realty Building, not later than Wednesday of each Week.)

F1951—Telephones—Broadway 2465.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Mary Ellen Howe to Alvin Ernest Kern.
Miss Agnes L. Hayer to William A. McNeil.
Miss Arley Tottenham to Herbert Lewis.
Miss Florence Wachter to Robert Harrison Moulton of San Francisco.
Miss Nathalie Cole of Berkeley to Lawrence Barker.

WEDDINGS TO COME

Miss Charlotte Brown and Elliot G. Mulford.
Miss Blenda Olson and H. E. Gillet.
Miss Lucille Willa Siegel and Dr. James Steinberg.
Miss Bernice Foulks and Milton Hollingsworth.
Miss Lora Woodhead and Lieutenant Thomas I. Steere, U. S. A.
Miss Flavia Sodergren and Don Sheridan Williams.
Miss Salley Polk and Hulett Merritt, Jr.
Miss Janet Smart and Henry Lynn Thomson.
Miss Florence Greaves and Charles Kindness Moore.
Miss Clara La Fetra of Glendora and Reeve H. Darling.
Miss Hazel Constance Peterson and F. Romaine Inman of Vancouver, B. C.

Miss Hazel Dean Sparling and George Albert Kilton, Jr.

Miss Josephine Lacy and James Edwin Higgins of Alameda.

Miss Lucile Hellman and Alvin Frank.

Miss Marguerite Heater of Toledo, Ohio, and William Dexter Fox.

Miss Paloma Schramm and Edgar Baruch.

Miss Helen Miller and Harold H. Loomis.

Miss Margaret D. Miller and Frederick Weitzel.

Miss Laura Patterson and Samuel Scott.

Miss Rose Emily Wood and Louis Donald Haskell.

Miss Carolyn Spoor and Thornhill Broome of Santa Barbara.

Miss Esther Baird and Ward Wells Montgomery.

Miss Elsie Thomas and Milton Burgess.

Miss Eileen Canfield and Alden Karl Martin.

Miss Marian Wells and G. Ernest Rowe.

Miss Surilla Durbahn and Herbert A. Hilmer.

Miss Ruth Ludwig and Tyler Granger.

Miss Florence M. Barnwell and Robert Gordon Gilholm, Jr.

EIGHT

Society

Miss Carrie Hoffman and Willis Nance.
 Miss Augusta Lillian Gold and Johnathan Friedlander.
 Miss Margaret Miller and Everett Edward Bennett.
 Miss Eliazbeth Baker and Arthur Letts, Jr.
 Miss Gladys Lindsay and Frank Splane.
 Miss Portia Collom, of San Francisco, and Oliver William Young.
 Miss Sarah Elinor Taft, Hollywood, and Milton Tompkins, of New York.
 Miss Roxanne Adams and Harold J. Meyers.
 Miss Bertha Mae Eyrand and Eliott M. House.
 Miss Rose Hoffman and Max Fredericks.
 Miss Mary A. Marshall of Syracuse, New York, and F. Ray Risdon.
 Miss Chloe Phillips and E. L. Rabe.
 Miss Anne Caswell and Jack Mellon.
 Miss Mary Richardson and Dr. Lloyd Mills of New York.
 Miss Florence Wickersham and Barry J. Foster.
 Miss Ann Elizabeth Erickson and Milton R. Edmonds of Chicago.
 Miss Adah Hudson and Dr. John R. Kyle.
 Miss Lovelace Boyland and B. Y. Taft.
 Miss Irene Phillips and Stanley Howard-Head.
 Miss Katherine Flint and Henry S. MacKay of Connecticut.
 Miss Ethelwyn Carson and Lieutenant Herbert Jones, U. S. N.
 Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Calvin W. Davis.
 Miss Marguerite Drake to G. W. Kemmler of New York.
 Miss Hazel Lauders and George John Hummell.
 Miss Lela Eli and Graham Elmore.
 Miss Berdina Hudson and Lieutenant Frank Blaisdell.
 Miss Louisa Mahan and William Stanley Wallace.
 Miss Alice Ryan and Stanley Partridge of England.
 Miss Ethel Jones of London, England, and Nathaniel Kahn, Los Angeles.

Miss Nellie Gertrude Lewis and George Hoffman.
 Miss Jessie Archibald Moore and Alfred R. Robe.
 Miss Lydia S. M. Shoemaker and Dr. Stanley A. Milligan.
 Miss Lillian May Earhuff and Ervin E. Rollins.

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Miss Jessie Bryant and Gordon Grant Hair.
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Miss Marjorie McLachlan and Harvey Sutherland Bissell.
Miss Gladys Katherine McLachlan and Gardner Towne.

CLUB DATES

December 27—Wellesley Club of Southern California; Christmas luncheon at Bullock's Tea Room.
December 29—Dickens Fellowship Club; musical.
December 30—Highland Park Ebell Club; Children's Christmas Party.
January 2—Los Angeles Audubon Society; field day meeting Verdugo Park.
January 2—Friday Morning Club; illustrated travelogue, "Washington, Our Nation's Capital," Mary Mendenhall Perkins.
January 7—L. A. Chapter, D. A. R., Fowler Apartments; Mrs. Henry J. Martin and Miss Sallie Smith, hostesses.
January 9—Friday Morning Club; "Currency Legislation," J. F. Sartori.
January 16—Friday Morning Club; "The Evolution of the Violin", Oskar Seiling.
January 23—Friday Morning Club; "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency", Mrs. O. P. Clark; "Applied Psychology", Warren Hilton, A. B., L. L. B.; "The One-Act Play," Miss Beulah Wright, U. S. C.
February 20—L. A. Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. Charles H. McKeveit, West Washington street, hostess.

EVENTS TO COME

December 26th, 27th—Symphony Concerts.
December 27—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., West Twenty-eighth Street; vacation dance for Miss Margaret Johnson.

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December 27—Mrs. Adolph K. Brauer, West Twenty-first Street; dance for Miss Irene Brauer.

December 29—Mrs. George P. Griffith, Orchard Avenue; vacation party for Mr. Richard Griffith and Mr. George Griffith.

December 29—Ex-Senator and Mrs. Eugene S. Ives of Shorb; dinner-dance for Miss Eleanor Banning.

December 30—Mrs. Granville MacGowan, West Adams Street; dance at the California Club for Miss Daphne Drake.

December 31—Mrs. S. Yslas; fancy dress party.

December 31—Beverly Hills Hotel; New Year Ball.

December 31—Midwick Country Club; subscription dinner dance; hostesses, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake and Mrs. John Barnes Miller.

December 31—Miss Eleanor Banning and Mr. William Banning, Hoover street; fancy dress dancing party.

January 1—Mr. and Mrs. John J. Jenkins; at home.

January 1—New Year Ball, the Bryson.

January 2—Miss Dorothy Lindley; dance for Miss Constance Byrne.

January 2—Miss Amy Busch, Portland Street; luncheon for Miss Josephine Lacy and Miss Katherine Flint.

January 2—Mrs. King Gaines Gillette, "Miramar," Santa Monica; dance; for Miss Ruth Anderson.

January 6—Mrs. W. D. Newerf, Monterey Road, and Mrs. Robert Gartner of South Pasadena; afternoon bridge at the home of Mrs. Newerf; dinner; covers for forty.

Mrs. George J. Denis, Westlake avenue; reception in January for Miss Daphne Drake.

Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Serrano avenue, will entertain in January with two bridge luncheons, for Mrs. Herbert S. Collins of New York and Mrs. James H. Torney of New Jersey.

IT IS INTIMATED THAT

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts will spend the month of January in the East.

Mrs. James Hyde Forbes and Miss Ada May Forbes will spend the winter at the Bryson.

Mrs. Hannah Llewellyn, Figueroa street, has purchased the Walter Chanslor house in Berkeley square and with Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, her son-in-law and daughter, will be at home there after January.

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Mrs. Asa Wolverton Stedman will spend the holidays in Los Angeles and will be at home during the winter with her sister, Mrs. Fredrick Fischer of Andrews Boulevard.

The Marquis de Guerin, of Paris, who spent some time in Los Angeles during the summer, is again here and expects to remain permanently. The Marquis is a prominent French physician, lecturer and the author of several medical works.

Mrs. J. A. Heilbronner of Butte, Montana, and Mrs. Dupont Morris Newbro of Detroit, Michigan, sisters of Mrs. Frederick George H. Mathison of Ocean Park, are spending the holidays at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sterling, of San Francisco, are at the Rex Arms and will make their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Howard, Westminster Avenue, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Howard's mother, Mrs. Charles Munson of San Francisco; Mrs. Howard will return to Los Angeles March first.

DINNERS

Frank Simpson, Jr.; Los Angeles Country Club; covers for twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dupee, Coronado Hotel, for Miss Louise Burke and Mr. Carleton Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Holman; Los Angeles Country Club; covers for twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton; Los Angeles Country Club; covers for twenty.

Mr. and Mrs. William Delamore, Girard street; covers for fourteen.

Mrs. Arthur Letts; covers for twelve; dancing; twenty-five guests.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Luton, Gramercy Place; covers for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Norton street; Christmas; covers for sixteen.

PARTIES

Miss Charlotte Rawak; for Miss Lucille Willa Siegel; matinee; tea; twenty-five guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny; for Miss Daphne Drake; dinner-dance.

Mrs. Alex Stahl, West Twentieth street; for Miss Lucille Willa Siegel; barn dance and Dutch supper.

Miss Louise Johnson, the Darby; luncheon and matinee; twenty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Hardy, Wilton Place; for Mr. and Mrs. Hans S. Linne; musical and tea; fourteen guests.

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TWELVE

Society

Mrs. N. W. Hendershotte, Mariposa street; to celebrate Miss Elizabeth M. Hendershotte's seventh birthday anniversary; twenty-five children as guests.

Mrs. Arthur Cawston, Oakland Avenue, Pasadena; for Miss Helen Miller; bridge-luncheon.

Mrs. Irl Reeves Pickler, West Washington street; luncheon; cards; seven guests.

Miss Veda Tolchard, St. Andrews Boulevard; cards; twenty-four guests.

Mrs. John W. Thayer, North Berendo street; Christmas-musical; thirty guests.

Miss Marie Vallely, South Flower street; informal dance.

Mrs. Ira Chapman, West Fifty-sixth street, bridge-luncheon.

Mrs. James G. Scarborough, Menlo Avenue; for Miss Helen Jones; dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Linnard, Hotel Maryland; for Miss Dorothy Linnard; Christmas vacation dance.

Mrs. Joseph Boylson, Kingsley Drive; Christmas Tree for seventy children.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Weary, Kenmore avenue; for Miss Ruth Anderson; theatre; supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Lyon, Hawthorne Avenue; for Miss Ruth Anderson; theatre; supper.

Miss Catherine Ramsay and Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Western Avenue; Christmas dance; fifty guests.

Miss Joan McCall, Santa Monica; for Miss Grace McCall; vacation dance.

LUNCHEONS

Miss Sarah Clark, the Darby; for Miss Helen Ives and Miss Daphne Drake; forty-two guests.

Miss Elizabeth Wood, St. James Park; for Miss Ruth Anderson.

HOUSE GUESTS

Mrs. Anna M. de Remer of Denver; with her daughter, Mrs. Frank C. Jocely.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Eames, Jr., of Honolulu; with Mrs. Stanley Visel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Meyer of Chicago; with Mr. and Mrs. I. Wolf, Wilton Place.

Mrs. George Campbell of St. Paul and Mrs. Miller of San Francisco; with Mrs. Fremont Campbell at the Bryson.

Mrs. Wendell McLaughlin of Manila; with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Deming, West Twenty-fourth street.

Miss Katherine Walsh of Iowa, and Miss Dorothy Mill of Colorado; with Miss Ruth Anderson, Beverly Hills Hotel.

BACK IN TOWN

Mr. Robert Peyton, Westlake Avenue; from Spokane, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, Oak Knoll; from the East.

Mrs. Herman Baruch and Miss Elsie Baruch, Harvard Boulevard; from a year abroad.

Mrs. James Hyde Forbes and Miss Ada May Forbes; from year's tour abroad.

Mrs. W. S. Bartlett and Miss Mathilde Bartlett, West Adams street; from Honolulu.

Mrs. Morris Albee, Juliet street; from tour of the east and south.

Mrs. R. W. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, West Washington street; from six months' tour abroad.

DEPARTURES

Miss Helen Weaver, house guest of Miss Mary Faroe, Westlake Avenue; for her home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard G. Brown; for a half-year tour abroad.

Mrs. Francis J. Boyle, house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, West Washington street; for Oakland to rejoin the "Chocolate Soldier" company.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth; for Mountain View to spend Christmas.

Mrs. Weedon Gray, accompanied by Miss Katherine Chichester; for New York.

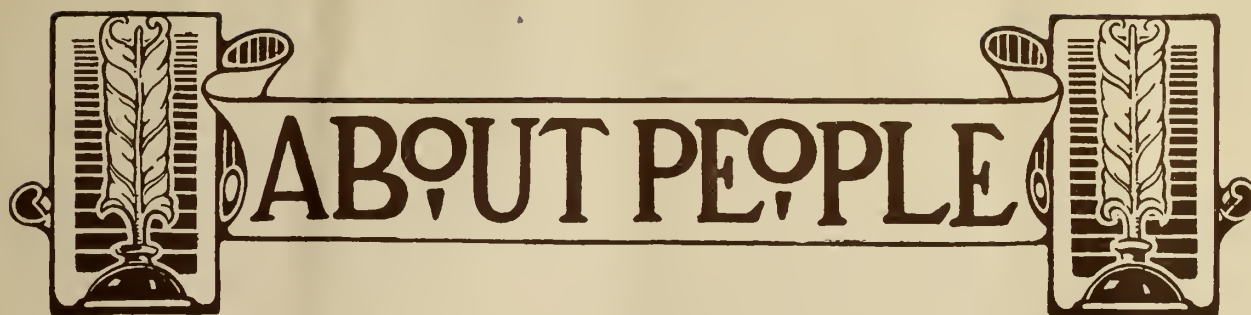
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ABOUT PEOPLE

I am asked to record a complaint! It is voiced by a gentleman who has a fervid desire to remain unknown. He warned me especially to so state the case else he would not divulge the story. Therefore do not ask any questions. Let it suffice that he honestly states his grievance.

It appears that because of comment made in these pages some months ago concerning our bachelors and their doings, newcomers have found some difficulty in being received within certain homes.

This particular young man is of excellent family. He has come to Los Angeles to remain for a year or so, and finds time hanging heavily when the evening hours approach. Several important friendships have grown out of his business association with some of our popular young men. Yet never has one of them invited him to meet members of his family.

He has been their guest on occasions innumerable at well-known clubs. When week-end shooting parties have been planned his name has also been included, but that has been the limit of the courtesy shown him.

Now this perfectly nice young man is but one of many, I am informed. This matter should receive urgent attention. Shall the hospitality of our "chemically pure" city be assailed and undefended?

Have you discovered the "doings" for the Bachelor Ball? R—— told me so many had quizzed him that he wished I hadn't mentioned it. So here are some more suggestions to make you genuinely *neugerich*.

A perfectly fetching innovation has been introduced abroad, designed to simplify the steps of the latest craze dances. A member, who has a friend who is a friend of a friend, etc., in one of the foreign capitals, has promised to demonstrate.

Did father, brother, relative or friend ask your aid in making them presentable as Santa Claus? No! What you did miss! I was more fortunate, and it was all so humorously funny that I believe I will tell you about it.

The gentleman in question, whom I shall style C——, by the way, he's a bachelor you all know well, measures some six feet, and is of rotund proportions. He ordered, as he said, "a perfect dream of a 'Santy' suit," but forgot to furnish his dimensions. He waited close onto the hour for his appearance as Lord Bountiful ere he gave the garment a fitting.

Lo and behold he was dismayed to find the trousers several inches short of his shoe tops; furthermore they bagged dreadfully at the knees. When it came to trying on the blouse, the sleeves lacked like quantities of material at the wrists.

Here was a pretty dilemma to be in the eleventh hour. Some Turkey red cloth had quickly to be found. Everyone was at a loss as to what to suggest. Mary the cook, a German, heard some of the commotion and asked whether her assistance might be of any value.

The case stated to her, her face lighted with a glimmer of a smile. "If you would not mind using it"—and Mary blushed, for she is still young, "I have some material for my feather pillows—when I marry," this added hesitatingly. "I brought them from the Faderland. Mudder she say. You take it, Mary—you never know how good it comes. I cut you a piece"—and so it was that proper dimensions were provided.

Overlooked in the bustle, however, was the size of the paper mache head mask. Pull as they would it left a portion of the chin and the entire throat exposed. More of Mary's bridal chest material was hurriedly stiffened with starch and put through the ironing process, that it might have a glaze and not be distinguishable from the collar of the blouse, and then, Oh, Art, hide thy stately head! Someone undertook to represent flesh tones on the appended portion of the mask. The success of the job? Sad to relate—it failed, but force of circumstance—you know,—the performance had to go on!

Don't dare mention oil paint in the vicinity of the above mentioned bachelor for the next month of Sundays, for the mere thought of it has a tendency to recall unpleasant memories. The pseudo artist in attempting to do his worst had put on many coats of paint—and the room was exceedingly warm.

There were others who played Santa Claus and succeeded in making many less fortunate beings happy. And the pleasantest part of it all is that many of our younger men, set to doing it with a right good will. I might mention a dozen or so, who were willingly inveigled into playing Santa for some very poor children. However, I have promised to mention no names; if they choose to tell you, encourage them to repeat the performances.

Beatrice de Lack-Krombach.

She has arrived! Who? Why, our English visitor, to be sure. What does she think of us? I knew you would ask that. It's too soon, though, for she has only been here three days. What do we think of her? Well, that's another matter, and it did not take us long to decide. We, at least some of us who have seen her, have been soon won over. Look to your laurels, Angeleno daughters, for this visitor of ours will cause no end of a flutter among members of the bachelor club. She is tall, of the fair brunette type, unpampered and refreshing.

Though she says she likes golf; could tango for hours and hours, amateur theatricals interest her most. They give one such excellent opportunity for expression," she says. "Three Maids," an English musical comedy, is her favorite play for presentation. Music she delights in, both instrumental and vocal, and she is the possessor of a sweet soprano voice.

What pleases me most is the fact that she likes us. She finds us most hospitable. Since her arrival she has been overwhelmed with attention. Santa Claus and the friend whose guest she is gave a most unique party for her. And oh! what I could tell about that Santa Claus!





A

R

T

We ought further to consider that the picture being a representation of human emotion, the painter ought to retain in his mind the example of all affectations and passions, as the poet preserves the idea of an angry man, of one who is fearful, sad or merry, and so of all the rest; for it is impossible to express that with the hand, which never entered into the imagination.

GIO PIETRO BELLORI (1672)

MAX WIECZOREK, PAINTER OF PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES AND MOSAICS

Dashing brush strokes depicting continuity of color harmonies which blend without forced suggestion of spontaneity or directness, are the qualities Max Wieczorek interprets in the portraits, landscapes and murals he paints.

A form of expression he particularly delights in is portraiture. He is keen about putting on canvas or paper, for he works in oil as well as pastel, human individualities alive with vitality.

"A likeness," to quote him, must have *verve*, and yet present the forceful characteristics of the subject portrayed. I do not believe in painting the *general portrait*, which to my mind, when completed, appears much like an under-touched photograph. I know people crave this style of art, but the artist in painting *any personality with this finished artificiality* cannot reproduce a true likeness, as he must sacrifice the very touches which make his portrait distinctive."



MAXIME WIECZOREK, BY MAX WIECZOREK

"The recording of first impressions is another valuable asset of the portrait painter," continued the artist. "Without this accomplishment he is apt to interpret a characterization which a casual acquaintance may not readily recognize. These fleeting glimpses are frequently the most telling. They have the dash of personality not present after continued familiarity."

One feels essentially that Mr. Wieczorek has studied these details carefully in all the portraits forming part of his exhibition now showing at Steckel's on South Broadway, and which may be seen there for the remainder of the month.

That of "Maxime," his young daughter, a large striking canvas, is painted in his best style. The naive expression given the modeling of the face, the intelligence in the soft dark eyes, all convey the character of the child. She is built on the big lines of her father, yet has a charm of childish individuality which momentarily arrests your attention as you enter the gallery.

In line of drawing the planes of value are best placed in the contour of the head, though the modelling of the tall straight form as it is seated in the blue cushioned, coffee brown, wicker chair, cannot be overlooked. The development of the soft tone colors of this canvas speak well for the artist's understanding of values in contrast. Blues predominate and accentuate the soft qualities of the browns and creamy white. This latter color is used with delightful effect in depicting the detail of the lacy collar worn over the dress.

The success of Maxime's portrait her father attributes largely to herself, for during the posing periods she had to endure many inconveniences, and did so cheerfully. He tells of one particularly trying day when her mother to save disturbing her pose, fed each morsel of luncheon to her.

Maxime is apt to follow in the footsteps of her father, for she already shows strong tendencies for artistic expression. On the wall of her father's studio hangs a landscape. It de-

picts a hillside with the moon cleverly perched just over the hilltop. Its reflections show in the waters beneath. Mr. Wieczorek delights in showing it as his latest bit, and when the dubious mien of his visitor questions his veracity, he proudly brings forth the clever miss of eight and presents her as the author of this promising brush delineation.

Another portrait whose qualities have great power is that of Charles Saxe, the architect. In the execution of this picture the artist has used pastel as his medium. With this material, as do so many others, this artist accomplishes his happiest results. Muscle tissue becomes more real, though it may not have the depth one finds in an oil canvas, and texture and fabric are more vibrating. One notes particularly the freedom of line and drawing in the face and the detail of the eye lashes which have been so simply affected.

As a character study I like best that of Mrs. Emma Rissman, executed in a free and direct manner. The artist has interpreted a sympathetic likeness which cannot fail to please.

"Ray Huverstuhl," a rough sketch, also worked in the above medium, is depicted in red sweater and cap. This sketch has been broadly treated and in its handling the artist again shows that one of his strong points is color technique.

A large oil of Mrs. Albert Hayes and a pastel in profile of Mrs. James Gibson, also one of the artist's wife, have distinctive points of value, but the portrait of Miss Emily McBride, a debutante of Pasadena society, is an inspiration. Note the youthful modelling of the neck and shoulders as they silhouette against the fuzzy fur, then look on the strength of character depicted in the keen, firm eyes and the poise of the head. There is poetry in this portrait. She might be listening to the fairies in the dell.

I always feel when reviewing a picture that I want you to know the man back of the brush, therefore let me tell you, before speaking of Mr. Wieczorek's landscapes and mural designs, how he came by his knowledge and experience.

He began studying directly after leaving school, where Gerhardt Hauptman, the famous

German playwright, was his classmate. In reconciling himself to the appearance of this famous man in later years he says he cannot quite disassociate him from the ginger color haired boy who walked with solemn stride beside him so frequently on the homeward journey after the day's lessons.

The University of Breslau gave him fundamental knowledge and Ferdinand Keller laid the foundation for his art technique, during which time he learnt the use of all mediums. Colorful Weimar, where Max Thedy taught him the "brown disease" he had inherited from being a pupil of Piloty, furnished him with his greatest inspiration. But the wanderlust was strong in the soul of the artist, and he hied him away to the Baltic Sea, where he made friends with and lived among the fishermen. Two of the sketches then executed, one "The Women Netmenders" and the other "Mending the Nets," are also part of the exhibition.

Other canvases, the result of this period of sketching, were hung at the Paris Salon, the Crystal Palace in London and in the Antwerp Museum. "Soleil du Mars" of these was the most favored. This was early in the nineties, and shortly thereafter he joined the army and became the youngest lieutenant in his corps. His Don Quixotic tendencies led him to fight two serious duels, from both of which he came off victorious.

"And then," to quote Mr. Wieczorek, "as my father said, 'he had put me on the horse and now expected me to ride it by myself,' I decided to come to America. This I did with just five dollars in my pocket." It is to be imagined, and agreed with, that with this small amount of personal property the artist, as he himself says, "oft slipped off, as he was riding so near the tail end."

Better days followed, and he allied himself with the Tiffany Studios in New York City, with whom he remained for ten years, having charge of their stained-glass department, where the cleverness of his designs won that firm renown in world-wide competitions. As a

diversion he would sketch along the Jersey Coast, and several of the landscapes shown are his interpretation of these land stretches.

In these he exhibits his versatility with the brush. Treated as they are, strongly impressionistic, they yet convey sufficient of the spirit of the academic to make them noteworthy. Two have been loaned for this exhibit by Louis C. Tiffany. One is "The Path," a sunlight translation, and the other "The Hydrangeas," having colorful pink blossoms as its index note. Another is "Pepper Trees and Sunshine," a characteristic light conception worked in dark tones. There is fine feeling in this landscape and it hangs well together. Giving expression to the same elements is "Afternoon Sunshine," a study of Blue Gum Eucalypti presented on a Spring carpeted foreground.

The present site on Crown Hill occupied by the Clark Memorial Home for Girls has been perpetuated in the landscape bit of Eucalypti perched poetically on the crest of the hill. There is light and atmosphere in the vibrating quality of this canvas.

This brings me to a discussion of Mr. Wieczorek's mural conceptions. They are unique for their completeness of thought as well as their perfection of detail. The "Bluebird," a central part of a larger design, is a most happy arrangement, both as to color and drawing. In its large dimensions this interpretation is planned for five sections of stained glass.

And now a further word about the man. In fifteen years he has had no real vacation. He enlivens his hours of play with tennis, in which game his family joins, and he is a great walker. At present he is engaged in completing the portrait of George Chaffey, builder of the Chaffey High School at Ontario. After the holiday season he contemplates a trip north to visit his brother-in-law, Frederick Roth, famous animal sculptor and Vice-president of the National Sculpture Association, who is at work on several animal commissions for the Panama Exposition.

JULIA BRACKEN WENDT'S FAUN

Last week I spoke of Mrs. Wendt's "Faun," which had been cast in bronze and now on a black marble base graces a central position in

that it shows the usually splendid handling given any plastic expression from the hands of Mrs. Wendt.



FAUN, BY JULIA BRACKEN WENDT

the drawing room of the delightful home of Mrs. Thomas P. Newton on West Adams street. This week I present an illustration of this very clever conception, and you will find

This life size figure stands posed against a short tree stump. Playfully the Faun fingers his pipes. He has arrested his melody to observe the slowly mounting lizard, who having

crawled up his back on the vine, attentively listens, perched upon his left shoulder.

In her development of the head Mrs. Wendt has completed her finest work. There is vitality in the modelling of the roguish eyes, strength in the handling of the facial muscular tissue, and one senses keenly the bond of interest between the greater and smaller objects.

The tall muscular form has been treated on broad lines which delineate her fine understanding of poise. Brawny, muscular flesh clothes the squarely built frame.

I am reminded of a story, an incident which happened while Mrs. Wendt was working on this figure, and which I related some time since. I think it apropos and worthy of repetition, so here it is.

I will let Mrs. Wendt tell it. "Mary, my cleaning woman, entered the room while I was at work on the 'Faun.' She had to pass in front of it. 'My goodness, Mis' Wendt,' said she, 'why that's de de'l!' I suppressed a smile and went on with my work.

"Several days later one of my models, who has frequently posed as the Master, offered to pose for the hands of the 'Faun.' His features are most spiritual and he dresses as the Savior is believed to have appeared. Mary thought him some holy being and spoke of him in awe. This day she had been quietly bustling about in an adjoining room, when an errand brought her past the studio door. Looking in to say a word, she encountered the model. She was too horrified for words. In trying to explain to one of my assistants later, she stammered and stuttered, telling them in the funniest language imaginable of her shattered faith."

Jon de Lack.

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THEATRES

BY BELFORD FORREST

THE EMPRESS

Ten, twenty and thirty cent vaudeville! Only a few years ago first-class artists could not *afford* to play such time. It was the ultimate hope of the has-beens and the only hope of the never-to-bes. Nobody who was anybody would be seen going to a house that gave three shows a day and sometimes five.

And now—*nous avons change tout cela*.

The Empress, anyway, is a place "where everybody goes." Artists of international repute play there, week after week, to audiences as representative of the people as can be found in any theatre in town.

Dean Worley, the popular manager, has made excellent provision for his holiday patrons.

Edna Aug, whose success in Paris was the talk of the boulevards for many a month, is the bright particular star. Her new act, "Folks is Folks," is full of good things that she gets over the footlights in her own inimitable style.

I remember seeing Edna Aug in a Revue at the Folies Bergere one New Year's night in Paris. Her success was wonderful—a sheer triumph of personality. The show was utterly Parisian. Edna Aug appeared late in the play and, without a word of French to help her, took possession of the audience and it was hers so long as she was on the stage. And here, at the Empress, I found her the same

clever artist, on the same good terms with her audience, doing delightful things in a delightful way.



LUCRETIA DE VALLE, WITH THE MISSION PLAY

Edna Aug is not the only good thing on the Empress bill. Leo Beers is a first-rate pianist with a cultivated voice. His songs are new

and funny. The story told by playing fragments of popular songs on the piano was decidedly clever and delighted the house. A Terpsichorean novelty, the latest thing in acro-

bats, hair-raising stunts on motorcycles and a seasonable sketch entitled "Louis' Christmas." All of them as good acts as you can see elsewhere in twice the time for twice the money.

THE MISSION PLAY

It will be a regrettable thing if we ever let a winter season go by without a revival of John Steven McGroarty's "Mission Play."

Mr. Behymer's decision to present it at the Auditorium during the Christmas holidays has

It is not so much a play as a living history, pure and simple. There is nothing in it to ruffle the spirit of the most stubborn bigot, and no racial or religious prejudice could withstand its appeal.



SCENE FROM THE MISSION PLAY

given great satisfaction to the many who feel that the "Mission Play" has earned a permanent place in the life of Southern California.

Mr. Behymer's revival on January first will be far in advance of any previous production of the play.



MUSIC



BY BELFORD FORREST

FREDERICK H. TOYE

Take a stout beam of seasoned oak. On one end place a musical genius and seventy-five temperamental instrumentalists; on the other a large committee of important persons and a subscription list. Select an unsuspecting, ambitious gentleman and softly place the centre of the beam upon his head. Then sit back and watch the fun. The game is called "Running a Symphony Orchestra." It is a very polite



FREDERICK H. TOYE

game. Only epithets of the gentlest irony are permitted. The human fulcrum is addressed as *Manager*. Quite a funny game—to watch.

Such was my ribald idea of a symphony orchestra and its management before I made the acquaintance of Mr. Toye. He rebuked my levity.

"The Los Angeles Symphony Association is a happy, united family. To work for them is to work with them. The reorganization of

the Association was not an easy task. Thanks to the hearty co-operation of the directors we now have an excellent foundation on which to build. Herr Tandler's great success with the orchestra cannot fail to awaken public interest, and that is the only thing needed to make the symphony what it ought to be.

Mr. Toye has many excellent qualifications for his position as Manager of the Symphony Orchestra. By no means the least of them is the fact that he is a new-comer and entirely devoid of local prejudices.

The musical situation in Los Angeles at the present time is somewhat chaotic. Mr. Toye's views on the subject are interesting.

"I have no doubt at all that Los Angeles is destined to become a great musical centre. We have the Italian climate, a rapidly increasing population and every indication that music is to have a foremost place in the life of the people. Just at the present moment, it is true, the musical supply is in excess of the demand and the managerial bed is not strewn with roses. But all the excellent work being done will not be wasted. The musical situation will right itself in time."

There is a quiet enthusiasm about Mr. Toye that is very convincing. He has lived in bigger places and been associated with bigger enterprises and brings to his new position a wealth of experience and a breadth of view exceedingly refreshing.

Mr. Toye is a Harvard man. On leaving college he accepted the position of secretary to Impresario Russell of the Boston Opera Company.

From Harvard to a desk in the managerial sanctum of one of the greatest operatic organizations in America is a big jump. Mr. Toye must have learned many things in that office



LUCRETIA DE VALLE. WITH THE MISSION PLAY

not mentioned in President Elliott's five-foot shelf of books.

The eccentricities of Mr. Russell are known the world over, and Mr. Toye, doubtless had good reasons for severing his connection with the Boston Opera Company. His best reason he took with him and has it still. Thereby hangs a tale.

Once upon a time, in a place called Hollywood, there lived a beautiful girl with a beautiful voice. Her name was Marguerite Banks. Her mother, from whom she inherited her beautiful voice, realized that the little girl was destined to become a great singer and gave her the best possible musical education.

In due course, the expected happened, and the little girl from Hollywood made her debut in one of the big Italian opera houses.

So great was her success that Mr. Russell,

thousands of miles away in Boston, heard of it—so did his secretary.

He was looking for a big sensation with which to open his opera house. What more could he ask than a girl from the Golden West, who had won the hearts of the most critical audiences in Italy?

Mr. Russell thought she was just what they needed—so did his secretary.

Ere long the Hollywood girl came to Boston to prepare for the opera season.

Mr. Russell was delighted with her—so was his secretary.

Mr. Russell said she was the discovery of a lifetime—so did his secretary.

Operatic contracts are curious things. Mr. Russell's contracts are exceptionally so. When the Hollywood girl became better acquainted with hers, she and her mother decided that



LUCRETIA DE VALLE. WITH THE MISSION PLAY

they did not wish to remain in Boston for the opera season.

Mr. Russell's great discovery departed to New York—so did his secretary.

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It was a calamity for Mr. Russell but no end of a joy to his secretary, because—Ah! well!

The honeymoon in Europe was postponed. Mr. Russell had spent so much money on advertising Madam Namara-Toye that his secretary could not bear to see it wasted.

So there was an eastern concert tour—and everywhere, under the management of her husband, Madam Namara-Toye was a success.

Three years in Europe followed, with their



LUCRETIA DE VALLE, WITH THE MISSION PLAY

headquarters in Paris. Madam devoted herself to concert work and availed herself of the opportunity to continue her operatic studies with Jean de Reske.

Mr. Toye undertook the charge of Isadora Duncan's wonderful productions at the Cha-telet Theatre. Her appearances with the world-famed Colonne orchestra were the sensation of the hour in Paris.

The Toyes returned to America with Isadora Duncan. Madam Toye was under contract to appear at the Metropolitan and they still hold first claim upon her services when she decides to return to the operatic stage.

But—Hollywood is a quiet, peaceful little place, sleeping at the foot of hills beloved by Namara Toye long before she was a great singer—and so—

I forgot to ask Mr. Toye what they have named *it*, and what he thinks of *its* voice.

Perhaps he would have told me of his own accord if the waiter hadn't shown outward and visible signs that he was getting tired of looking at us.

I enjoyed the luncheon and was glad to have made the acquaintance of Frederick Toye—but I was scared of the waiter.

THE PEOPLE'S ORCHESTRA

Apparently the obituary notices of the People's Orchestra were exaggerated.

A cat upon the tiles that sings cadenzas to the moon has nine lives—and well we know it; but for ability to survive the "slings and



LUCRETIA DE VALLE, WITH THE MISSION PLAY

arrows" aimed at its existence, commend me to the People's Orchestra.

The latest-born of our musical organizations died many deaths during the past week;

the mourners went about the streets and only ceased their sobs to say "I told you so!"

But, on Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium, the box office was busy and, in the lobby, Manager Edson gave his usual object-lesson in optimism. There was no crape on his hat and the only flowers in sight were a bouquet of roses—a tribute to Miss Bessie Chapman's ability as a violinist. Hans Linne and his men were in their places, all very much alive.

Moreover, a special announcement was made of the performance of The Messiah for next Sunday afternoon at the usual hour, with no advance in prices and every possible indication given that the People's Orchestra is "doing nicely, thank you."

We began with Mozart's "Magic Flute"—an old friend. It wasn't a very happy beginning. The attack was poor and the orchestra didn't sound quite comfortable throughout the number. In a short rehearsal old friends can't expect much attention and they sometimes become peeved at the slight and take their revenge at the performance.

Miss Bessie Chapin, one of our most popular violinists played Vieuxtemp's difficult "Ballade Polonnaise." To play such a work with an orchestra is an ordeal for the most experienced violinist and Miss Chapin came through it with flying colors. The audience encored her enthusiastically.

Verne Elliot's "Mission Play Music" was a novelty of unusual interest. An effective orchestral suite has been made of three selections from his incidental music written for John Steven McGroarty's successful Mission Play. The second movement, an intermezzo, "Evening at Capistrano," is the best of the three. The audience was evidently pleased with the work and the applause was considerably increased when they beheld the youth of the composer. Verne Elliot has made an excellent start and Los Angeles may look for big things from him later on.

Mr. Linne's "Indian Suite" improves on acquaintance. Under the baton of the composer it proved even more interesting than at the first hearing. It is a clever, musicianly composition. The Scherzo is particularly delight-

ful. Mr. Linne is quite modern in his ideas of orchestration. He is a valuable addition to the ranks of our local composers.

THE BRAHMS QUINTET

Chamber music concerts are the last thing in musical refinement—the ultimate haven of the complete concert-goer.

The news that the Brahms Quintet, our best chamber music organization, are to give their opening concert on January 10th at Blanchard Hall, will be welcomed by their many admirers.

Very reluctantly, Herr Adolph Tandler has resigned his chair in the Quintet, the demands made upon him by the Symphony Orchestra compelling him to limit his activities. His withdrawal is deeply regretted by his comrades in the Quintet and by Mr. Blanchard.

The choice of his successor was not an easy matter. Violinists capable of playing with such an organization as the "Brahms" are not easily found.

Mr. Blanchard announces that Louis Rovinsky is to be the new second violin.

It is an excellent choice. Mr. Rovinsky is one of the cleverest of our young violinists. He is a pupil of Franz Kneisell and Franz Wilczek, both of whom entertain very high opinions of his abilities.

Mr. Rovinsky since his return from the East has been identified with the best musical organizations in the city. He is a member of the Symphony Orchestra.

He is a thorough musician, plays with a beautiful tone and excellent technique. The "Brahms" are to be congratulated on their new member.

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VIOLA YORBA

"An excellent dinner! Where shall we go now?"

"Nowhere. Sit still. Have another cigarette and a King Alfonso. You remind me of the remark made by a newly imported waiter. 'The Americans, they have not time to eat; they must always catch a car!' Stay where you are. It is good for your digestion. And, there's another reason why it's the wisest thing we can possibly do—wait and see!"

The Casa Verdugo Secunda is a delightful place. It is the best "Spanish Cafe" in America. My memories of restaurants in Spain incline me to say that it is the best *anywhere*.

It has one attraction that is unique. Other restaurants may serve excellent Spanish dishes and soothe you while you eat, with "the lascivious pleasing of a lute," but they cannot delight you with the beauty and ability of Miss Viola Yorba. She is the mascot of the Casa Verdugo Secunda.

Miss Viola Yorba belongs to one of our best known and oldest Spanish families. She is the daughter of Senora Piedad Yorba Sowl of Casa Verdugo.

Miss Viola is a typical Spanish beauty. She is eighteen years old and has had an excellent musical education under Harry Girard.

Madam Schumann-Heinck was so favorably impressed by Miss Viola's abilities that she begged with characteristic enthusiasm to be allowed to take the lady off to New York and stand sponsor for her artistic career. But Senora Yorba couldn't part with Miss Viola.

"What should I do without her? What would become of the Casa Verdugo Secunda? If Viola went away the tables would walk out!"

The Hotel Maryland is hoping to secure her aid in entertaining their Eastern guests. Perhaps the Senora will let her go—as far as Pasadena.

When the applause had subsided at the conclusion of Miss Yorba's first song and dance

on the occasion of our visit to the Casa Verdugo Secunda, I turned to my friend.

"Where shall we go now?"



Photo by Hemenway

VIOLA YORBA

"Go? Nowhere! We'll stay right here. Waiter, some more black coffee; two King Alfonsos and a box of cigarettes."



When the merry bells ring round.

MILTON.

I will feast tonight my best esteemed acquaintance.

SHAKESPEARE.

CREAM OF CHICKEN, A LA DARBY

Frank Volk (Chef Hotel Darby)

Bouillon of 6 hens

½ lb. melted butter

2 onions, 1 clove of garlic, 1 leek, chopped fine; simmer in butter until tender. Add to the soup stock ½ lb. almond paste mixed with 6 teaspoons flour; cook for ½ hour, then strain through a hair sieve. Place on fire again and let come to boiling point, and add 1 quart cream, some cubed breast of chicken, a few tablespoons French peas and ½ cup cooked sago.

Bone halibut as for fillet of sole; roll, with olives and peppers in each strip. Prepare sauce by thickening soup stock with butter and cream. Add wine and bake in hot oven. Serve with

JULIEN POTATOES

Cut half a dozen potatoes into 4-inch lengths and ¼ of an inch wide. Fry in hot olive oil; drain and season lightly with salt and pepper.

ANGELUS SWEETBREADS

Edward Jones (Chef Hotel Angelus)

Boil 3 lbs. calf sweetbreads until tender. Wash in cold water, skin, and press under a 5-lb. weight. Cut up in squares, put in stew-pan with 2 ounces of butter and 1 gill sherry. Saute over a brisk fire until a light brown. Add 1 pint of cream, yolks of 3 eggs well beaten and cooked slowly. Season to suit. Serve in chafing dish with a few slices of fresh toast.

BAKED, STUFFED FILLET OF HALIBUT

John Elders (Chef Hotel Pepper)

3 lbs. halibut

Stuffed olives

Pimiento peppers

2 cups soup stock

1 cup white wine

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus edibilis, I will maintain Roast Pig to be the most delicate—princeps obsoniorum.

I speak not of your grown porker—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoy—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the amor immunditia, the hereditary failing of the first parent yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, praeludium, of a grunt.

He must be roasted or baked. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted crackling, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food: the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blending and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

CHARLES LAMB.

BAKED SUCKLING PIG

Thomas Cooney (Chef Hotel Van Nuys)

(The Suckling Pig should not be more than a month or six weeks old, and if possible it should be dressed the day after it is killed.)

Choose a small, plump pig. Use the liver, heart, and lights for the dressing, after first boiling them until tender in salted water, or mincing them after browning in butter. Peel and grate an onion, fry slowly with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mince the heart, liver and kidneys, and add them to the onion; soak two breakfast cupfuls of bread in cold water until soft; squeeze in a towel to extract the water, and put it with the minced mixture and

onions; season highly with salt, pepper, ground sage, and marjoram, and stir until it is scalding hot.

Use this stuffing for the pig, sewing it up; truss it so as to keep the legs in place, put it into a dripping pan just large enough to hold it, and bake it in a moderate oven. For the first hour baste it with butter and hot water, and after that with butter alone. If the ears and tail seem in danger of browning, wrap them in butter paper. Season the pig with salt and pepper two or three times while it is being basted. A medium sized pig will take from two to two and a half hours to bake.

When the pig is done, put it on a dish to keep hot, after removing the stitches which retain the stuffing, and garnish with brussels sprouts and potato croquettes. Place the dripping pan over the fire, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, and brown it; then add equal quantities of boiling water and wine, or three parts of water and one of mushroom or walnut catsup. Let the gravy thus made boil once, season it with salt and pepper and serve it with the baked pig. Apple sauce is the usual accompaniment.



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SALAD POLONAISE

Paul Hummel (Chef Hotel Alvarado)

Cook well one celery root, with oyster plant, brussels sprouts, beets and potatoes, all chopped; and asparagus tips, whole. One spoonful grated horseradish; season with French dressing and fine herbs. The horseradish may be mixed with dressing or other ingredients. Cover all with Mayonnaise. Sprinkle with finely chopped hard boiled eggs and green peppers. Serve on lettuce leaves.

NEW YEAR'S BOMB

Josef Reichl (Chef Hotel Alexandria)

Put into a dry copper kettle 2 lbs. granulated sugar; let melt over hot fire. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chopped, roasted almonds; mix quickly and place on a marble slab to cool. Roll thin and mould into two half-round balls. Hollow one of them sufficiently to hold a small wad of sterilized cotton soaked in brandy. Mould some frozen raspberry sherbet about this and French ice cream in ball shape to fit bomb. Close, and light cotton. Serve burning.



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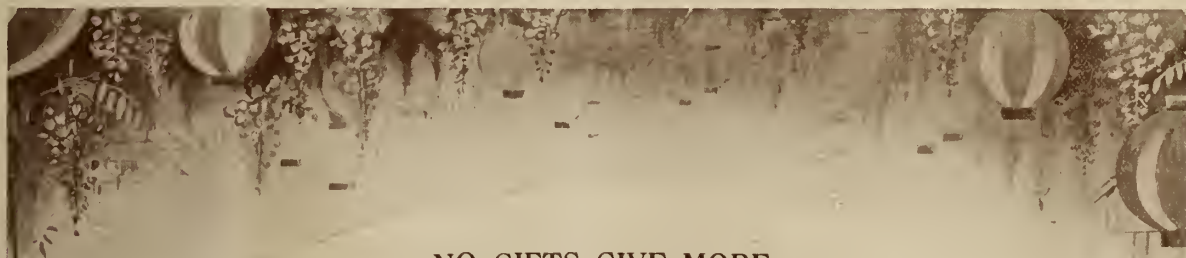
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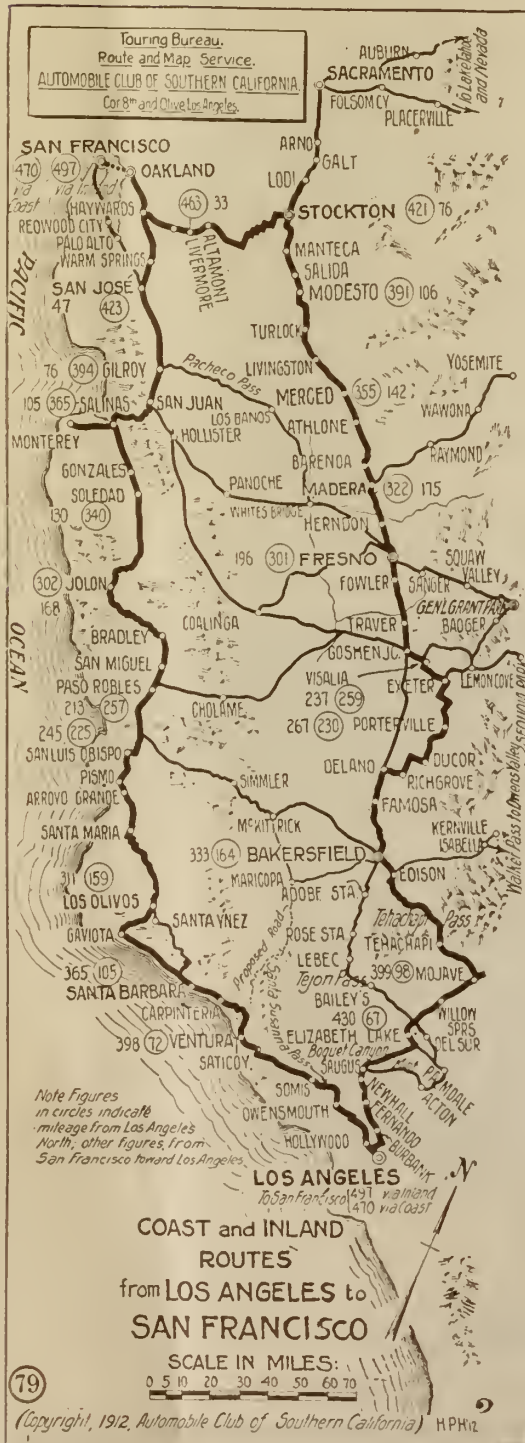
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